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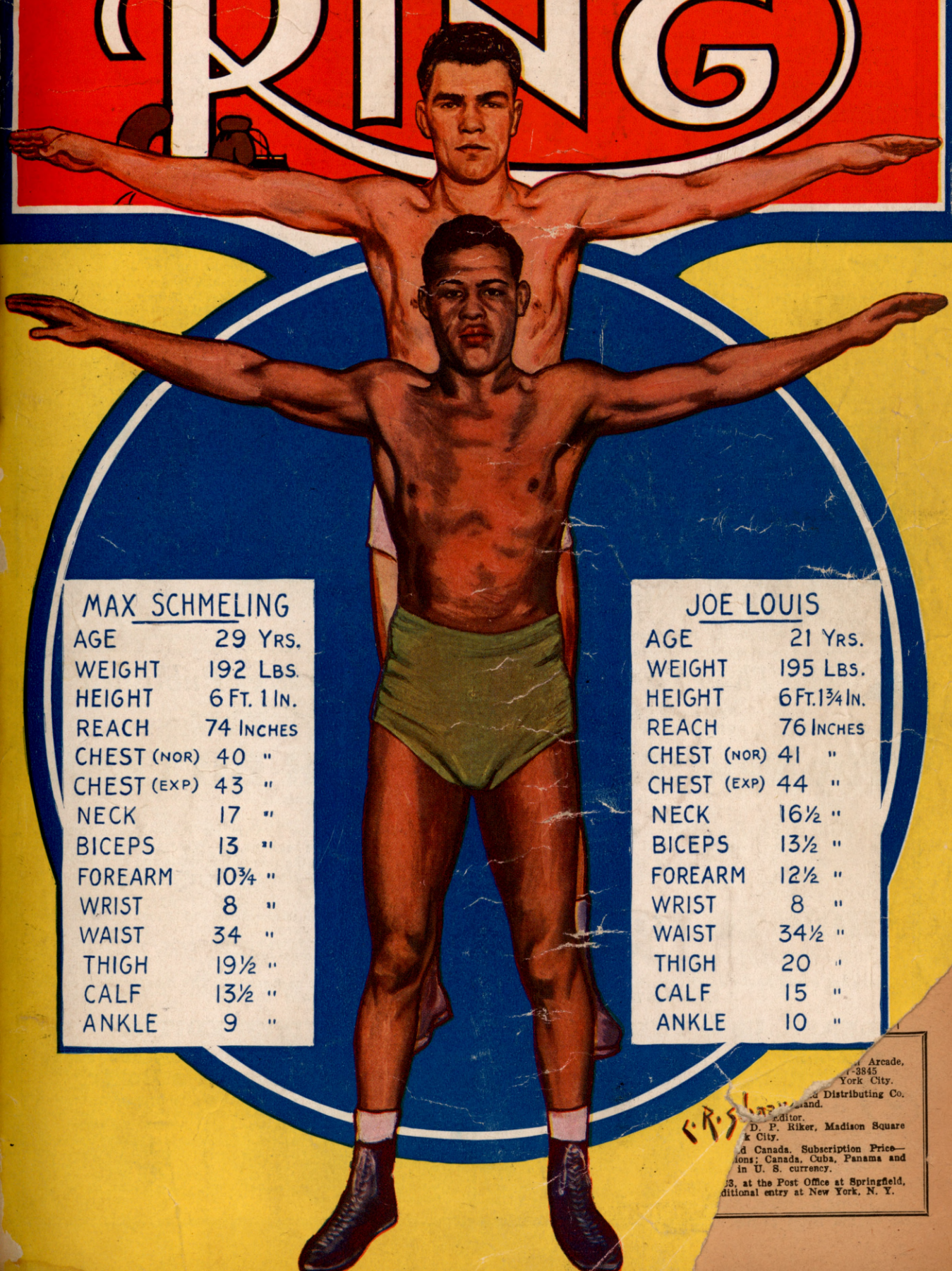

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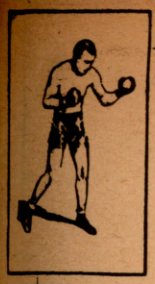

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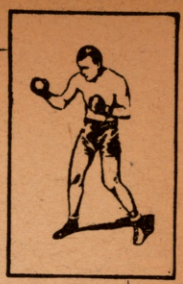

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XV — JULY, 1936 — No. 6

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In Our Next Issue

The eyes of the fistic world are focused on the SCHMELING-LOUIS fight. World interest in a pugilistic contest has never been more absorbing than in this gigantic international affair. Every fight fan the world over will be awaiting with eagerness the outcome of the LOUIS-SCHMELING tilt, and "THE RING" as usual, will fit the occassion with a pictorial review that will cover every angle of this bout.

In addition to a half dozen or more pages of photographs "THE RING'S" staff of writers will cover the story from every viewpoint. There will be a special analysis by Hype Igoe, one of America's greatest Boxing Writers, one by Daniel M. Daniel, and another by "THE RING" publisher.

If you want as complete details in picture and in story as ever has been published on a fight, you must not miss

The August "RING"

But this will not be all of the featured matter. There will be another story by Harry Grayson, whose excellent contribution on "JOE HUMPHREYS, the Dean of Announcers" has aroused such favorable comment from the sports world. Grayson will complete the serial with a special interview with Humphreys on Joe's leading ten fighters of all time.

These, with the usual run of articles and pictures, will furnish you with plenty of worth while material.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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$40 TOPS!

Louis-Schmeling Fight Brings Revival of Halcyon Days of Tex Rickard

By HYPE IGOE

SHADES of Tex Rickard and the six hundred millionaires! A heavyweight fight—and, mind you, not for the championship, either—with a $40 tops. That's the financial set-up Uncle Mike Jacobs arranged for the Joe Louis-Max Schmeling fight. Forty dollars tops! I have before me a ticket for the fight, and on it in figures bold and true, indubitable and indelible, is the legend, $40.

Yes, I have the ticket. And along with it, tickets for some of those opulent fights of the Rickard regime, when men weren't loth to spend fifty bucks to see a fight. I have pasteboards for fights right down the years. And on top of the heap—$40 tops for Louis and Schmeling.

Ducats of the glorious past! Little pasteboards which set my fistic fancies whirling like a great musical top. Tickets, tickets, tickets! What stories you could tell if only you could speak!

I hold one in my hand—a box seat to the Britt and Nelson battle at Colma, California. How that day seems to unfold itself before my eyes—the tragedy of it all! Ah, I guess I over-emphasize, but

how can I help it? Britt, the sleek-haired dude of my schooldays; Jimmy Britt, who, with his manager-brother Willie, went to the old Franklin Grammar School with me. Down "south o' the Slot" it was, where we played ball with Sandow Mertes, Joe McCarthy, Joe Nealon, Bill Lang, Joe Corbett, Ham Iberg and many other immortals.

I can remember Jimmy's after-school battles. Never was there a day but some kid sought the overthrow of James Edward Britt, the handsome son of old man Britt, the plumber. It was my privilege to properly handicap Britt for these frays, which took place in the ice-house lot where we played ball. It was always understood that the Britts were so far superior to the casual youth that they would always fight the other fellow with their right hands tied behind their backs.

* * *

I USED to be the official right-hand snagger. I kept a piece of clothesline wrapped around my waist, inside my blouse, to be used in anchoring Jimmy or Willie Britt's right hand behind their backs when school was over. The other lads, with a leaning toward the chump side, never seemed to realize that Jimmy, in the years to come, would be one of the world's greatest left-hooking lightweights. Therefore the pinioning of his right paw, though a gallant gesture, wasn't a handicap at all because he needed and used only his left hook to the belly. Stanley Horan, in our class, and now in the tax collector's office in San Francisco, was the only boy who ever waived the right-arm handicap. A savage fight, but Britt won.

It is easy, then, to understand my emotions whenever Britt fought professionally, later on. I was a young sketch artist on Hearst's *Examiner* in San Francisco and it is questionable which of the two suffered more when Jimmy was knocked out in the fourteenth round—old man Britt or myself.

Seated between Ashton Stevens, the dramatic critic of the *Examiner*, and Bill Naughton, dean of the boxing writers of that day, in the press row, I can hear Naughton chanting mechanically the dictated story of the fight by rounds. He was talking the fight to Al Baum, the crack Hearst telegraph operator, who afterwards, when Naughton had passed on, became the sports editor of that paper and later the president of the California Baseball League.

Suddenly, Baum's wire went sour and Naughton was left stranded with his story of the fight by rounds. He turned to his right, where sat a young reporter who had come up from Los Angeles to cover the fight for the Los Angeles *Examiner*. He had been a stenographer with the Standard Oil Company in Los Angeles and his first printed stuff to appear was published in the San Francisco *Bulletin* in the form of breezy letters to Tad, then a genius in the bud. The letters to Tad were mailed to the *Bulletin* and signed "Van." That was Charles E. Van Loan, destined to become one of the great sports writers and later on, one of the most noted short story writers of this country.

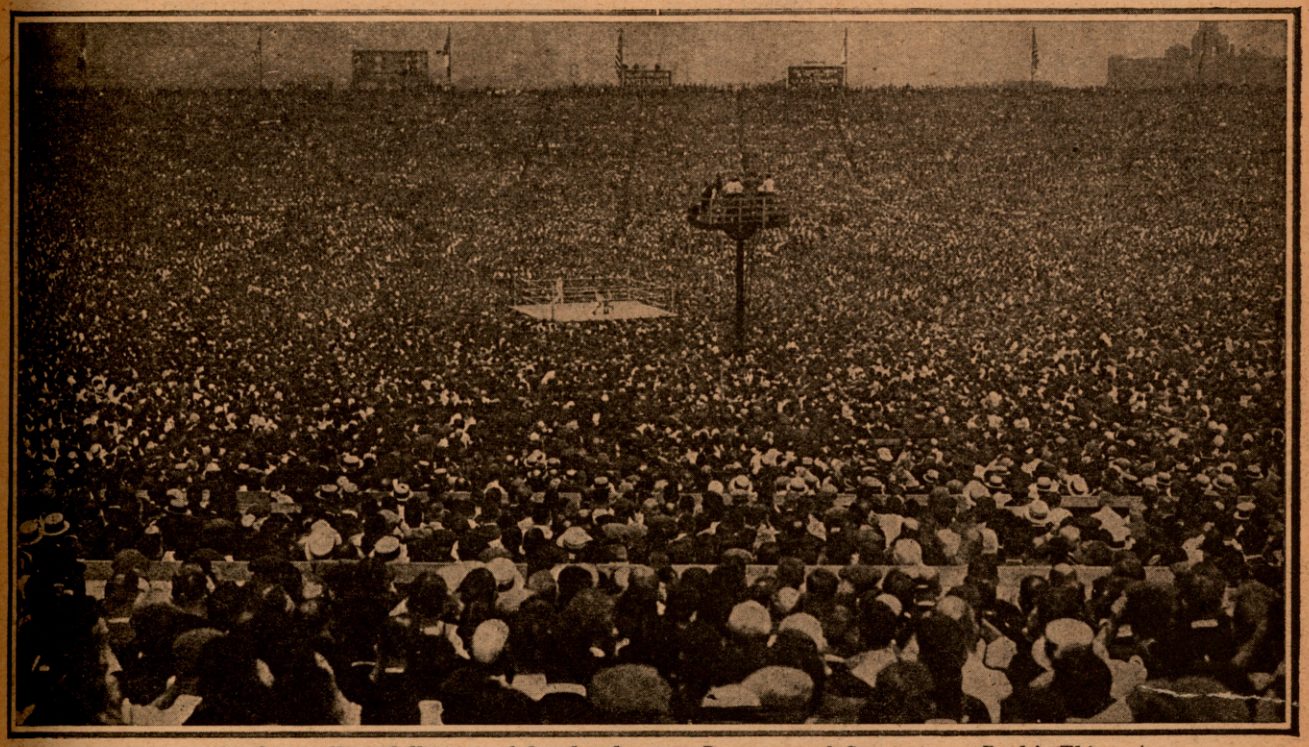
Naughton, bewildered for the moment when he found that his dictation wire had gone wrong, wanted a record of the fight action. He turned to Van Loan, as I said before, and yelled: "Charley, take my dictation, will you, please? My wire has gone blooie."

Van Loan, a big, healthy, blustering sort of a kid, whined back: "Ah, Bill, I've got my own work to do."

"Work, hell—we're all pot maidens alike—trying to do a job for Mister Hearst. Take it."

Naughton had a commanding voice, and "Van" took it and liked it!

How beautifully Ashton Stevens wrote that afternoon! I used to illustrate his Sunday and daily theatrical pieces nearly forty years ago. He is now the dramatic critic on the *Herald-Examiner*. I wonder if possibly he can be getting old! Mulling through his long hand copy so many years ago, digging out the witticisms of his keen mind for illustrating purposes, I learned so much about trying to express things on paper. Cheerio, Ashton, and a long and merry life!



A scene in the first million dollar gate fight, that between Dempsey and Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres.

* * *

IT was this writer, years later, who forced Battling Nelson to go hunting through the old *Examiner* files in the New York *Journal* office to dig up the Ashton Stevens story of that bloody day at Colma, south of San Francisco. Stevens wrote of the drama of the day and his incomparable story is incorporated into Bat's own ditty of himself. A treasure, therefore, has been preserved and Nat Fleischer, the editor of this bible of boxing, has just re-thrilled me by laying a copy of Battling Nelson's own life in my lap. Would that every reader of this magazine could have the pleasure of reading it.

Some day I'm going to coax Nat to reprint it for you in the hope that you'll "see" the tragedy of that day at Colma—Naughton chanting to Baum and then to Van Loan; of how Britt went down, his bloody tongue protruding before our eyes like that of a big boa; of "Old Man Britt," standing up among all those thousands,

his black derby hat held across his chest, pressed to his heart, watching his boy groveling on the canvas for the first time in his life, "for all the world like a mourner at his own son's funeral."

* * *

SO Stevens wrote. Willie, his brother manager, had been forbidden to appear in the corner. As a matter of fact, Spider Kelly, who was Jimmy's chief advisor in the ring, had asked that the excitable and courageous Willie be barred from the arena. He was—but when Jimmy was making a brave rally along about the seventh round, coming from behind to shake off the knockout which was to come a little later, we all heard a terrific pounding on the ring and turning, Naughton, Stevens, Van Loan, Tad, myself and all the others saw Willie, his eyes ablaze, beating the canvas from a position in the press row, bellowing: "Come on, tiger boy—come on, tiger! One more for old South o' Market, one more for the old ice-house lot. Lick that lout boy. LICK HIM!"

They grabbed Willie and rushed him to the exits at the command of Spider Kelly. Jimmy had heard the clan call and he had plunged in recklessly, heedless of punishment and the calm counsel of the Spider. Willie had done the thing he was bound to do, the expected, and for which he had been wished out of the party.

Ducats of the dear, dim past! I have before me three aged tickets, plain, thick pasteboards calling for reservations to a three-day boxing carnival, the memory of which always will remain green just so long as boxing itself exists, and you and I know that this will be always.

They were given to me by little Harry Friend, a crack reporter on the old New York *Morning World*. They had been given to him by the late Lou Housman of Chicago. Let me repeat here the face printing of these old tickets is over forty-four years old.

The first one, printed on a green card, reads: Olympic Club. Reserved seat, No. 41. Entrance, Royal Street. DIXON-SKELLY. Please show this card on entering. Section E.

Card number two, printed on grey, is graced by the names of MYER-McAULIFFE, and the third, on the same color card, bears the immortal names of SULLIVAN-CORBETT!

No fancy, engraved facing, no embossed backs to thwart the counterfeit chiselers. The racketeers hadn't caught up with boxing just yet. The carnival of the "Three American Jacks—Skelly, McAuliffe and Sullivan," and only McAuliffe of the three Jacks to be returned a winner!

* * *

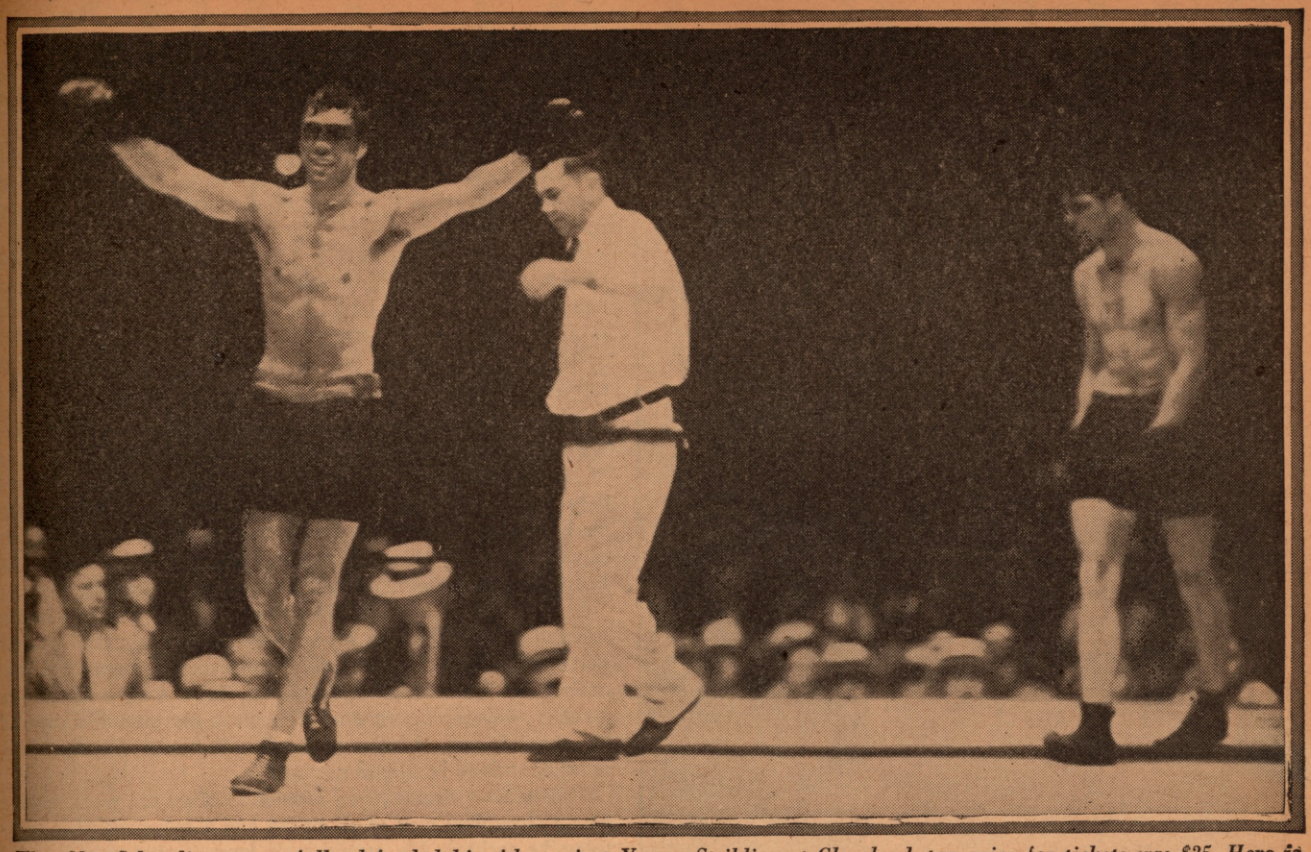
THE night on which Sharkey fought Schmeling in the Madison Square Garden Bowl on Long Island, I happened to have these three tickets in my pocket. By a strange prank of fate, I spotted Jim Corbett, Jack McAuliffe and Jack Skelly sitting within arms length of each other. It was far ahead of fight time, and they were talking to old cronies and pondering on the outcome. I slipped up beside Corbett and handed him the three tickets, with the Skelly and Dixon ducat on top, his own the last.

I'll never forget the expression which crept over Jim's face as he slowly lifted one ticket over the other. He turned and called to McAuliffe and he in turn, after getting his kick out of them, handed them over to Skelly. Well, sir, you should have seen those three old birds lock horns and begin to tell the story of the "Three American Jacks."

"You broke old Sullivan's heart that night, Jim," began McAuliffe. "We had bet all our end, our expense money, every nickel we could lay our hands on that he would beat you. We went to a Turkish bath afterwards and, still bowed down with grief, Sullivan plunged into the tank. He was so long coming up that I yelled to some of the attendants and several of them plunged in after John L. He came up, sputtering and red faced finally, but you'll never be able to convince me that John L. Sullivan didn't try to end his life, then and there."

Before me, scattered here and there, are other ducats of the past. Several hundred of them, all owned by Nat Fleischer. What's this one? Yes, that's right, a box seat to the Dempsey and Fitzsimmons fight at New Orleans, the one in which Fitz begged the beloved "Nonpareil" to quit before he would be compelled to

The Ryan-Sullivan fight at Mississippi City, February 7, 1882, for which there was no fixed price for ringside "seats." John Law, Famed New York sportsman, paid $150 for a choice standing room spot behind Sullivan's corner. Dad Phillips, octogenarian sports writer of "The Ring" staff, says that many sports paid as high as $250 for a choice location.



When Max Schmeling successfully defended his title against Young Stribling at Cleveland, top price for tickets was $25. Here is Schmeling proclaimed the winner after Referee Blake had stopped the fight in the fifteenth round.

knock him out! The outlay in those days, as a rule, was $5 tops.

Here's one, the fight between Joe Walcott and the fellow Watts. Five dollars and you had the best seat in the house. We move up into important money now.

Here's one—the fight between Benny Leonard and Freddie Welsh, the fray in which Leonard became the world's champion. Fifteen dollar tops for that dramatic setting.

Here's a ticket issued by the Riverside Athletic Club of New Haven, Connecticut, and the leading men were Leonard and Johnny Dundee. It cost you $16.50 that night to squat with the blue bloods.

Now comes an ease-up on John Public. You could have got in for $2 and gone as high as $10 to see Leonard fight Johnny Kilbane. Leonard and Ritchie Mitchell fought this one. Lemme see. True, if unbelievable! Anne Morgan sponsored the show in old Madison Square Garden and tops called for $5. A charity show which made the old Garden walls bulge at every inch.

* * *

PRICES went up after that. Fifty dollars was the toll for ringsides at the Carpentier and Dempsey fight in Boyle's Thirty Acres, New Jersey.

Jacobs' $40 tops for Schmeling and Louis was a fine move. A sellout sure!

Indeed, when the California crowd sought to snare the bout from New York, they offered as a sales talk the proposition that they had four thousand wealthy fans who were ready to underwrite the million-dollar offer by pledging themselves to buy four thousand seats at $250 each, which would have totaled the million-dollar bid. It could have been done, and the mystery is—why wasn't it tried?

A lot of money will pour in on Uncle Mike Jacobs in this fight. Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Free Milk for Babies Fund will get ten per cent off the top, and if it goes over a million, as is predicted, the babes will get their fill.

What will Messrs. Louis and Schmeling give us to back up the $40 tops? I hope that it is anything save a one-round knockout. While these are highly exciting, still the million-dollar gate fan is desirous of seeing plenty of action.

For one, I'm convinced that Schmeling and Louis will give you just that. Two deadly hitters, something is bound to happen. I think that Louis will win with a knockout, unless it is stopped because of a cut over one of Max's eyes. He has become a bleeder and Joe certainly cuts deeply with his whizzing fists.

Schmeling even has a chance to score a knockout. He hits hard at any period in a fight and this makes him doubly dangerous. He punches hardest when crowded to the ropes. It will be well for Louis to be wary if he does pin Max on the ropes. The German has a nonchalant way of looking—"let's be playmates"—on the ropes when suddenly he lashes out with a payoff punch. He's darned dangerous all the time.

My notion of it is that Joe's youth will be the dominating factor though youth as well as age can go down under a well delivered blow. Louis is powerful, young and ambitious. Schmeling is rich, has been the champion and may have lost the yen to climb the heights again. There's something to that, you know.

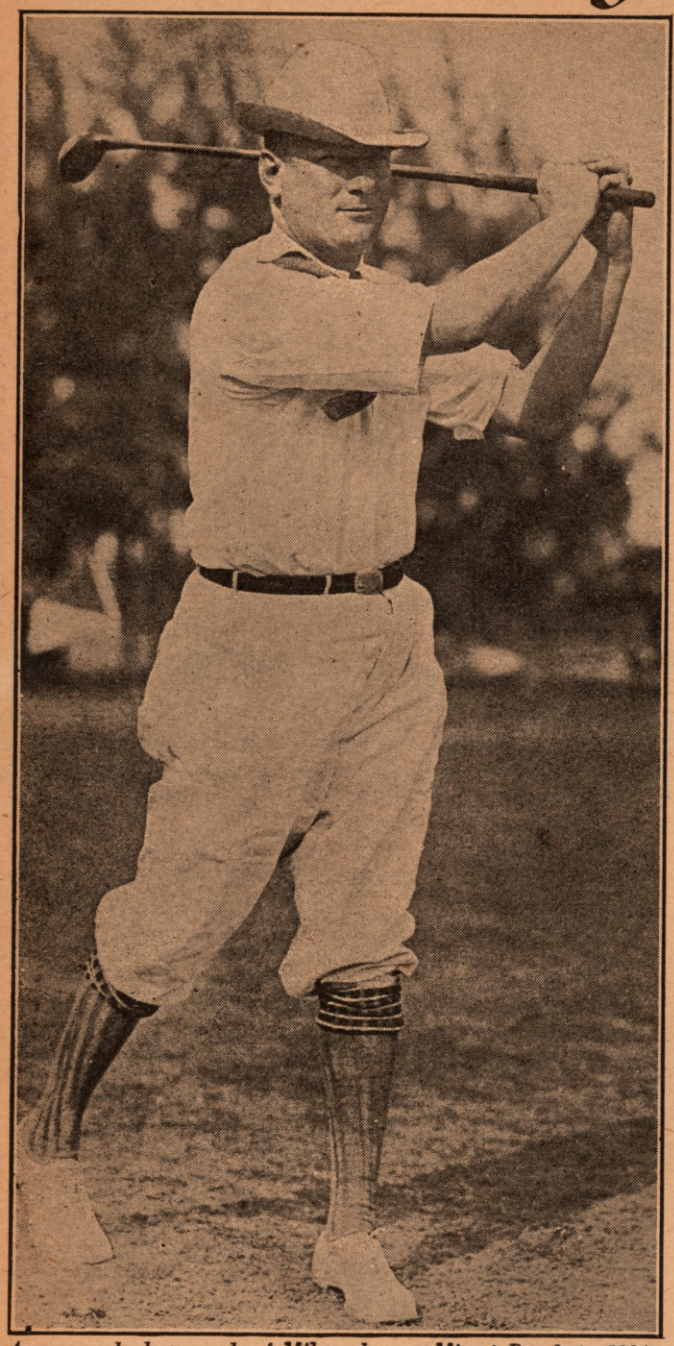
Another thing, he is married to a beautiful moving picture star and I take it that they have planned for other pictures which will bring them together on the screen. Max would not relish being cut up and battered, especially as his Missus is coming over to be with him on a tour of the States when it is all over. I don't think he would want to bring home to his Anny a profusion of battle bruises, suffered in a desire to give the public a run for its money. Max has got past that stage, too, mayhap.

Just the same, until Joe does win, he can count on Herr Max Schmeling as being ready and able to hit, any second of the time he is in there. Should Max land early and have Joe on the run, ring history might be rewritten.

I say the man can hit as hard as the Brown Bomber.

Of course, my point of view may be far different from that of numerous sports writers who have followed the career of both Louis and Schmeling just as I have, but I have seen so many upsets in my forty years of boxing experience in cases that parallel the Louis-Schmeling fight that I am willing to concede to Schmeling more than just an ordinary chance to win. I do not agree with those who think that the bout will not last more than a round.

MIKE JACOBS,



An unusual photograph of Mike taken at Miami Beach in 1924 when he and Tex Rickard made their first journey there to get the lay of the land when prosperity was at its height.

WHEN Tex Rickard died, the cry went up there never would be another fistic promoter like him. Dempseys and Rickards come once in a lifetime, or to be more exact, over a span of years.

In this age of machinery, flying and television, however, anything new under the sun is apt to hit you between the eyes. Hence, it is no small wonder that successors to the two most glamorous figures in sport have been unearthed in the colorful personages of Michael Strauss Jacobs and Joe Louis.

This new combination of promoter and fighter not only revived the million dollar "gates" that made Rickard the outstanding showman of all time, but thanks to Joe's fists, has taken boxing out of the dumps. Had not Mike and Joe come along when they did, it is not divulging a secret to state it wouldn't have required a legislative inquiry to wipe the manly art of self-defense off the statute books. The truth of the matter is the beak busting business was slowly but surely heading for oblivion.

The Baer and Max Schmeling bouts with Louis brought back the seven figures, or $1,000,000 in numerical language, that most everybody agreed was a thing of the past after Dempsey hung up his gloves.

It was Michael who organized the Twentieth Century Sporting Club to compete against Madison Square Garden for bigger, better fights. Rumblings were heard on Broadway of the discovery of a potential heavyweight champion in the Brown Bomber. Jacobs lost no time enrolling him in the organization. His foresight has been rewarded a hundredfold.

* * *

JOE'S ring achievements have placed him within a stone's throw of the heavyweight throne. Jacobs thus far has staged ten thrilling and profitable battles, enriching the coffers of both Uncle Sam and New York State, not to speak of fortunes for himself and the fighter who calls him Uncle Mike. They are as close as two peas in a pod. Regardless of the outcome of the Louis-Schmeling fight, Joe still will be a great drawing card.

It was only natural for Jacobs to fill the shoes left vacant by Rickard, his idol. Back in Tex's affluent days, Mike did his master minding. He was the man behind the scenes in most all of Rickard's fistic extravaganzas. Like him, Mike was a natural-born gambler. The tall Texan wouldn't make a move until he consulted the shrewd, cool, calculating Jacobs. Dempsey, like Louis, had unbounded faith in Mike's sagacity.

Today, Mike overshadows promoters of an era when he was a young struggling man of all trades and a moneymaker in everything he tackled. He excels such famous predecessors as Jim Kennedy, Jim Coffroth, Uncle Tom McCarey, Tom O'Rourke, Dominick Tortorich, Sam Stuart, Johnny Regan, Hugh McIntosh, Matt Hinkle, Billy Gibson, Billy Newman and so on down the line, as showmen. Next to Dempsey, Louis is the greatest card in boxing history.

Where other men feared to tread, Jacobs tackled various enterprises with a determination that speaks volumes of his ability. Is it any wonder then that with his first promotion, the Barney Ross-Jimmy McLarnin titular duel, he has come along like a house on fire. And he is only getting started. He rematched Barney and Jimmy and they attracted another bumper crowd. Not forgetting Ross vs. Billy Petrolle also under his banner.

And here we see Tex Rickard's successor at the age of twenty-three when he assumed command of the concessions on the Coney Island boats.

With the advent of Louis, Mike lost no time throwing him in against experienced ringsters, knowing full well Joe could stand up although only in his teens, literally speaking. Louis came through with colors flying, trouncing Natie Brown, and then going on to knock the skids from under the legs of King Levinsky, Charlie Retzlaff, Paulino, Carnera and Baer in a workmanlike manner. It is an old story how he scared the very souls out of Levinsky and Baer, making them easy prey for his fistic barrages. Carnera gave him the best argument of them all until he cried "that's enough" draped over the ropes in a neutral corner.

Successor to TEX RICKARD

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Mike's life story, titled "From Newsboy to World's Greatest Fistic Promoter—a Self-Made Man," depicting in detail his struggles from a paper vendor to excursion boat ticket selling, catering on boats and army cantonments, ticket speculation as a big business, and finally boxing promotions on a million dollar scale—is a Horatio Alger tale of innumerable chapters. It would be a best seller.

* * *

HIS rapid rise recalls the lowly start and amazing ascendancy to fame and fortune of four other distinguished citizens now in the limelight like Jacobs. They include Jim Farley, the Haverstraw farmer who, at the age of forty-five, placed Franklin D. Roosevelt in the President's chair, an incomparable feat; Irving Berlin, the famous song writer, who, as Izzy Ballin, was a singing waiter in Nigger Mike's joint in New York's Chinatown; Roy Howard, from an obscure reporter to dynamic publisher; and our pal, "Jimmy" Walker, another struggling actor and song writer who surmounted many obstacles to become one of Father Knickerbocker's most popular mayors.

If we may repeat, his was a struggle that would have discouraged other aspiring youths of the land. He wasn't born with a gold spoon in his mouth. It has been hustle and bustle with him from the day he was knee high to a grasshopper. He sold newspapers, delivered papers from horse-drawn wagons, and had to use bare fists in street fights against the Irish kids in the teeming lower West Side, where his was the only Jewish family in the neighborhood.

He first saw the light of day fifty-five years ago on Washington Street, adjacent to the Battery, a product of the Sidewalks of New York. It didn't take him long to conquer the Micks and he became leader of the "gang."

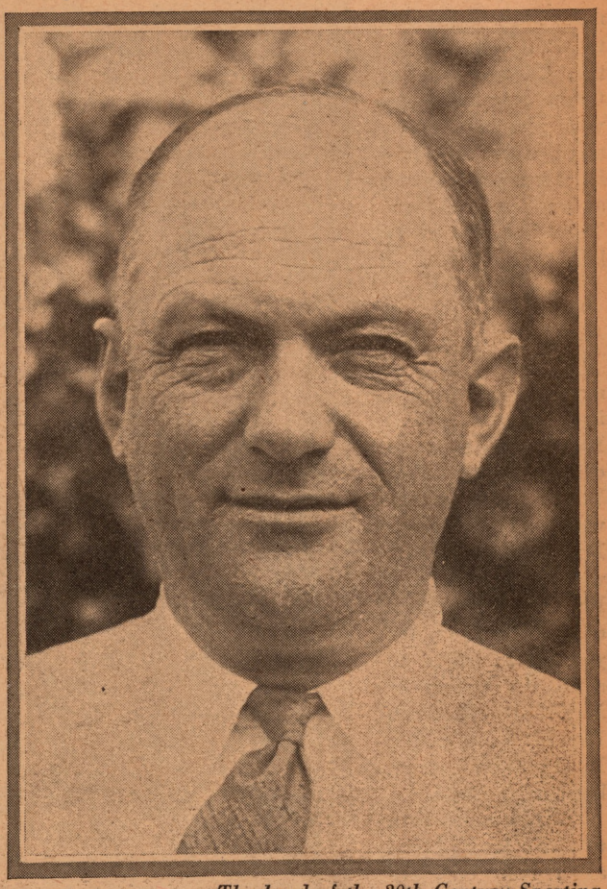
* * *

MIKE was one of three sons and seven daughters reared by Isaac and Rachael Jacobs. His middle monicker was his mother's maiden name. She was the apple of his eye. He had the greatest mother complex of any man we have ever known. She was his inspiration inheriting the go-getter in him from her side of the family. Her advice was priceless. No matter how busy he was, regardless of how much money he could make by the turn of the hand, Mike dutifully visited her and left nothing undone to make life as happy as a good son can make for his mother.

Mike Jacobs at the age of seventeen. Not a bad looking fellow, at all.

Determined to be his own boss, Mike went into the excursion boat business selling tickets along the waterfront. His next venture was the leasing of catering privileges on the Coney Island and Rockaway pleasure boats. Then he ran boats of his own. Years later, he decided to go into the ticket speculation business and opened an office in the old Normandie Hotel on Broadway and 39th Street. His ace in the hole was the Metropolitan Opera House across the street, one block north. Here he made a swell connection for opera pasteboards. Old-timers remember his biggest sale for a pair of tickets, $5,000 for the season. They estimate his profit was $4,000.

The first time he speculated on fight tickets was for the featherweight championship bout between George Dixon and Terry McGovern, at the Broadway Sporting Club, which was situated near where Wanamaker's stands today, back in 1899. His face was a familiar one in old Madison Square Garden, where, before Rickard was ever heard of, he staged a number of "society" balls



The head of the 20th Century Sporting Club as he looks today. The master mind of gigantic promotion—that's what Michael may be called.

and fashion shows. He also furnished choice tickets for the circus, six-day bike races and fights under the Frawley Law days. Rickard's initial promotion in New York, the Jess Willard-Frank Moran heavyweight titular duel in 1915, started the gambler's friendship with Jacobs. They became as close as twin brothers.

When the war broke out, Mike grabbed the concession for two army cantonments and he doesn't know himself how much do-re-mi he cleaned up. Suffice to say, he gave the soldiers a fine break and some of them still write him in appreciation of his hospitality.

Mike gambled high with the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, purchasing hundreds of the fifty-dollar tickets. He found time to help Rickard with the first million-dollar promotion, taking up the loose ends of the sale near Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City and helping make it the success it was. He made most money, however, with the Dempsey-Firpo debacle at the Polo Grounds, for the event was a sell-out and late comers besieged him for tickets, regardless of the location or price.

Two more profitable scraps for Michael were the Dempsey-Tunney Philadelphia and Chicago epics. He hustled his legs off for Tex in both cities, what with political and other angles too

numerous to mention. They tell a story of how Jacobs, carrying eighty thousand dollars in his jeans like so much waste paper, met up with Rickard after the Chicago Long Count bout, and invited him to a coffee stand, where they relished four hot dogs and as many cups of java. They just wanted to be alone and relax.

* * *

THIS is his third year as a promoter. How he broke in is revealed by Bill Farnsworth, sports editor of the New York *Evening Journal,* who, with Damon Runyon, famous sports writer, and Eddie Frayne, sports editor of the *American,* for years have helped to swell the coffers of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's worthy Milk Fund with profits from big boxing shows.

"It has never been told how Jacobs began as a real, big promoter," Farnsworth tells for the first time. "For a number of years through the Rickard and Bill Carey regimes, the Milk Fund and Madison Square Garden promoted jointly one big fight a year. It was a very successful combination.

Tex Rickard, whom Mike Jacobs has succeeded as the "Million Dollar Promoter."

"Then Colonel John Reed Kilpatrick became president of the House that Tex built. The Milk Fund and the Colonel just couldn't get together on terms. It costs Mrs. Hearst's great charity about one hundred thousand dollars a year to operate, and fights have been the biggest money producers.

"We split with the Garden. But we needed a club and a promoter and a spot to stage the fights. We spent days going over the list of promoters. No one suited. Then Runyon hit on Mike. Hadn't he been associated with Rickard for years? Hadn't he steered Tex all the way?

"So Jacobs became the Milk Fund promoter. He had no club. In a week's time he formed the Twentieth Century Sporting Club. He owns every share of stock in the corporation. He needed an arena. He tried one fight in the Bronx Coliseum—Ross vs. Petrolle. It was a big success, over five thousand fans being turned away because of lack of room.

"Then came the summer. So Mike went out and grabbed the Yankee Stadium and Polo Grounds, sewing them up, because he didn't want to have any competition outside of the Garden Bowl. And the Bowl, by the way, hasn't been any competitor from the day Mike got the ball orchards. Jacobs' promotions are well known. Last year was his banner one. He made the Milk Fund over $160,000. The ball parks, getting ten per cent, salted away a profit of around $130,000, not counting their slices from the Schmeling-Louis scrap."

MIKE is in high hopes of snaring an indoor arena before the summer is out, or building one. He is going in for other big promotions, such as cycling, foot racing, roller skating and hockey. He wants a twenty-five thousand seating capacity, no more, no less.

He is giving the Garden people plenty of headaches. Regardless of what it costs, he will outbid the corporation for the best attractions. He will scour Europe for talent for his various enterprises. Money will be no object.

He holds a contract on Louis' services for years to come. Joe's managers, Julian Black and John Roxborough, leave everything to Mike when a match is being made. They have found, and have said so in print, that Mike is tops with them in a business way and his word is his bond on the payoff.

Mike numbers friends in all spheres of life. He goes back to the days of Croker and for years had a concession in Tammany Hall. Ziegfeld, Belasco, Dillingham were pals of his, as are Sam H. Harris, George White, Brock Pemberton and other leading theatrical impresarios. Another group who find Mike not only friendly but reasonable is the New York State Athletic Commission. The Messrs. Phelan, Brown and Wear will do anything within reason for him.

"He just comes down to see us, lays his cards on the table and waits for action," said blunt Bill Brown. "He shows us the utmost courtesy and we do our very best for him. He doesn't ask unreasonable things. He just wants a fair shake, and he gets it."

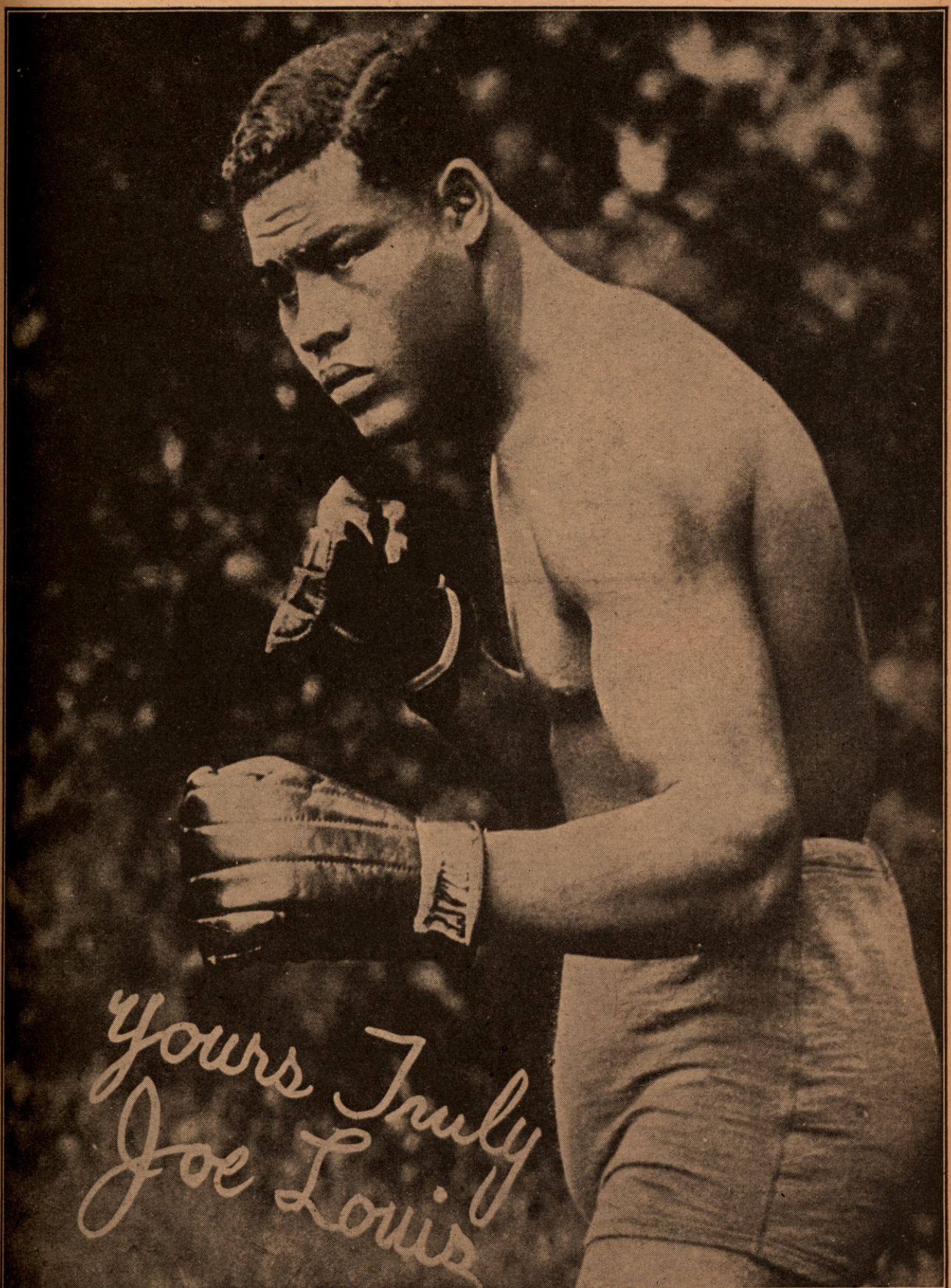
* * *

JACOBS does all his business when most of the boys in the fight racket are either just going home or climbing out of the covers. He gets up at the unearthly hour of seven a.m., has his coffee and then makes for the street. In no time he is in conference with this and that fellow and getting plenty of action. At nine sharp he is to be found at his desk in a cubbyhole office on the fifth floor of the Brill Building, 49th Street and Broadway, and the place immediately buzzes with excitement.

He shifts from chair to chair while talking, for the man is a bundle of nerves. He cleans up his affairs by noon and then goes out for a light lunch, inviting most anyone to keep him company. Sometimes he is the most lonesome man in the world. Back to the grind, he keeps his employees on the jump until nightfall. He eats a hasty dinner. He likes to go to the movies because he can relax in the seat and enjoy a good nap. He snores all over the place.

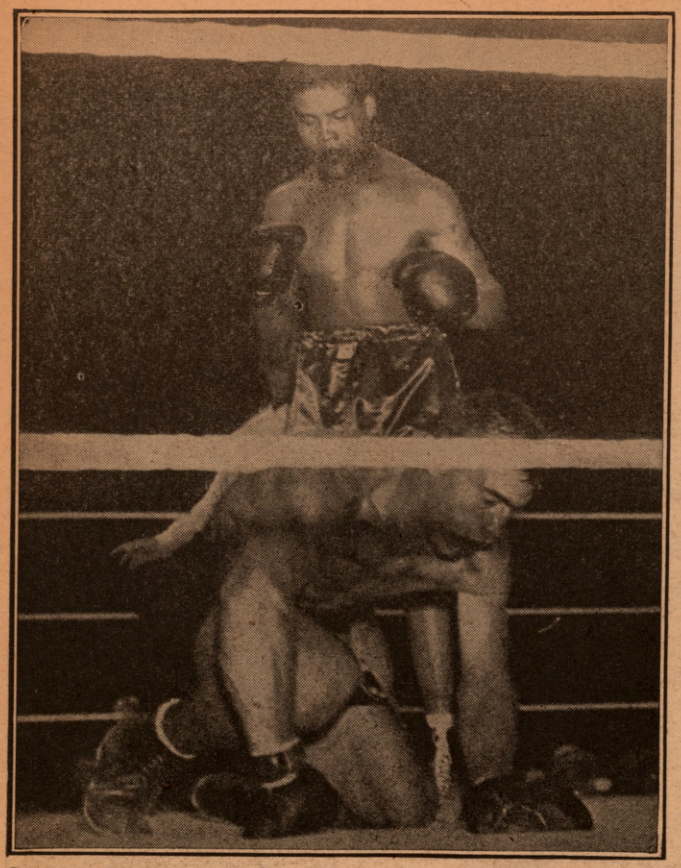
(Continued on page 43)

The BROWN BOMBER

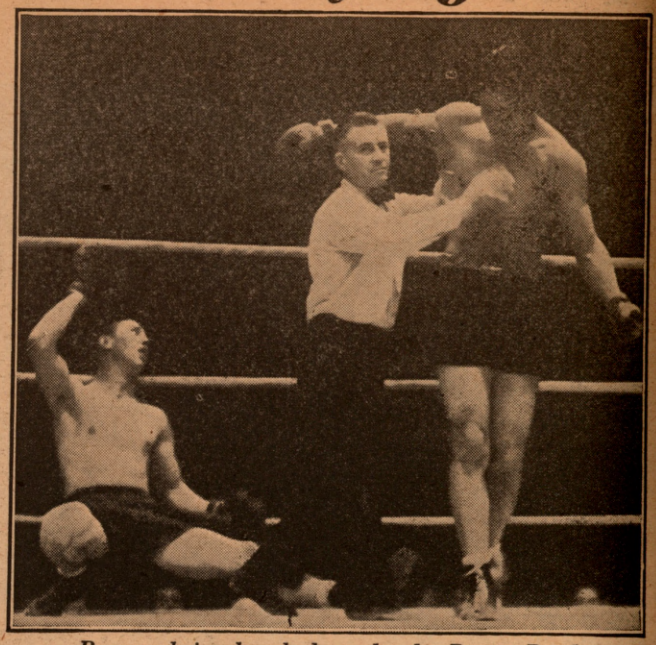


Here is the typical fighting pose of the greatest fighting ace developed since Jack Dempsey. With him fighting is a serious sport. His aim is to win the heavyweight title and he hopes to advance a step nearer that goal by adding Schmeling to his knockout victims.

Pictorial Review of JOE

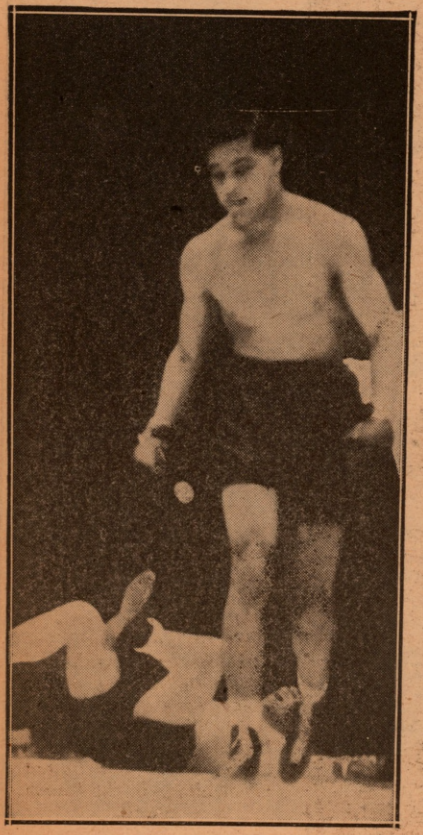


Louis watching his prey, Primo Carnera.

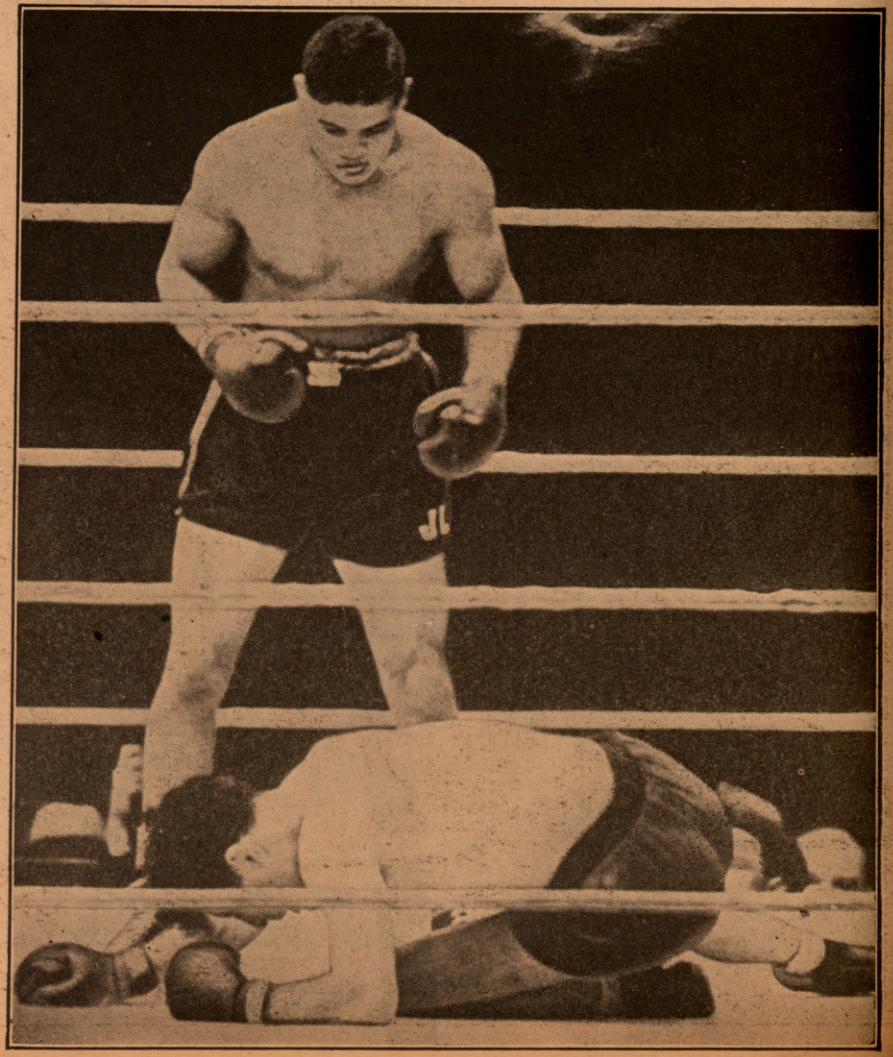


Ramage being knocked out by the Brown Bomber in Chicago bout.

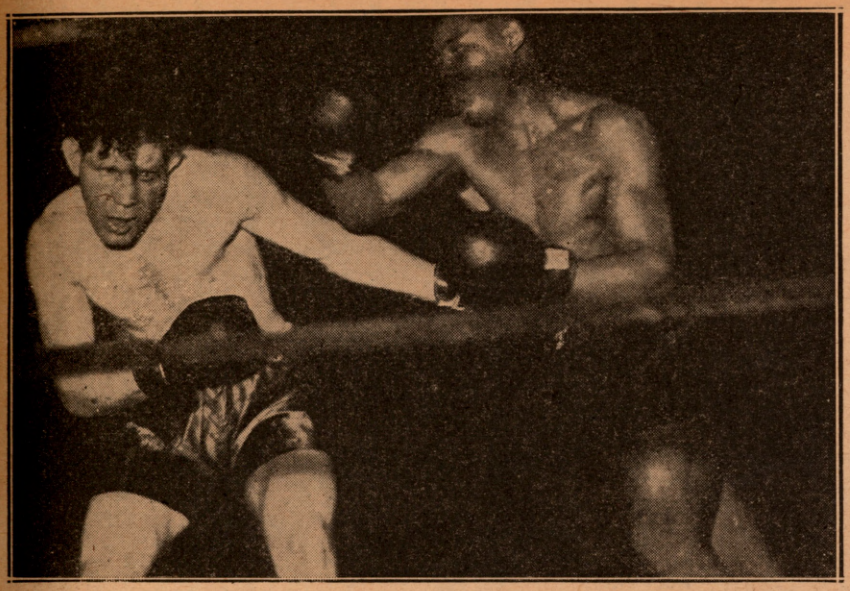
One of the several knockdowns of Max Baer who was stopped by the Brown "Man-Killer."



The first knockdown of King Levinsky who was stopped in the first.

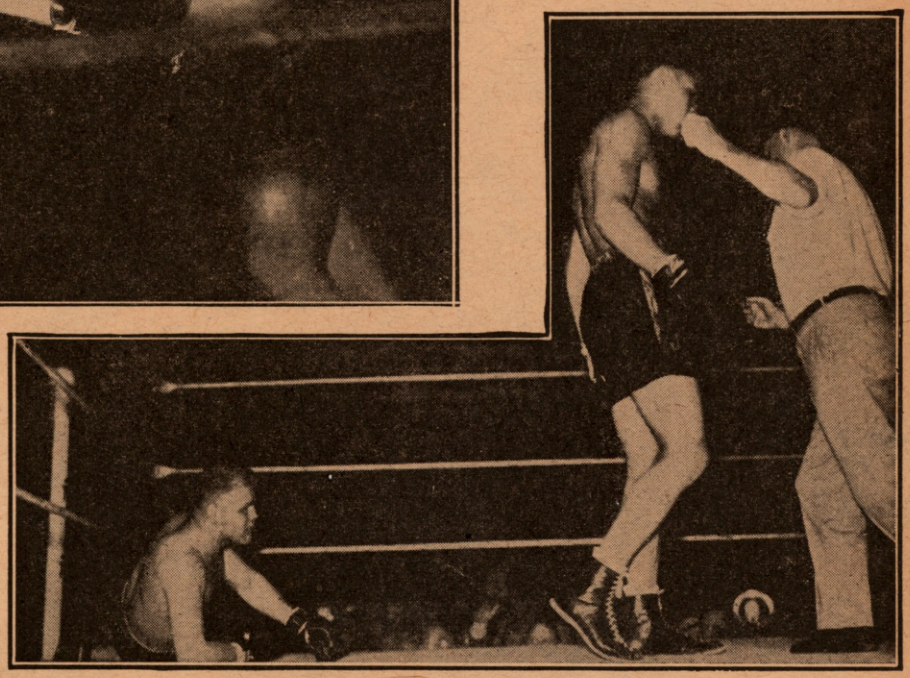


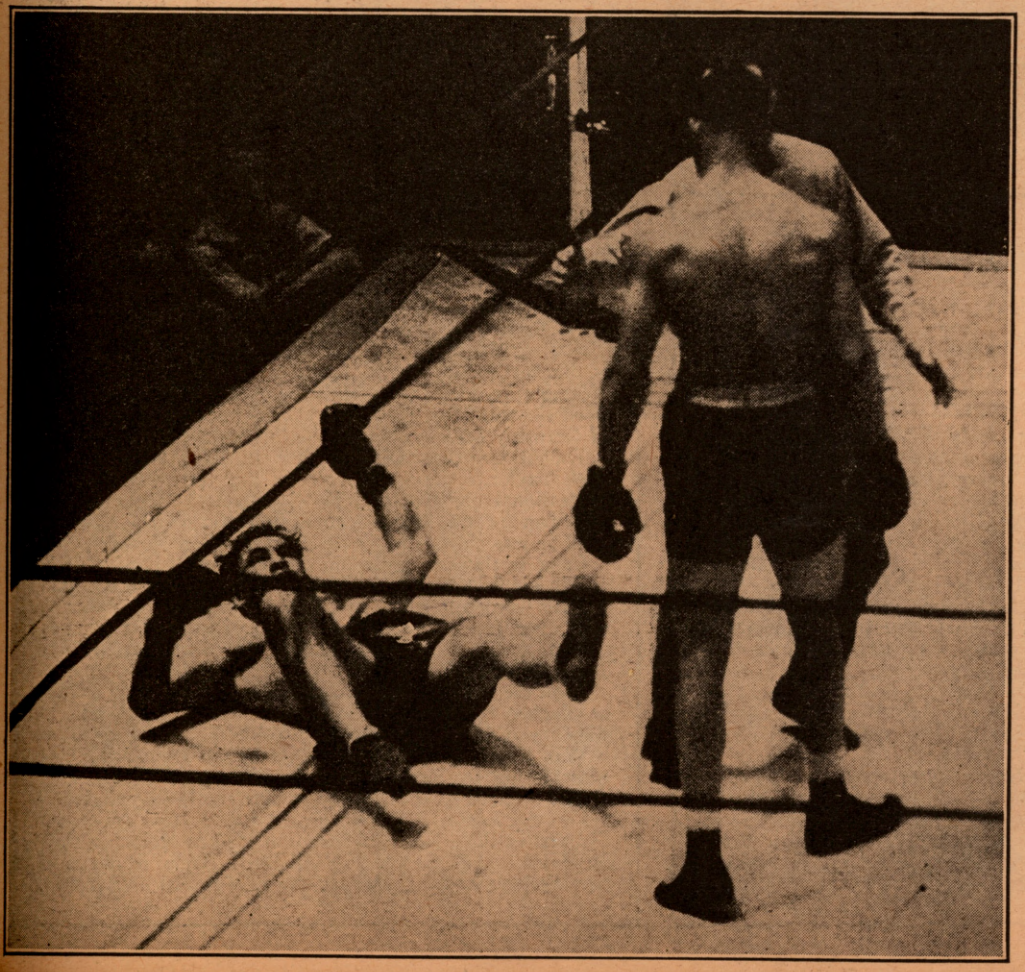
LOUIS' Rise to Fame



A scene in the fight that started Joe Louis on the climb to fistic fame. This shows Natie Brown ready to toss his head between the ropes to avoid the Negro's blows. Natie did this so frequently in their Detroit bout that he was enabled to go the route of ten rounds, something none of Louis' opponents since then have succeeded in doing.

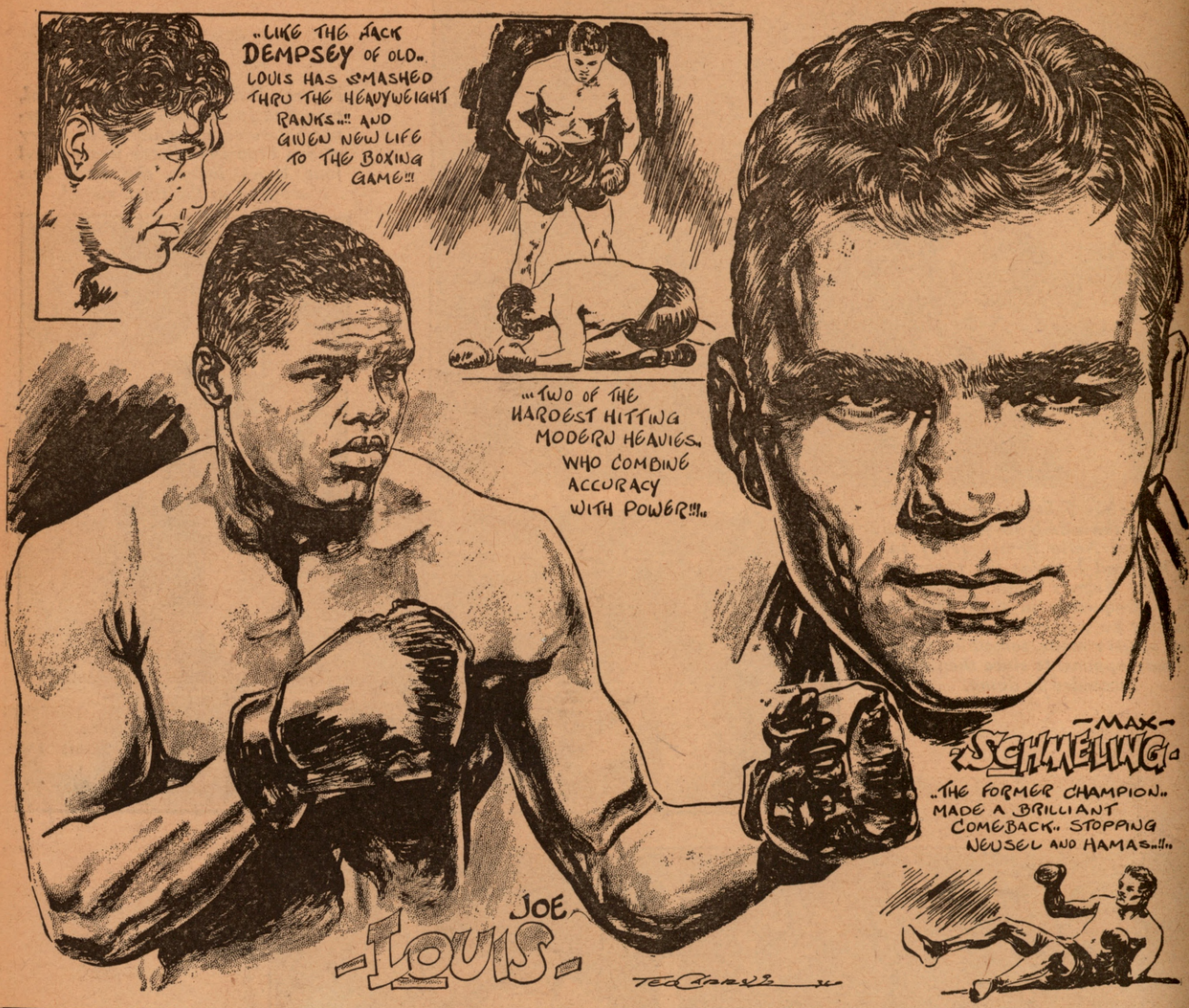
Referee Toby Irwin, Coast official, escorting Joe Louis to a neutral corner before counting over Red Barry at San Francisco. Barry was floored four times before the bout was stopped in the third round.





Paulino Uzcudun grabbing the ropes to save himself from a knockout. The Basque proved a mark for Joe's sharp left and was finally subdued by the application of the Detroiter's devastating right. The referee, Artie Donovan, came to Paulino's rescue and halted proceedings in the fourth round.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES



JOE LOUIS

BORN on May 13, 1914, at Montgomery, Ala. Full name, Joseph Louis Barrow, and comes from hardy Cherokee Indian and Negro stock. Is six feet one and one-half inches tall and weighs 198 pounds. Following the winning of the Golden Gloves championship, won the A.A.U. light-heavyweight title in 1934.

Under the management of John W. Roxborough and Julian Black, and under the promotion of Mike Jacobs.

Started his professional career July 4, 1934, at Chicago. Knocked out Jack Kracken in one round.

His greatest victories since attaining international prestige were knockouts over King Levinsky in one round, Primo Carnera in six rounds, Max Baer in four rounds, Charley Retzlaff in one round and Paulino Uzcudun in four.

Scored forty-three knockouts, won seven decisions, and lost four bouts in a total of fifty-four contests as an amateur.

As a professional, has scored twenty-two knockouts and won four contests in a total of twenty-six. Is the biggest money-maker for the short time that he has been boxing in the history of pugilism. His most lucrative bout was with Max Baer, in which the gate hit close to the million mark, $948,852.17.

Joe Louis is the first Negro fighter since Jack Johnson who has gained the spotlight as a heavyweight with the prospects of winning a world championship. He has a most deceptive style and carries a terrific punch in either hand.

He is rated by fight critics as one of the greatest heavyweights of modern times.

MAX SCHMELING

BORN on September 28, 1905, at Klein-Luckow by Prenzlau, Germany. Full name, Maximilian Schmeling. His father was a fisherman and a ship pilot. Max is six feet one inch tall and weighs 190 pounds, and is managed by Joe Jacobs. Started his career as an amateur. Won the middleweight and light-heavyweight championship of Germany before becoming a professional.

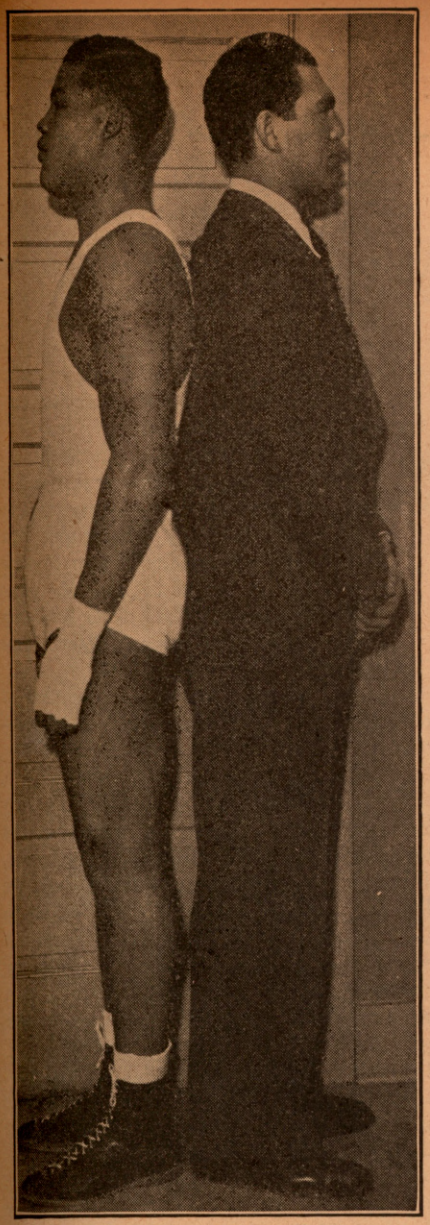
Fought nine professional fights in 1925, losing one to Jack Taylor, an American Negro, and then won his first professional championship in 1926 by knocking out Max Diekman for the light-heavyweight crown of Germany. In 1928 he was stopped by Gypsy Daniels in one round.

Came to this country at the call of Tex Rickard in 1928, and in his first start he knocked out Joe Monte in Madison Square Garden in the eighth round. The following year he won over Joe Sekyra in ten rounds, Paulino Uzcudun in fifteen, and knocked out Pietro Corri in one and Johnny Risko in nine.

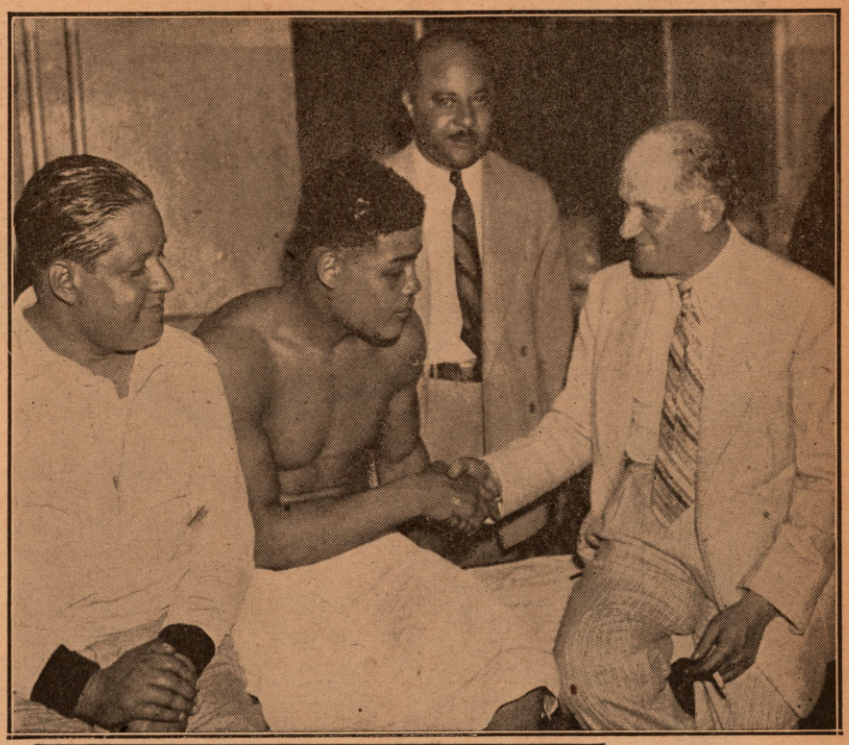
Won the world title on a foul from Jack Sharkey in 1930 at Yankee Stadium in fourth round. And lost the title to Sharkey at the Garden Bowl in 1932 in fifteen rounds.

Was knocked out by Max Baer in the tenth round and after losing to Steve Hamas in 1934 in Philadelphia in twelve rounds, he made a successful comeback which has led to the Louis battle by fighting a ten-round draw with Paulino in Barcelona, knocking out Walter Neusel in eight at Hamburg, stopping Steve Hamas in Berlin in nine, and beating Paulino in twelve rounds in a return engagement.

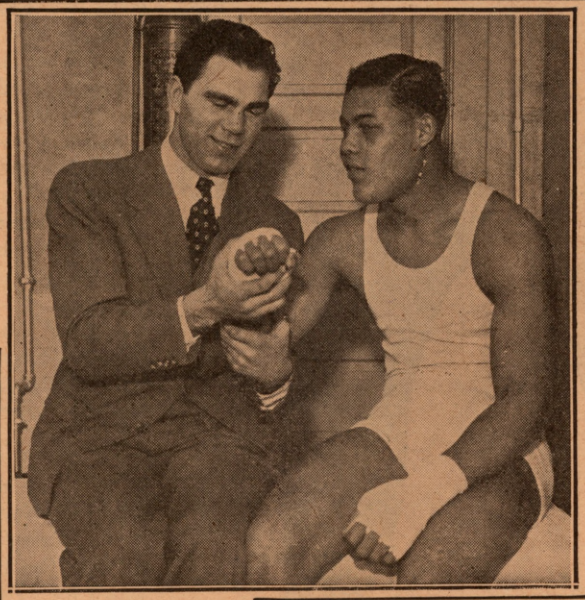
The TALK of the FISTIC WORLD



Max seems to be slightly taller but—'tain't so.

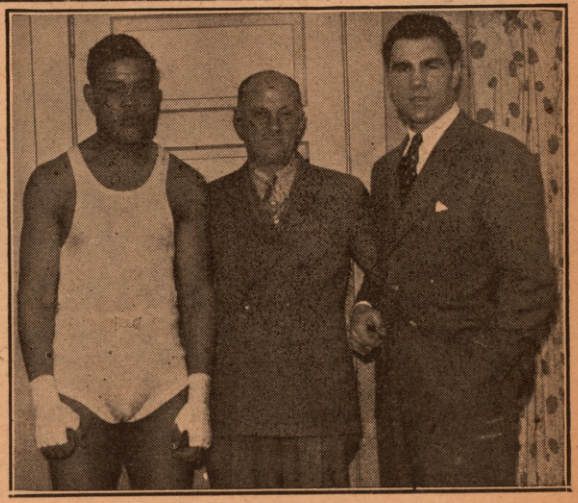


The famed quartette. Left to right, Julian Black, Joe Louis, John Roxborough and Promoter Mike Jacobs. Black, Roxborough and Jacobs are guiding the destinies of the Brown Bomber.



"So this is your famed right," says Schmeling, as he measures the fist of Louis.

The happy warrior, Mike Jacobs, and his pair of aces.



Max Machon, faithful trainer of Schmeling, and Herr Max out for a jog.

LOUIS ANALYZED

By
JACK JOHNSON
(Former heavyweight champion of the world.)

Jack Johnson who acclaims Corbett and Walcott. Says "Gentleman Jim" had a perfect stance and Joe was the greatest fighter he had ever seen.

IN the office of THE RING Book Shop in Madison Square Garden, operated by my friend, Nat Fleischer, there hang on the walls numerous pictures of old-time fighters. Three in particular interest me—the colored engravings of the Jackson-Corbett, Corbett-Fitzsimmons, and Johnson-Jeffries fights, and for no other reason than there is something about each of those pictures that entrances me.

What can entrance an old-time fighter like myself, you might ask. Well, surprising as it might seem, it is the fighting stance of each of the ringmen in those pictures. Odd? Rather, if you are not as close a follower of boxing as I am, but for one who has made a study of the sport, the stance of Corbett, in particular, carries considerable weight.

Why bring this up now, you might further ask. Because of the many stories that have been printed about the greatness of Joe Louis, the many comparisons that have been made of the Brown Bomber with the great men of my time, the yarns that have been published about Joe being at this stage a far better fighter than was Jack Johnson, Fitzsimmons or Jeffries.

These and other statements prompted me to ask the editor of this publication to let me print an article on "Joe Louis Analyzed—the Brown Bomber as I See Him."

* * *

FIRST and foremost, I disagree with all the critics who place Joe in the same class with Langford, Walcott, Jeffries, Fitz, Corbett and myself. I do not propose to make the statement that Louis is not a great fighter, for that would not be doing justice to Joe, but I do go on record with the statement that he is far from being the equal of some of the great men of my time. He has much to learn before he can be classed in our section of pugilism, and I say this with all due respect to my race, the race to which Joe belongs.

I have discovered several gross defects in his fighting, and those flaws alone prevent Joe from being classed with the men I have mentioned. The most glaring fault I find with Louis is his improper stance. Where in all the world did he ever get that stance!

If Joe stands correctly when he boxes, then I know nothing about the sport and I have wasted much valuable time as a teacher of boxing. If Joe is right in his stance, then I was wrong all my career and those who thought I was a great fighter were sadly mistaken. Every time I enter THE RING Book Shop I can't help but admire the stance of Corbett—the most perfect stance in boxing—the stance which several other great men of his period used.

* * *

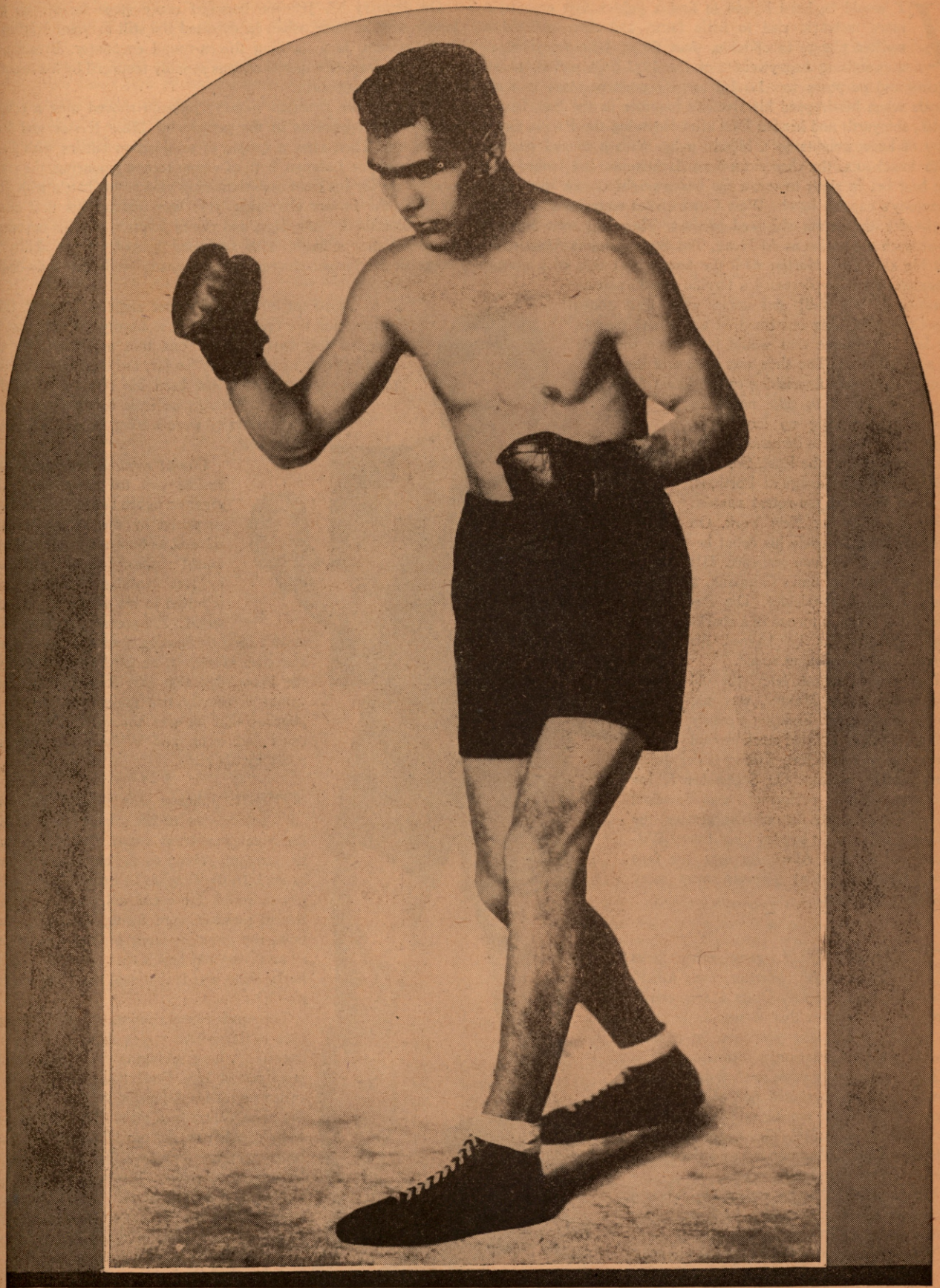
WHY all this worry about the stance of a fighter, Louis in particular? Let me tell you—first, a fighter must be perfectly balanced in order to hit correctly. A man can't possibly be in a position to hit and be perfectly balanced on his feet if he stands the way Joe Louis does.

I had Hype Igoe in THE RING office a few days ago and I demonstrated to him the meaning of my statement. I likewise had Benny Leonard, Charley Massare, Tony Canzoneri and Freddie Miller in that office and showed them why the Corbett and Johnson stances were the only proper ones to assume in boxing.

A fighter must punch along the line of his left foot. He must plant that foot out in front of him, aimed at the man who is facing him. If we of the old school missed a left lead—and I assure you that happened so seldom it was a rarity—then we were always in proper position to follow up our miss with a right-hander and still retain our balance. Thus the full force of our punch hit the mark and we didn't fall to one side or fall short in our blow.

I have watched Joe Louis in action on several occasions and I have repeatedly seen him thrown off balance after missing a punch. I saw Max Baer land one on his chin on just such an occasion and I saw Natie Brown do the same. If Joe Louis were taught to stand as did Corbett and other ring *(Continued on page 45)*

The BLACK UHLAN



Here is a photograph of Max Schmeling taken when he was at the height of his career, when he was in training for the fight with Jack Sharkey, in which he won the world title on a foul. Max hasn't changed much since then. He has filled out a little, and has added about five pounds to his weight, but in all other respects, physically, he is the same hardy Schmeling. That's why his admirers give him a good chance to beat Joe Louis.

FLOYD JOHNSON,

IT would be hard indeed to find a fighter that enjoyed a more meteoric rise to fistic fame, and then suffered a swifter plunge to oblivion, than Floyd Johnson. Johnson, a promising heavyweight of the 1922-1924 period, to all intents and purposes was headed for a prominent place in fistic annals when he dropped his riveter's hammer in the San Diego, Calif., shipyards and headed East after battering the Pacific Coast crop of heavyweights to a bloody pulp. With a record studded with knockouts, the American-born Lithuanian lad looked like the best bet in sight to crash the heavyweight crown from Jack Dempsey's capable hands. West Coast critics were lavish in their praise for the young shipyard product. They had seen him cut down such opposition as Al Hoag, Ted Snyder, Louis Asperin, Al Ritchie and Tom Norton with the finesse and skill of a master ringman. That he possessed a terrific punch, nobody questioned. His skill and nerve were well above reproach. Weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, he had a physique that would have been the envy of a Greek God. The time was 1922 and the "four-round" days were flourishing on the Coast. Fans over the nation began to take notice as the youngster rang up kayo after kayo. They began to demand that he show his wares in the East. So, after beating Battling Savage at Portland, Ore., in his first ten-round contest, Johnson headed for New York. On July 15, 1922, he made his debut before a critical Gotham audience. His opponent was Carminio Caggiano, a burly Italian mitt-wielder. The Pacific Coast phenom turned in a sparkling exhibition as he kayoed his opponent in the opening round.

Less than a month later, the old trial-horse, Sailor Maxted, was dug up for an opponent. Fighting a purely defensive battle, Maxted stuck around for seven rounds before wilting under Johnson's terrific barrage. On September 5, Joe McCann, a fair performer, was knocked kicking in six heats. In quick succession, the brilliant Californian bowled over Larry Williams and Whitey Allen. By now, the fans were demanding that Johnson meet more durable opposition.

* * *

CONSEQUENTLY, none other than "Fighting Bob" Martin, the A.E.F. champion, was selected. Quite a few critics were of the opinion that it was little short of suicide to toss the youngster in against such a seasoned warrior as Martin.

Johnson came through with flying colors, however, when he staged one of the major upsets of 1922 by scoring a knockout over the pride of the A.E.F. That battle definitely established the Lithuanian lad as a dangerous contender for Dempsey's crown.

Following the Martin encounter, Johnson wound up his 1922 campaign by kayoing Joe Vidas and Joe Stanton in two rounds each.

The year loomed pleasing indeed for 1923. The former shipyard lad was fast becoming a national idol. His native ability, coupled with a most pleasing personality, made him the topic of fistic conversation, second only to Dempsey himself.

Floyd Johnson

On January 12, Johnson bounded many steps farther up the ladder of fistic fame, when he defeated the still brilliant Irishman, Bill Brennan, in a thrilling fifteen-round encounter. Brennan, a veteran of years of experience, was soundly trounced by his twenty-two-year-old opponent.

Following the Brennan victory, Johnson shoved over a couple of mediocre opponents in the persons of Mike Nestor and Ray Thompson. Then after a couple of no-decision battles with Fred Fulton and Joe Lohman, both of whom took a trouncing, the stage was all set for his most ambitious ring effort—his battle with Jess Willard, the former champion. Jess was making his first effort in his "comeback" campaign, and young Johnson was his opponent. Knowing that a battle with Dempsey hinged on his ability to vanquish the former champ, Johnson made ready for a do-or-die effort.

As Floyd sat in his corner that night of May 12, 1923, waiting for the opening bell, it is hardly possible that he visioned this battle as the one that was to prove the turning point of his career. So far, the trail had been one of roses. Only success had been his reward up to this point. Perhaps he little dreamed that days of adversity were setting in with the opening bell.

Clang! went the bell, and Floyd rushed out to batter down the gigantic figure before him. He was surprised by the ability Willard showed as he staved off his determined rushes. He was perplexed by Jess' tantalizing left. He was repulsed in his efforts to rush the stolid 250-pound Willard. He wasn't used to fighting a man of this caliber and size. However, he comforted himself on the knowledge that this forty-year-old man would eventually tire under the barrage of punches that he was throwing. The rounds came and went, and Willard was standing nobly by his guns.

* * *

TRUE Johnson was slightly ahead on points, due to his savage rushing. But the youngster from sunny California found his strength ebbing as the eighth round hove around. In the clinches he found himself being overpowered. He could tell that his well-intended punches were losing their snap. And now, the giant in front of him was getting in an occasional punch that jarred him to his heels. Who was it that said that Jess couldn't punch?

The ninth round coming up! Jess was getting in those long rapier thrusts all too frequently. A long, swinging punch knocked the wind out of him. God! that punch hurt. He called on all his defensive ability to ward off the grim, determined giant. The tenth round! Why couldn't he get out of the way of those long, swinging punches? His legs seemed to be turning to rubber. Jess was throwing him around like a sack of salt. Would the giant never tire? Five more rounds to go. For the first time, the germ of doubt began to take root in his mind. Was he going to be knocked out? After all these months of success, was a forty-year-old "has-been" going to knock him—Floyd Johnson—cold? Could it be possible that he was going to be kayoed at the very pinnacle

BOXING ENIGMA

By T. W. McNIEL

of fistic success? The eleventh round! Funny how his arms hung like leaden weights at his sides. How his legs seemed rooted to the canvas.

Swish! A terrific right uppercut just grazed his chin. Good thing that punch didn't land. Would the round never end? Another hurtling uppercut! He saw it coming! Somehow or other, he didn't seem able to move his head. It landed with a sickening crash. All went black.

* * *

FLOYD JOHNSON had tasted his first knockout defeat. Now he knew that he was not puncture proof. What one man could do another might. True, he was not going to quit the ring on account of one knockout, but his morale and confidence were badly shaken.

Six months later found him back in New York, this time swapping wallops with Jack Renault, the Canadian. It was a replica of the Willard battle. The ex-Canadian Mountie wore him down as the rounds passed. The fifteenth and final session saw the pride of California groveling in the resin. Knocked out again!

The year 1924 found him definitely on the way out of the parade. In quick succession he dropped decisions to Jack Sharkey, Tony Fuente, Tiny Herman and Pat Lester. He dropped as fast as he had risen the year before. It didn't seem possible that one with his ability could have hit the chutes as quickly as he did. By the fag end of 1924, Floyd Johnson was little short of a pathetic ringman. Men that couldn't have even given him a workout a year before, were now soundly drubbing him.

His 1925 record is a pathetic one. He did manage to score one knockout—that over an unknown, Chub Crawford. He got draws with Bob Roper and Jack O'Dare and lost a ten-round decision to Eddie Huffman, a fellow Californian. And finally, the battle that wrote finis to a hectic career—a technical kayo that he suffered at the hands of Harry Wills. So helpless was Floyd in this battle that the referee stopped it after the Negro landed a couple of punches. He had absolutely no defense, and it was plain to all that it might end in a fatality if allowed to continue. Thus passed from the fistic parade—Floyd Johnson. A king one day, a pauper the next, properly describes Johnson's efforts. He took the proceeds of the Wills match, a matter of several thousand dollars, and invested it in a northern California fruit and cattle ranch. Today finds him in fine health and still ambitious, a progressive citizen, and a deputy sheriff of his voting precinct.

* * *

YES, indeed, one may scan the records of pugilism for many years back, and it is doubtful that one could find a fighter who rose to face and fortune any faster than this Californian—and, by the same token, dropped into oblivion. He fought his initial contest in 1920, and during the ensuing five years he ran the pugilistic scale from preliminary boy, small club main-eventer, championship contender, trial-horse and lastly, human punching-bag.

And his swift descent can all be traced back to a certain swinging uppercut he took from Jess Willard. That punch not only knocked him out, but it definitely ruined him as a future fighter.

However bitter were his last ring engagements, he can always look back with pleasure to the days when he was a dazzling heavyweight prospect.

* * *

THIS Floyd Johnson person didn't enter the prize ring voluntarily—he was slung into it. And the story which details it savors more of fiction than fact. The youngster never had a boxing glove on his hands until September 1, 1920. And probably he never would have donned them then if certain labor leaders hadn't decided to offer him up as a sacrifice to make a sort of Roman holiday out in San Francisco.

Prior to September 6, 1920, Johnson was an ironworker—and he had no ambition beyond being a gosh-darned good ironworker—maybe a foreman some day. But fate intervened. The labor unions in San Francisco decided to have a big Labor Day affair in the Auditorium. Boxing bouts were carded along with other entertainment. The committee in charge had a heavyweight ironworker who was fairly good with his "dukes," but the trouble came in plucking out a foeman for him.

One day one of the members of the entertainment committee happened to notice Johnson performing his daily toil.

"Who's the big bird?" he asked the foreman.

The information was doled out.

"Well, he's going to fight in the heavyweight division on Labor Day," replied the committeeman.

* * *

A FEW days later Johnson picked up a newspaper and read in it that he was matched to fight for the heavyweight championship of the ironworkers' union. That was the first he knew about it.

"When I climbed through the ropes," relates Johnson, "and took a look at the baby they were sic'ing onto me, that fellow looked to be bigger than the Rock of Gibraltar. The bell rang. The other fellow galloped over toward me and began jabbing. I closed my eyes and swung with my right hand. When I opened them, the other bird was on the floor—completely out. And that's how I became the ironworkers' champion."

Some time afterward Johnson represented the Olympic A. C. of San Francisco in an amateur tournament. That brought him under the observation of Alex Greggins, boxing instructor there. Greggins saw the "makin's" in Johnson and began to tutor him.

Johnson, who later sized up as one of the fastest men that ever disported in the heavyweight ranks, was one of the "truck-horse" variety in those days, and admits it. Greggins tried in various ways to speed him up, but all gymnasium tricks failed. So Alex took Floyd unto himself one afternoon and they hied away to a bathing beach where the sand was very, very deep.

Greggins made Johnson stand in the sand, ankle deep. Alex took a position on the adjacent hard soil. Then they proceeded to do some boxing. Day by day, week after week, they kept it up—Johnson wallowing around in the deep sand and Greggins operating from a solid base.

* * *

WITHIN a short time the "treatment" worked a "cure" in Johnson's case. His ankle muscles, as well as those in the calves of his legs, developed remarkably. And when Floyd finally was permitted to box again upon a solid flooring, there was about him a springiness, a sprightliness and a speed that was remarkable in contrast with his showing only a month or so before.

Greggins managed Johnson for a while. Then, after Johnson had made quite a showing on the Coast, they came to the parting of the ways. Johnson jaunted eastward, looking for a manager. But no one gave him much consideration. For he wasn't a very impressive sight in street costume.

Finally Charlie Cook of New York met the youngster and took a fancy to him. But he declared at the start that he didn't want to manage him. He merely said he'd help him to get a fight so that Floyd could get a little "ham an'" money. Cook did. Johnson fought—and won in spectacular fashion.

Cook was very friendly with Damon Runyon, excellent sports critic for the Hearst newspapers. It seems that Runyon had a pet obsession of trying to discover a world's heavyweight champion and in Johnson he thought the possibilities were there. Runyon is an indefatigable worker and through his endeavors in the newspapers he had exploited Johnson into a menacing heavyweight figure. But after the Willard disaster, Runyon was convinced that Johnson did not possess championship calibre and soon lost interest. Charley Cook is a high class type and tried his hardest to swing Johnson to the top, and although his efforts were rewarded from a financial standpoint, he was unable to make the grade for Floyd.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Fight Fans Marvel at Canzoneri and McLarnin—Tony Takes Place Among Ring's Greatest Fighters—Making Weight Proved Costly to Miller in Title Bout

FIGHTING the battle of his long and honorable career, a career of twelve years studded with sterling fistic performances, Tony Canzoneri, world lightweight king, did what most critics predicted couldn't happen—he triumphed in a handicap match over Jimmy McLarnin in Madison Square Garden and thus added to his distinction of being the first lightweight to regain the title, that of being classed among the greatest fighters in modern times. Out on his feet in the first round, when he received a severe shellacking from McLarnin, Tony came back with skill and fury to win a fifteen-round decision from the stout-hearted Vancouver Irishman.

The Garden, resembling the good old days when a packed house was the rule rather than the exception, rocked with enthusiasm as seventeen thousand persons, who paid $85,763 to see the gamecocks in action, applauded every move of the gladiators. They sang the praises of brave little Tony and gave a rousing send-off to his courageous rival for the splendid performance these boys gave. Not in many moons have the fight fans received such a run for their dough as they got from Tony and Jimmy and they certainly showed their appreciation.

* * *

EACH session was crowded with sufficient excitement to make even the hard-hearted scribes stand up and take notice. Even they became highly excited. The pounding that McLarnin took in the round preceding the final, had the scribblers and the ordinary fans marvelling at Jimmy's durability. For a portion of the session, each was trying desperately for a kayo, and then suddenly Canzoneri whipped over a terrific right to Jimmy's jaw that dazed him. He fell back and his knees almost buckled under him.

Quick as a flash, Tony leaped through the air and cut loose with a volley of lefts and rights, and then a sizzling right cross landed flush on McLarnin's jaw and sent him staggering to the ropes. His eyes dazed, his legs unsteady, and with a look of bewilderment, Jimmy stood while Tony flew at him with both hands.

Unable to protect himself, the stout-hearted Irishman received an unmerciful lacing. He was an open target and Tony pounded away at a mile-a-minute clip, yet couldn't finish him, though Jimmy stood helpless. Tony put everything he had in the final punch before the bell sounded, and when he went to his corner, he was almost as tired from hitting Jimmy as McLarnin was from absorbing the punishment.

Regardless of the outcome, the gathering was highly pleased because it had seen Canzoneri, the marvel of the fistic age, at his best even though he is a veteran in point of service, and Jimmy, great in defeat. What more could have been expected!

* * *

INSPIRED by his chances for a quick knockout, after a left and right to the jaw had staggered Tony and had left him open for a terrific shower of blows, McLarnin all but ended the fight in that first round—a hectic three minutes. Jimmy proved that the year's lay-off had affected his timing, for the McLarnin of old would never have permitted Tony to weather that first-round storm. But survive the round Canzoneri did, and then, with few exceptions, he took the play away with his rival.

In fact, in the second round, still a little wobbly from the beating he took in the preceding session, Tony came out of his corner with a look of determination, and within a few seconds, a fearless, aggressive, courageous young man stood before Jimmy daring him to repeat the first-round dose. Jimmy tried desperately but to no avail, as Canzoneri tore into him to get sweet revenge.

He crashed a right to the jaw that struck with bulletlike effect, and McLarnin dropped in mid-ring on a clean-cut knockdown. Jimmy's right knee hit the canvas but he leaped right up and tore into his adversary, and from that point to the end of the round, the fans were treated to a hot battle.

* * *

FROM then on, Tony gained the lion's share of the honors. Alternately boxing and fighting, Tony kept piling up a good lead until the ninth and tenth rounds, when his performance took the crowd by storm. He hammered Jimmy with stunning rights and at times had the Vancouver Irishman wobbly and badly hurt. Both of Jimmy's eyes were puffed and his cheek looked like one who was suffering from a severe case of an ulcerated tooth, but McLarnin wouldn't give in. Only a lion-hearted Irishman of McLarnin's type could stand up under the effects of Canzoneri's blows.

But Tony didn't go through unmarked. He suffered a deep cut on the bridge of his nose, a gash that forced him to undergo an operation after the battle. Both bled freely from the nose and the face of each was puffed. Had either McLarnin or Tony possessed the marksmanship of a few years back, a knockout would have been recorded in the Garden battle.

Canzoneri weighed 136½ to Jimmy's 143.

* * *

THOSE who, like myself, viewed the featherweight championship between Freddy Miller and Petey Sarron at Griffith Park in Washington were sadly disappointed by the poor display of fisticuffs exhibited by champion and challenger. As for Miller, unsuccessful defender of his crown, he was so far off form that I could not get my eyes to believe that I was seeing the same Freddy whom I had been praising sky-high for many months and whose claim for recognition as world title-holder was forced by THE RING Magazine.

Freddie was not himself, because he was forced to reduce to a poundage which he found it difficult to make. Three days before the fight he found himself weighing 129 pounds and engaged in fifteen rounds of boxing to take off two pounds, and an hour before weighing-in time, he found it necessary to take a five-mile walk in a broiling sun to reduce another pound and a quarter, so that he could come in at exactly the championship weight limit of 126 pounds. That forced labor didn't do him any good nor did the hard foul blow landed in the very first round by Sarron.

The decision which made Sarron the successor to Miller, in my opinion, was undeserved. Yet I could not go into ecstasy over Miller's performance. According to my score card, Miller had won the fight by seven rounds to six, with two even, but at most I would not have taken the crown away from him on the small margin which could have gone either way. The fact that one judge called the contest a draw and the other judge and referee

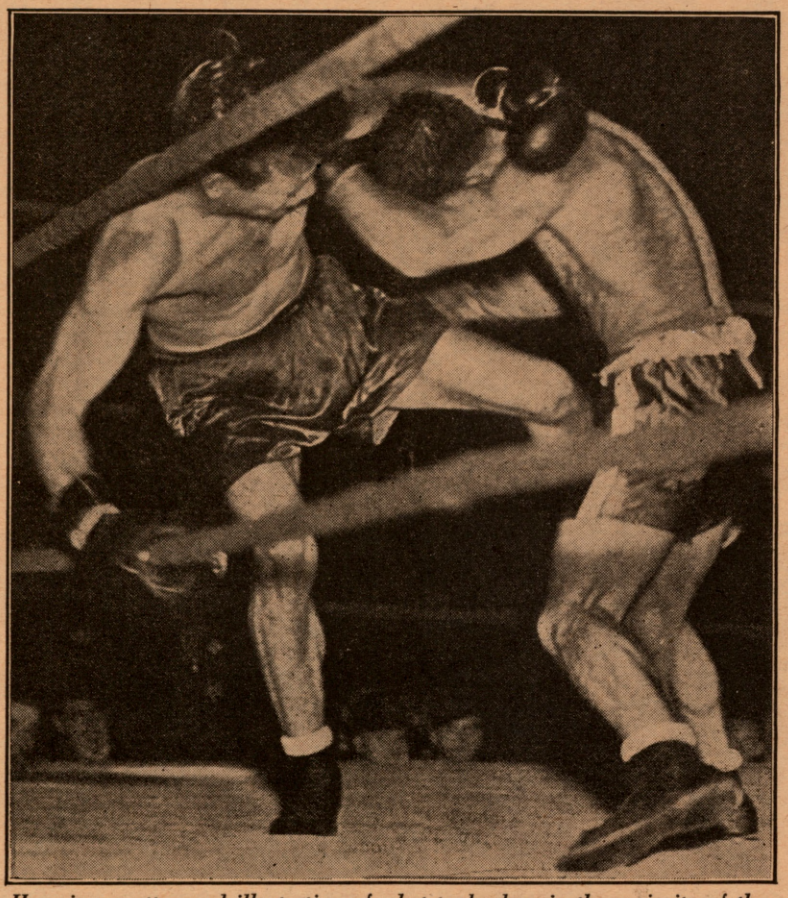
awarded the verdict to Sarron by a margin only two or three points, is sufficient evidence of the closeness of the battle.

* * *

BUT granting all that the Washington officials saw in Sarron's favor, I still cannot see wherein Petey was entitled to the verdict, my opinion being based on Sarron's fouls. Of course, our Washington readers who, judging by the wild commotion both in and out of the ring following the announcement that Miller had lost, will find fault with my statement and probably accuse me of being prejudiced in Miller's favor, yet such is far from the facts. Petey holds, mauls, pulls and often hits below the belt, and that's just what he did quite frequently in his bout with Miller.

When a man repeatedly holds, as did Sarron, for more than half of each round and tosses his punches low, he should be amply penalized—something which did not take place in the Washington contest. Only once did the referee take a round away from Sarron and likewise from Miller for low punching, yet my count showed four distinctive fouls so far as low hitting was concerned on Sarron's part and at least two dozen so far as holding, pulling and other objectionable tactics were concerned. Based on those points, I would not have deprived Miller of the title, even though Sarron's aggressiveness at times in the last five rounds kept the crowd on edge.

It is not my intention to take any credit away from the new title-holder, but I do want to call attention again to methods pursued by Petey's handlers, a plan which has been followed in the past by many shrewd seconds and managers. They all pounded on the ring floor twenty-five seconds before each round ended and that was the signal for Sarron to cut loose with a fusillade of blows. To the experienced eye, such action counts for little, but to the uninitiated, the average fight fan, such activity supersedes all the lack of action of the previous two and a half minutes' work and often even catches the eye of the officials. That is exactly what happened in the Miller-Sarron fight.



Here is a pretty good illustration of what took place in the majority of the fifteen rounds in the fight between Freddie Miller (left) and Petey Sarron in Griffith Stadium, Washington. Miller lost his title by a divided decision.

* * *

PETEY SARRON'S victory will be rewarded by THE RING the same as has been done for all other champions. He will receive a trophy, emblematic of the world featherweight title. This belt will be presented to him on the first occasion of the defense of his crown, regardless of whether he is the victor.

Although Petey has seen twelve years of hard service, he still has several good years of fighting left and we hope that he will carry on in the same fighting spirit as his predecessor. If the Birmingham lad does that, we will find no further fault with him.

As for the Police Department of Washington, who promoted the affair under the guiding hand of Major Harvey L. (Heinie) Miller, nothing but the highest praise can be showered upon them for the splendid job they performed. To draw twenty-three thousand to the first major affair ever staged in Washington is a feat worthy of commendation.

* * *

SHORTLY after the Louis-Schmeling fight, on June 20, to be exact, I shall embark on my second goodwill boxing mission of the year, this time on a six weeks' trip to Europe, for the purpose of viewing Paris *Soir's* heavyweight tournament which is being staged by Jeff Dickson, and also to present THE RING'S belt to the winner of that competition. THE RING, during the past ten years, has taken up the work that for many years was carried on by the late Richard K. Fox, that of instilling interest in the various divisions of boxing, primarily the heavyweight section, by the award of belts and medals.

Since January 1, THE RING has awarded a belt to Freddie Miller for winning the world featherweight title; one to Jimmy Braddock for winning the world heavyweight title; a medal to Tony Canzoneri for his activity in the lightweight class; a beautiful seven-panel belt to Joe Louis for having done most for boxing in 1935; a belt to the fighter who was voted the best all-around performer in the Jack Dempsey heavyweight tournament for novices, staged under the auspices of Armand Vincent in Montreal, and the belt which I will carry to Paris to present to the best man in the Paris *Soir* novice tournament.

In addition, I shall go on to England to look over the field there and then on to Ireland, where I will present a trophy to the heavyweight who makes the best showing in the tournament to be staged by Promoter Egan. Thus, THE RING gains in prestige through its awards, the promoters benefit through the interest instilled in their tournaments by THE RING, the boxers benefit by having a special goal to strive for, and boxing in particular is the chief benefactor by the vast amount of publicity the sport obtains — ballyhoo that keeps it in the spotlight throughout the world. That's what THE RING does and that's why, in every foreign land where I have appeared, I have received the glad hand.

* * *

ON my trip, I hope to induce those in charge of the Paris *Soir* tourney to send to America the winner of the French contests, and the winner of the tourneys that are to be staged in eight other countries, to compete against our best novice heavyweights. If it can be arranged, I propose to have the Paris *Soir* send nine heavyweights to this country to clash with nine heavyweights to be selected by Jack Dempsey as the best men in his tournaments, and out of these fights, I feel confident at least one good prospect will emerge.

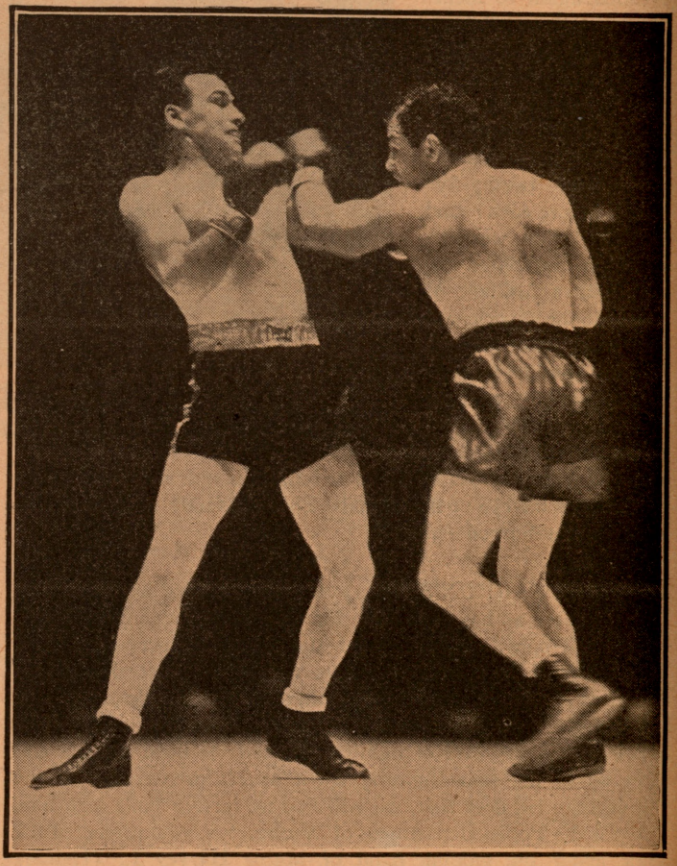
In the French tournament alone, more than four thousand boys from all walks of life—farmers, truck drivers, taxi drivers, engineers, law students, young teachers, firemen, policemen, soldiers—and men from almost every profession, competed.

Scenes in the Thrilling Contest

Joe Humphries, the dean of all announcers, raising Tony Canzoneri's hand in token of victory after gallant, uphill fight.

Here we see Jimmy McLarnin stepping away from one of Tony's leads and getting ready to counter with his ready right.

Jimmy McLarnin is ready to arise after being dropped by Canzoneri in the second round after a vicious right hand exchange. Tony is ready to pounce on his victim.



Canzoneri is seen tricking Jimmy into leading with his left, sidestepping and trying to counter with his left hook. Note his determined look.

Between TONY and JIMMY

When Canzoneri's right almost put McLarnin out. The Magic Eye Camera of the International News Service shows how those ripping rights almost tore the head off Jimmy in that hectic ninth round at Madison Square Garden. Follow the sequence from No. 1 to No. 6 and watch that leather-covered mitt of Tony's do its stuff. The stout-hearted Irishman took all that Canzoneri meted out to him, and remained on his feet to the final bell. McLarnin is seen tottering after that right of the lightweight king had crashed against his jaw and had sent Jimmy's head up with a snap. It was a great comeback for Canzoneri, who was on the verge of a knockout in the first round.

JOE HUMPHREYS,

Adored Great Fighters and Rose to Heights Introducing Them—Says Ring Ballyhoo Is Born With Quick Rise of Terry McGovern—Biggest Moment in Ring Came With Lindy's Flight—Sullivan's Last Appearance, Alfred E. Smith's Only One Thrilled Famed Mouthpiece

A Big Three of Fistiana at the turn of the century, McGovern, left; Joe Humphreys, center; and Harris. To Humphreys, Harris, George M. Cohan, and many more, fighting started and finished with the little Irishman from the Brooklyn slums.

The author of this splendid article on Joe Humphrey's fifty years of sports activity is one of America's foremost sports writers. He was formerly the Boxing Editor of the New York *World-Telegram*. While Joe Humphreys was recuperating in a Jersey hospital following his recent illness, Grayson spent several days with him gathering the data for this excellent article.

THERE are several versions of how Joseph Edward Humphreys, daddy of sports announcers, was tagged "the Beaut."

The most popular is that Humphreys was so labeled when, as a bartender in his teens, he drove a bar fly through a plate-glass window with a well-directed right when told to "chalk the drinks on the sole of your shoe, m'lad, and walk 'em off."

The fact is, however, that Joe Humphreys was called "the Beaut" because he was good-looking and possessed the best tenor voice in the Fourth Ward of New York's lower East Side. Joe the Beaut had the complexion and skin of a girl and no other could sing "Maggie Murphy's Home," "Paddle Your Own Canoe," and "As We Drink From Our Pint of Beer" quite as well as he. He led all quartets, and became quite an attraction at smokers.

Sam H. Harris, striped sweater, mustache, and all, strikes a pose behind Terry McGovern on the road at Alameda, Calif., where the idol of New York prepared for his second knockout by Young Corbett in San Francisco, March 31, 1903.

An orphan at 10, bootblack, newsboy, and a page in Wall Street, little Joe Humphreys first came in direct contact with boxing as mascot of the old Nonpareil Athletic Club, situated over a stable in Oliver Street, in the late '80s. At 15 he was a bartender at the corner of Park Row and Chambers Street. Later he poured at Mike Minden's, near Daly's Theatre; Minden's at Broadway Ferry; and at the White Light, next door to the Red Light, on Seventh Avenue, just off 23rd Street.

Humphreys broke in as an announcer when he was 18 at a show arranged for the purpose of raising $250 for Nigger Tom Welch, a white man of bad habits who hung around the New York Produce Exchange, where Joe the Beaut paged brokers.

"Drinking was one of Nigger Tom Welch's bad

Dean of Announcers

By HARRY GRAYSON

Sports Editor, N.E.A. Service

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"Attention, you blokes up there on the shelf."

"There must be decorum, no matter how painful."

Joe Humphreys was installed at the Broadway A. C. without delay, and thus really began the spectacular career of sports' most celebrated mouthpiece.

Humphreys has seen more fighters in action than any other man who ever lived. In forty-five years of announcing he has introduced the principals in full twenty thousand battles. He has held aloft the hand of every heavyweight champion—from John L. Sullivan to James J. Braddock.

Humphreys' stentorian voice has been heard by more people than there are in the United States. Hundreds of thousands have waited breathlessly as he collected the slips of referees and judges, and walked to the lucky corner to hoist a mighty right fist and shout, "Thuh Win-nah!"

* * *

TO Sam Harris and Joe Humphreys, boxing started and finished with Terrible Terry McGovern. They skyrocketed to national renown behind the flying fists of the fiery Irish kid from the south Brooklyn slums.

When the Horton law took pugilism out of the loft and barge stage in New York in 1897, legalized it for the first time anywhere, the gay young blade, Joe Humphreys, became matchmaker and announcer at Johnny Oates' old South Beach A. C.

Between productions, such as they were, Joe the Beaut ran up to Hartford to give a pair of promoters named habits," says Humphreys. "One night he hit one Hans Petersen and broke his jaw. They put Nigger Tom in jail. It looked tough for him, and Petersen said it could be squared for $250; that he wouldn't appear against him if he got that amount. We all thought a lot of Nigger Tom so we arranged a benefit at Gus Maisch's (The Dutchman's) Little Casino, a combination beer garden, shooting gallery and honky-tonk in New Bowery.

"Good old Charley Harvey was the top announcer of the period. He was invited and so were Fred Burns, the Demosthenes of the Bowery, and Silver-Tongued John Parnell Dunn, but none of them showed up. I got the job because I had the loudest voice."

Joe Humphreys' now 63, has been in the announcing business, as he calls it, from that night to this, but did not get the break in the line that made him famous until several years later.

* * *

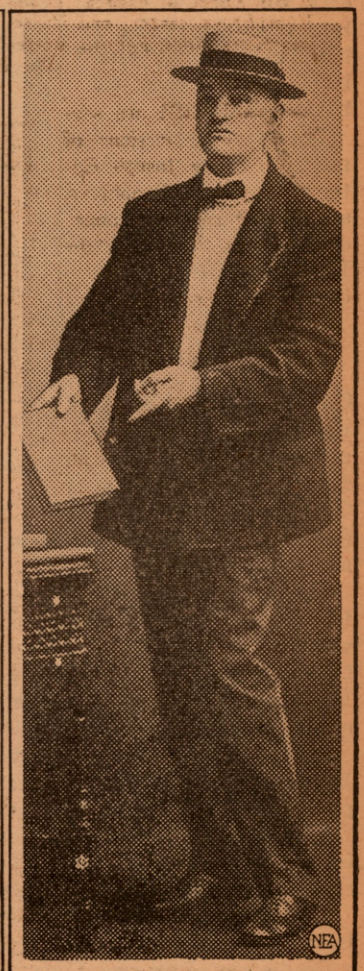
CHARLEY HARVEY and his handle-bar mustache held forth at the old Broadway A. C., on Broadway near Eighth Avenue, then the fountain head of the beak-busting business. Harvey was a Republican.

Young Humphreys worked hard for Big Tim Sullivan and Tammany in an election in the late '90s. When it was time to reward him, the Beaut would accept no money.

"We've got to do something for the Beaut," said a Sullivan lieutenant.

"He'd rather announce than be President," remarked another. "Why not toss out that Republican, Harvey, and put him in at the Broadway?"

"To me, a heckler is just a pain in the neck."



"May I suggest an up-to-date book of etiquette?"

Crowley and Harris a lift. The Harris was Sam H. Harris, and he was destined to go a long way.

Like Humphreys, he was a child of the teeming tenements, left to shift for himself at eleven. News, errand, messenger boy and whatnot, Harris had developed the business of supplying towels to New York offices when Humphreys first bumped into him. He also managed a bantamweight named George Monroe and had been bitten by the theatrical bug, an inoculation that was to take him to a dizzy height.

* * *

WHEN McGovern knocked out Monroe in twenty-four rounds in 1898, the shrewd Harris promptly engineered a deal that quickly put Terrible Terry and himself in the more important money. He became the handler of McGovern, with Humphreys as his first lieutenant.

McGovern was an amazing warrior and in building the little vegetable peddler as an attraction Harris showed the skill that was to make him one of the most successful theatrical producers.

Ballyhoo was born with the McGovern - Harris - Humphreys combination. Harris imported Pedlar Palmer from England to fight McGovern for the world bantam championship at Tuckahoe, September 12, 1899.

Palmer and his manager, Peggy Bettinson, were met at the pier by a brass band, a long procession of carriages, and scores of celebrities. A Broadway banquet followed, with the band serenading Palmer's hotel far into the night and hired hands circling the block with flares.

There was a splurge of publicity; the entire country talked, and there were special trains from Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Providence, Hartford, and other cities.

* * *

McGOVERN flattened Palmer in two minutes and thirty-two seconds, despite the fact that the Little Box of Tricks got a thirty-second rest when someone who had bet on him pulled the bell cord at the first knockdown.

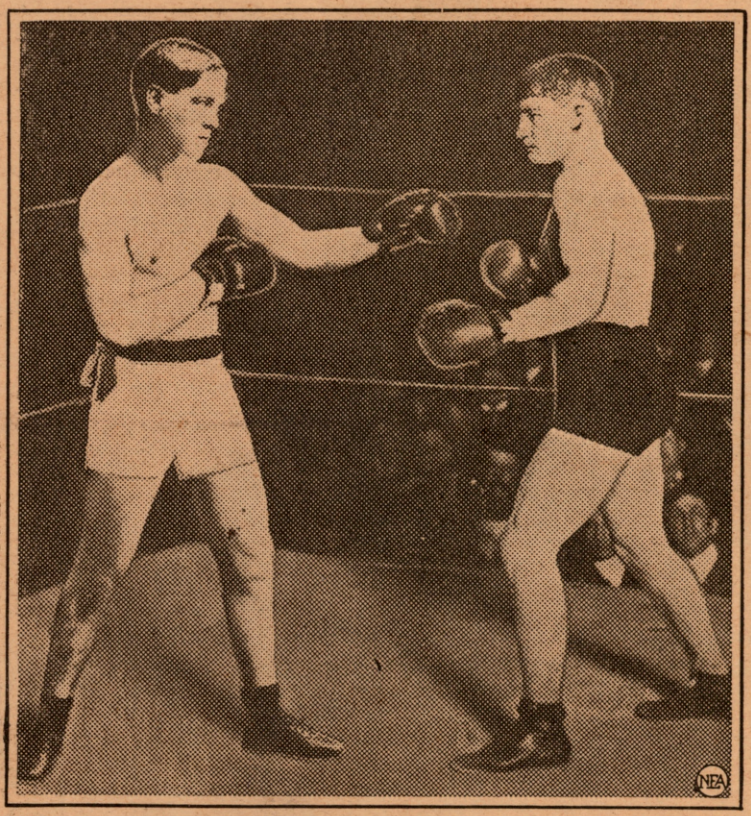
McGovern followed this up by stopping George Dixon, the featherweight champion, and ironing out Frank Erne, the lightweight leader, all within ten months. Erne did 128 pounds. McGovern went on to knock out Joe Bernstein, a topnotcher; beat Kid Broad, and knocked out Joe Gans, then at his peak, in a questionable affair that killed boxing in Chicago.

Not yet twenty-one and weighing no more than 122 pounds, McGovern was considered too formidable for anybody under 140 pounds, when along came Young Corbett.

McGovern had spent an entire summer and fall in the show business when the cocky Corbett finished him with a right cross counter in the second round at Hartford, Thanksgiving Day, 1901.

Humphreys declares that Terrible Terry had had trouble with his wife, and Corbett's colossal nerve got under his thin Irish skin.

On the way to the ring, Corbett, a short-ender at 1-5, knocked on the door of McGovern's dressing room and said: "Hey, Terry. Come on out, Terry, and take your licking!"



McGovern, left, and Corbett as they squared away at Hartford Nov. 28, 1901, for the almost unbelievable knockout that was heard around the pugilistic world. The Denver lad's devastating overhand right to the jaw had Terrible Terry's number.

McGOVERN never was the same after that. He traveled all the way to San Francisco in an attempt to even his score with Corbett on March 31, 1903, but the same thing happened after he had been badly beaten for eleven rounds.

Following his victory over Palmer, McGovern starred in "The Gay Morning Glories," "The Fatal Wedding," "The Bowery After Dark," "The Road to Ruin," and "Fame and Fortune." Humphreys had a bit in each of these productions, which put Harris in the theatrical business in a large way.

Harris met George M. Cohan at a beer racket of "The Song and Words Club" on Staten Island in the summer of 1902. There was an actors' baseball game. Harris pitched and Cohan caught.

Joe Humphreys virtually managed Terry McGovern thereafter, for the famous firm of Cohan and Harris was on its way.

* * *

MOST announcers start fights cold and a great majority of them wind up that way. Joe Humphreys became the greatest of all masters of ceremonies at fistic encounters, to use the title he selected for himself, because he steamed up a show quicker than Jimmy Durante heated up a night club.

Anybody who adored great fighters as did Humphreys couldn't miss getting many a thrill out of introducing the principals in more than twenty thousand contests over a stretch of forty-five years. Joe the Beaut was at his best when one of his kind of fighters stood ready to lash himself into battle—a McGovern, a Dempsey, a Leonard, a Joe Lynch, a Greb, or a McLarnin, particularly if the slightest trace of Irish blood coursed in his veins.

Humphreys attained a dizzier height every time Lynch squared off with Little Jack Sharkey, and they had it out on eight occasions. Lynch always was good for a three-minute oration that finished with "the fighting Irish-American from the West Side and the bantamweight cham-peen of the wor-r-ld!" Little Jack Sharkey was "the Italian-American gamecock." Humphreys, the master showman, had their respective followings on the edge of their seats and glaring at one another after they had raised the roof of the old Garden.

Looking back, Humphreys says he obtained a tremendous kick out of his first important assignment outside of New York—the introduction of Terry McGovern and Young Corbett in San Francisco, March 31, 1903.

The Beaut admits that his pulse quickened that afternoon at Boyle's Thirty Acres when he led Georges Carpentier front and center, reminded seventy-five thousand persons that he was "the soldier idol of Old France," and motioned to the band to strike up the "Marseillaise." Introducing Dempsey and Luis Angel Firpo, and Dempsey and Tunney before one hundred and five thousand people at Soldiers Field would make any spine tingle, but Humphreys' biggest moment in a ring came the night that Charles A. Lindbergh flew to Le Bourget.

A restless crowd eagerly awaited the start of the Jack Sharkey-

"His weight, one hunnert ninety-two and a quarter!"

"Crave your indulgence. Qui-ett, please, qui-ett."

Jim Maloney scrap at the Yankee Stadium when operators at the ringside received word that Lindbergh was well across the Atlantic.

Humphreys raised his right hand as only he can, and announced the gladsome tidings after his customary "Qui-ett, please—qui-ett."

"And now, lay-dees and gentulmen, let us all stand a moment and bow in silent prayer." Forty thousand persons, noisy and fidgety only a few seconds before, stood as one. You could have heard a pin drop as the matchless mouthpiece intoned, "May the Almighty steer him clear across the ocean and land him safely at his destination on the shores of our dearest allied country, France."

* * *

HUMPHREYS, who never had an equal at holding disorderly pugilistic turnouts in the palm of his hand, asserts that he never before or since felt his power over a crowd to the extent that he did that eventful night. Sports' spokesman was invited to speak at hundreds of Sunday school classes. Hundreds of preachers used the dramatic picture as the subject of their sermons the following Sabbath. Poems were written about it.

Humphreys believes that his next biggest thrill came the night he succeeded in getting Governor Alfred E. Smith to his first and only fight and introducing him from the ring as "the idol of the sidewalks of New York." The occasion was Anne Morgan's show for devastated France at the old Garden in 1921. Humphreys contends that that production did more for boxing than any other one thing since it was restored to good standing following the war. They still talk of the main event that night, too. Ritchie Mitchell had the great Benny Leonard in the resin before being knocked out in the sixth round.

Humphreys likes to speak of the reception that State Senator James J. Walker got at the old Garden when Joe the Beaut introduced the man who legalized the game in New York.

NOR will Humphreys ever forget the last appearance in the ring of the one and only John L. Sullivan. It was at the Jess Willard-Frank Moran engagement at the old Garden in 1916, which was Tex Rickard's first promotorial effort in Manhattan, by the way. James J. Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons also were present and Joe the Beaut introduced them with a rare flow of superlatives.

Joe the Beaut had prepared a speech for Sullivan, but it didn't seem to fit after he had spilled so many fancy phrases on Gentleman Jim and Ruby Robert. After all, Sullivan was the best-loved ringman in history. The situation called for something simple.

Somebody had handed Humphreys the belt of colors that Sullivan wore when he fought Charley Mitchell at Chantilly a generation before.

As the announcer rested his hand on John L.'s shoulder and brought down the house with "The Noblest Roman of Them All," he gradually drew the silk colors from his inside pocket, and asked Corbett to present them to the Boston Strong Boy of long ago.

"As Corbett gave them to Sullivan, John L. sobbed, kissed the silk flag, tenderly placed it in the vest pocket next to his heart, shook hands all around, and left," relates Humphreys. "John L. had done everything else in a ring, but waited until his last appearance to cry."

* * *

JOSEPH EDWARD HUMPHREYS had voice, presence, personality, tact, and razor blade Irish wit, but more than that was required to make him the greatest of all announcers. Joe the Beaut was a master of mass thinking.

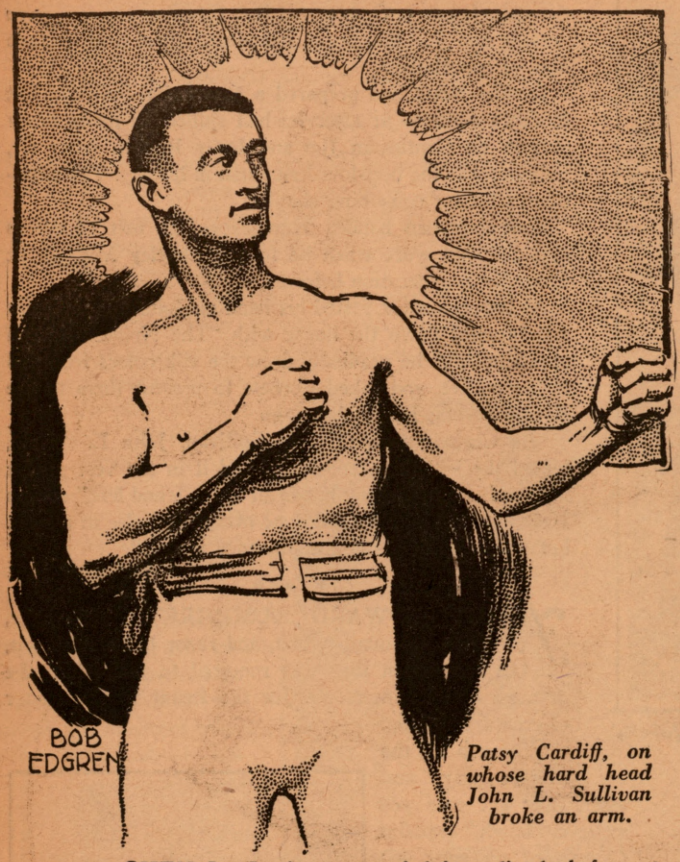
"You rub 'em the right way, and when they get sore you make 'em laugh," explains

(Continued on page 46)

Shelves, rim, and bleachers know that "It's a draw!"

Ring history. "The winnah and new champ-een!"

THEY WERE



Patsy Cardiff, on whose hard head John L. Sullivan broke an arm.

WHEN Joe Louis got married immediately before a big fight, he amazed a lot of the ringside fans by his nonchalance. Joe was by no means the first prominent fighter to marry just before an important battle, though. We have to go back more than a hundred years—to 1824, to be exact—to find the story of Harry Jones, the Sailor Boy, who was as nonchalant as they make 'em.

Harry Jones fought at 139 pounds, and at his weight he was the terror of England. Like so many of the old-time bare-knuckle fighters, he was game to the core, would fight at the drop of a hat, and had no idea what nerves were.

On the day when he was scheduled to battle Jem Aldridge, one of his leading rivals, he went to church and led a young lady named Miss Evans to the altar. During the ceremony he had apparently forgotten all about the fight, because the onlookers recorded that he bolted out of the church immediately after saying "I do," upon finding out how late it was. He arrived at the scene of battle at the scheduled time, however, and gave Aldridge an artistic trimming. It took him only twelve minutes to finish his rival.

On another occasion, Harry Jones' nonchalance lost him a fight that everyone thought it would be impossible for him to lose. Near Oxford there was a butcher named Dick Price, who was something of a bully. Jones took a great dislike to him when they first met, and although the butcher was much bigger, a fight was arranged right away. That was the informal way they did things in those days.

On a July evening in 1824, the two men met out in Picksey Meadow, not far from Oxford. A ring was put up, and all the sports were there to place their bets. At first sight the butcher looked like a good risk, because he was so much bigger and stronger, but little Harry went 'round him like Indians around a covered wagon, jabbing home a blow here and there. Price couldn't plant a knuckle on him.

In a few minutes it was very obvious that Harry Jones was the better man, and the betting was no longer about who would win the fight, but about how long Price would last. By the ninth round, those few sports who still had a shilling or two to back Jones were offering odds of 40 to 1, with no takers.

Price's cause was plainly hopeless.

In the fifteenth round, Price was still on his feet, although matters had been growing worse for him all the time, and everyone could see that he had no chance at all, and would hardly last more than another round or two at the most.

Jones landed a jarring blow on Price's head that spun him half-around, and in turning back to face his agile opponent, Price swung an accidental back-handed blow that knocked Jones down and out, and won the fight!

All the sports who had offered 40-1 on Jones were thunderstruck, and the poor Sailor Boy himself couldn't understand how he had been knocked out. He immediately challenged Price to another fight, a challenge that Price very intelligently refused to accept.

Harry Jones kept challenging Price on every possible occasion, pleading, and then threatening for another fight, until the butcher took him before a magistrate and had him bound over to keep the peace. The Sailor Boy never did get Price into the ring again.

* * *

LOTS of the old-time fighters had their troubles. Most of them ran afoul of the sheriff at one time or another because prize-fighting was illegal. Blacksmith Burley of Birmingham, England, was the first southpaw prizefighter mentioned in history. He got six months in the Nottingham Gaol—the sheriff didn't like his style! It must have seemed more awkward then than now, as there was very little science in those early days.

Coming down to more modern times, John L. Sullivan ran into a couple of hardy customers who gave him plenty to think about. In 1885, while on tour, he met a man with the fine old Oriental name of Dominick McCaffrey.

The fight, which took place before thirty-five thousand raving fans in Cincinnati, was to go six rounds or to a finish. The idea of this unusual arrangement was that if one of the fighters was badly beaten in the first six rounds he was under no obligation to go on having his head punched around any longer.

Dominick was a fast 175-pounder, and all through the first six rounds he outboxed Sullivan very cleverly. McCaffrey—and most of the fans—were astounded when Sullivan refused to get up for the seventh round. McCaffrey thought he had won the championship, and the home-town crowd very naturally thought so, too. The whole outcome depended on the decision of the referee.

The referee decided that he had better get out of the ring while the getting was good. He disappeared into the crowd. This entirely unexpected event left matters up in the air, and for two days no one knew who had won the fight, as the referee dropped completely out of sight, and no one knew where he was.

On the second day after the fight, the referee turned up in Toledo, which was more or less neutral and calm territory, and solemnly awarded the decision—and the purse—to Sullivan.

This was the closest McCaffrey ever came to winning the title.

* * *

THE other man who gave John L. Sullivan something to worry about was Patsy Cardiff, who crossed his trail on January 18, 1887, in Minneapolis. Minneapolis is not the warmest place in the world at that time of year, and John L. doubly fortified himself against the rigors of the climate by wearing thirty-four pounds of excess fat over his ribs, and by taking a sip or two of a warming beverage he carried with him to meet just such emergencies.

This fight also went six rounds. Patsy, according to the ringside descriptions, was a sort of country Apollo. He was in good shape for this fight, and stalled off John L.'s furious rushes until the third round, when John chased him into a corner and landed one of the most peculiar punches in ring history—an uppercut to the top of the head. See if you can figure that one out.

NONCHALANT

By BOB EDGREN

The way it happened was that Cardiff was ducking and weaving, and he bent nearly double trying to avoid a punch and slip out of the corner. Sullivan swung a left, and his arm hit Cardiff on top of the head as he tried to swing his fist up to the jaw for an uppercut. Cardiff staggered around the ring, dazed—he said afterwards that he thought Sullivan had hit him with a bar of iron—and kept away from the champion for the rest of the bout. Sullivan's left arm was broken; it had to be re-broken and re-set later in New York, it mended so crookedly. John L.'s arm always was a little bent, after that, and it was about a year before he could fight again. Cardiff got a draw for his efforts.

Among the modern fighters, a man who has fought as many tough ones as you could point a finger at is Mickey Walker. Mickey met thirteen title-holders. That sounds like an unlucky number, but Mickey raked in a good share of victories just the same. He won the welterweight title, the middleweight title, and got a gold cup for winning a title he never won.

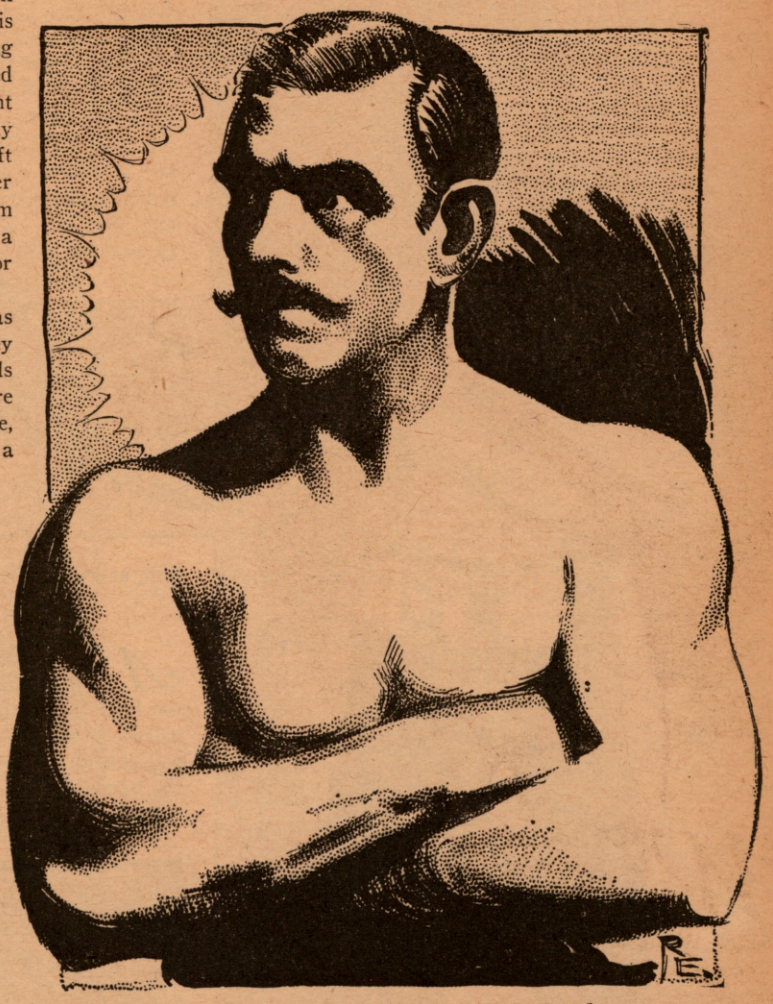
That was the light-heavyweight championship.

Here is the way it came about: Mickey was to meet Mike McTigue, the light-heavyweight champion, in Newark. It was a twelve-round fight, no decision, but the winner of the newspaper verdict was to get a gold cup, symbol of the championship.

The fight went the full distance. Walker got the newspaper decision, and the cup . . . . but not the light-heavyweight title.

* * *

SHORTLY after winning this cup, Mickey scored one of the most surprising and spectacular knock-outs I have ever seen in a ring. On the twenty-fourth of February, 1925, he went out to Los Angeles to fight a Mexican named Bert Colima. Bert was good. He was the pride of Southern California, and local fans were comparing him to Aurelio Herrera, that great Mexican puncher who once knocked out five opponents in ten days.



John L. Sullivan, who was a fierce looking fellow when he was young.

At the start of the bout, Colima was apparently rather awed by Mickey's great reputation, and he moved about very gingerly, keeping well out of range. He was fast as a streak, and once in a while would bob in to let fly a couple of well-aimed jabs which tipped Walker's head back. He was so fast that Walker couldn't land on him, and as the fight progressed, you could see Colima's confidence growing by leaps and bounds.

Along about the fifth or sixth round, he had gotten to the point where he was charging in and exchanging violent flurries of punches with Mickey, and as both of these men had a punch like the kick of a mule, they were SOME flurries. The house was in an uproar. The fans, also well aware of Mickey's great reputation, were amazed that Colima was putting up such a fine showing, and it looked as if he was headed for victory.

Mickey continued to fight patiently, however, without getting excited in the least, and in the seventh round he showed that his quick eyes were missing nothing—no matter how placid or disinterested he looked.

Colima had just gotten the better of a rapid-fire slugging match, and the two men had separated. They faced each other in the middle of the ring, standing far apart and completely out of reach of each other. Just to guess at the distance, I should say they were about eight feet apart; breathing hard, and getting ready to close in and resume hostilities.

Colima dropped his hands for a second. Mickey jumped the entire eight feet in one furious spring, swinging his right hand up from the hip as he shot through the air. His right fist landed on Colima's chin with a sound like a two-base hit, and before Colima had recovered, Walker was pumping lefts and rights into him.

Poor Bert sank to the floor like a ragdoll with no sawdust in it, and he gamely pulled himself together enough to struggle up again . . . . but that was the finish. It lasted a few seconds longer, until Colima was stretched on the canvas, out.

It would be interesting to know what Colima thought, after that knockout. The last he had seen of Walker, eight good feet of safety lay between him and Walker's gloves. The next thing he knew, the house fell on him and all the lights started to whirl around in big circles.

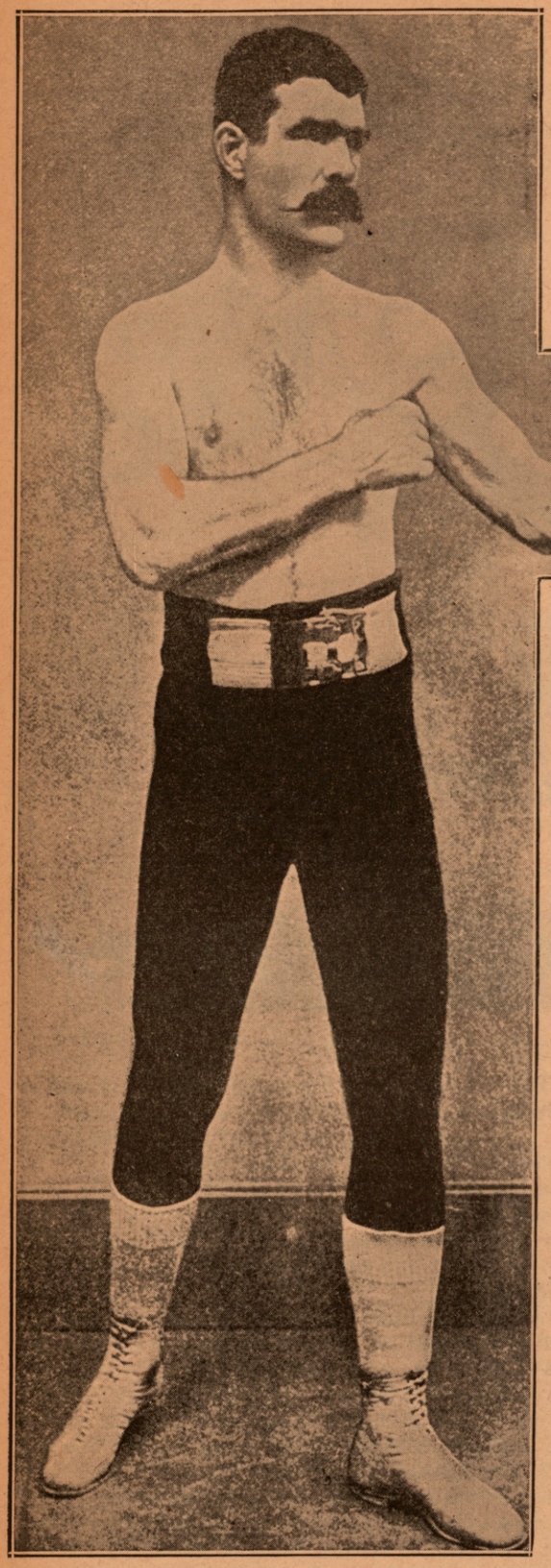
It all goes to show that a fight is not definitely won until the other fellow is counted out. Harry Jones didn't dream of losing to Price—when he was a 40-1 shot to win—and Colima wasn't thinking of danger when he had already shown so much speed and was far out of reach. Perhaps the only way to solve the problem is to do what the preliminary fighter at the National Sporting Club in London did—according to the way Harry Preston tells it.

This boy was getting an awful licking, but his second was one of those great optimists who can never see the dark side of things. "Do wot I tell yer," he ordered. "Keep on stickin' yer left out, and it's a thousand to one on yer."

"That's good!" cried the fighter. "Then I'll just quit while I'm the favorite!" And he climbed out of the ring!

We can go down the line in ring history and can cite many similar cases, but when it comes to handing out the bouquet, I think you'll all agree with me that the winner must be Joe Louis. His marriage stunt only a few hours before meeting Max Baer stands out as the prize. It took nerve to put that one over.

AMERICANS



Frank Slavin, Larry Foley's pet pupil, who fought two great bouts with Buffalo Costello.

IT was a happy thought on the part of Nat Fleischer to ask me to write something for THE RING because, although I am an Australian of the second generation and have not been farther afield than South Africa, the most vivid of my recollections are about American fighters. The first Americans to flash meteorlike across the firmament of my youthful consciousness were Martin "Buffalo" Costello and Young Mitchell. I don't know what sort of records they have in America, but they stand pretty high in Australia.

Costello came to Sydney in 1887 and threw out a challenge to Frank Slavin, Larry Foley's pet pupil and the pride and joy of the wild colonial boys who used to frequent the old White Horse Gymnasium of immortal memory. Slavin was a killer, a man without any mercy in his make-up, one who liked a scrap to finish, win or lose, in the first few minutes. At that time, he had nine professional fights to his credit—all wins—and only one, that with Tom Burke, whom he had knocked out in the fourth at Queensland, had lasted four rounds.

A true heavyweight, he had a punch to suit, but with it, he was as spry on his pins as a featherweight. Yet Buffalo Costello, who was only a middleweight, held his own there in the White Horse Tavern with Slavin for thirty-one rounds over a stretch of two and a half hours, before the bout was declared a draw. Slavin tried all the hits he knew on Costello—all that Jem Mace and Larry Foley had ever taught him, and some he had invented himself—but without success.

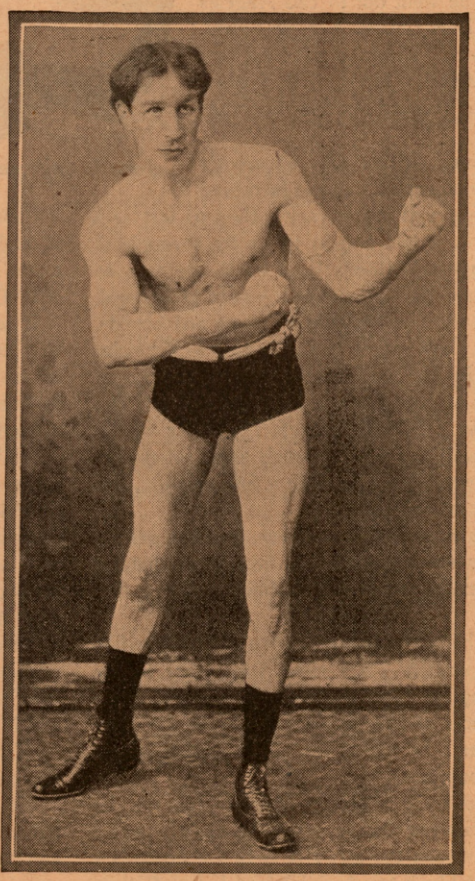
* * *

AFTER that, Costello and Slavin were matched to fight in Victoria with skin gloves for £200 a side, but the Victorian police prevented the bout from being staged, so all concerned, including yours truly, repaired to an appointed place, a patch of turf in a butcher's fattening paddock on the Sydney side of the Murray, and made preparations for the battle. What a day that was!

The most astonishing feature about the program was the preliminary bout, a go between Peter Boland and Young Mitchell, which was such a sanguinary slogging match that everybody, including Slavin and Costello, forgot all about the main fight as they watched those well-matched lads make mincemeat of each other. It was just slaughter. After a couple of hours had gone by, even the butcher who owned the paddock covered his eyes with his hand and said:

"For God's sake, stop it!" And so it was stopped, and declared a draw in the thirty-first round.

Then Slavin and Costello, who had been leaning on the ropes staring at the ring as though mesmerized, remembered what they were there for and proceeded to strip. Scarcely had they begun to fight and exchanged the first few



Joe Choynski, whose battles with Owen Sullivan, Mick Dooley and Frank Goddard were rated high with the Australians.

I HAVE KNOWN

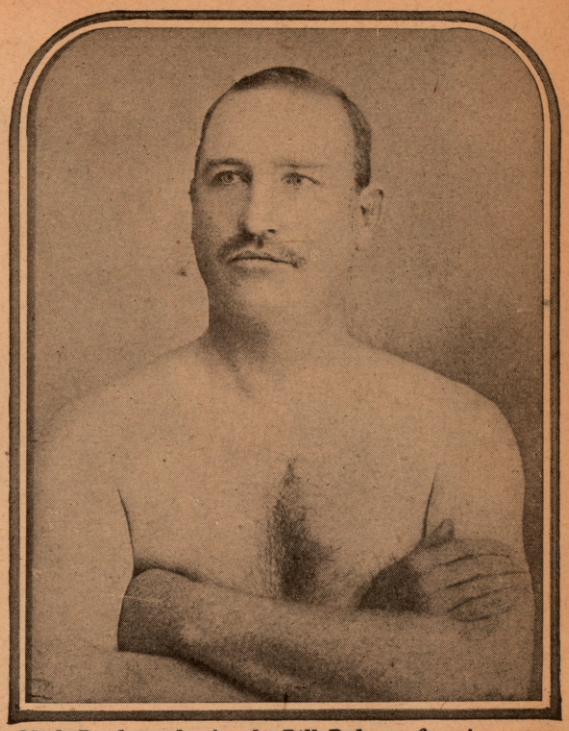
By BILL DOHERTY

(Author of "In the Days of the Giants")

(One-time middleweight champion of South Africa and heavyweight champion of Australia)

hits, when it could be seen with half an eye that a ghastly mistake had been made in allowing them to enter the ring in the condition it had been left by the other men, for the furious two-hour struggle had converted the patch of turf into an expanse of treacherous mud.

John L. Sullivan, the author's idol. Bill Doherty says he got his greatest thrill when he shook the hand of the Boston Strong Boy.



Mick Dooley, who fought Bill Doherty five times, two in Sydney which he won, two in the Goldfields which he lost, and one at Melbourne, which he also lost to the author.

And most peculiar, most mysterious mud it was, too, because, under Costello's feet it was like slime, and under Slavin's, like glue! Even when the men changed sides it was the same—Costello slid and floundered, and Slavin had difficulty in moving at all. After a while, Costello ripped out a few cuss words, kicked off his shoes and fought barefooted—but it was no use.

* * *

THE battle was a farce; Slavin kept missing—I suppose he missed with more punches in that match than in all the others in his career put together. An exaggerated idea of what they looked like may be gained by imagining a good heavyweight in hobbles mixing it with a good middleweight on roller skates.

"I know how this will finish," a ringsider was heard to remark. "Costello is going to slide right into one of Slavin's haymakers!"

And it was even so. In the ninth, Costello tried a sidestep, shift and cross, floundered and fell right on to a fearful uppercut from Slavin that caught him in the solar plexus and put him to sleep for several minutes.

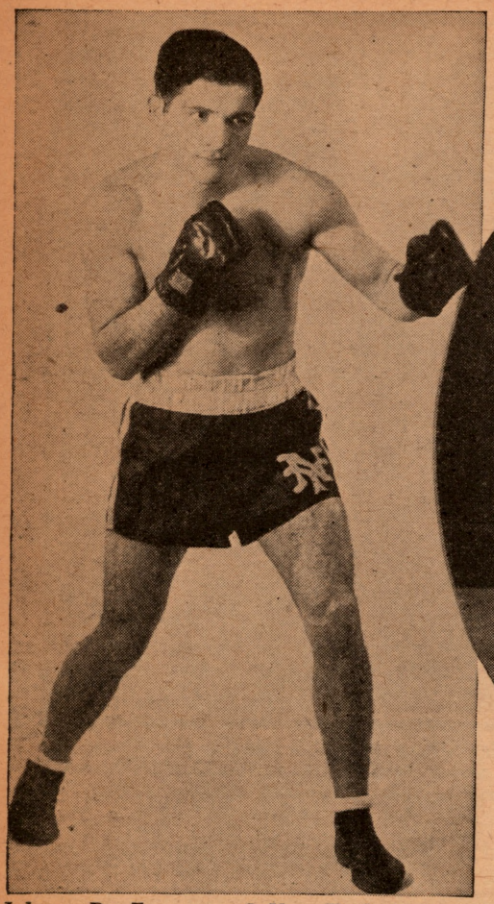
Slavin climbed through the ropes after being declared the winner, and in a twinkling, the secret of the peculiar behaviour of the mud was revealed. Scowling and muttering maledictions, he took off a pair of SPIKED SHOES that a well-meaning supporter had insisted upon lending him for the occasion!

* * *

COSTELLO afterwards fought Mick Dooley. I forget who won, but I do know that he robbed Mick of his voice for life with a straight left that caught him full on the Adam's apple. Mick lived for nearly fifty years after that, but he never again spoke in any but a sort of gruff whisper. He died only recently. God bless his soul.

The next American to cause me to open wide my young eyes in wonder was Joe Choynski, a stiff-built youngster with a terrible punch and the same views about a fight as Slavin had—finish it quickly and lively and leave no loophole for argument afterwards. He completely outfought poor Mick Dooley on May 25, 1891, and put that astonished professor of the noble art to sleep in the second round. The boys in Sydney were *(Continued on page 46)*

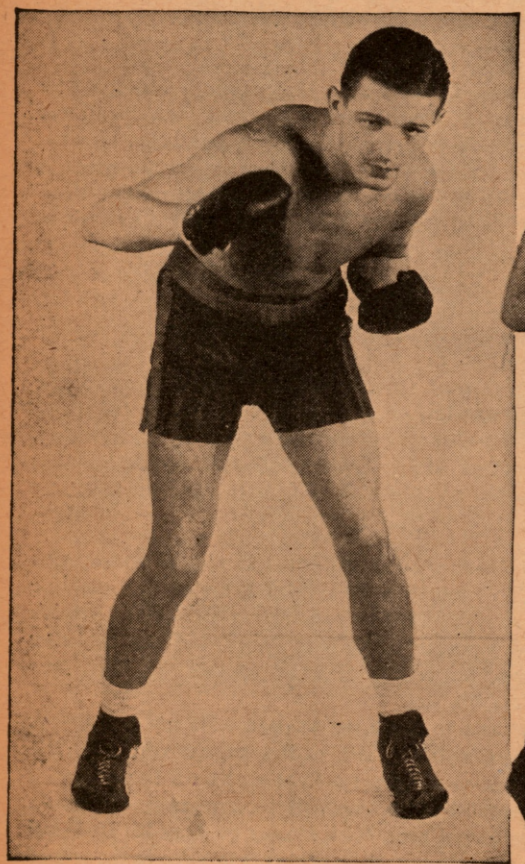
Eastern Fighters



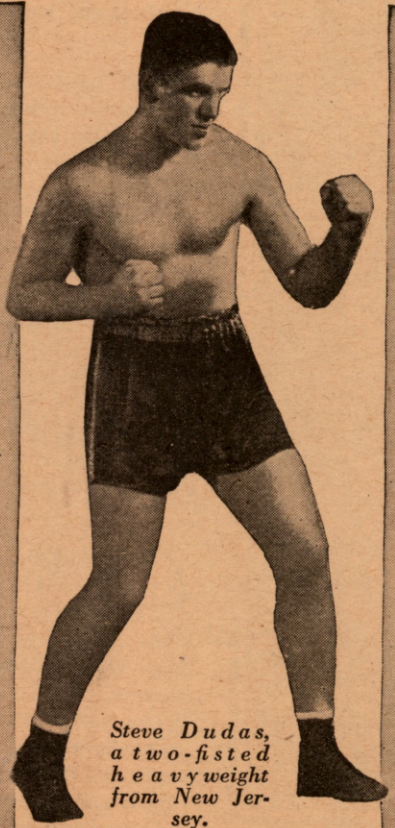
Johnny De Foe, rugged New York featherweight scrapper.

Danny McNichol, classy Merchantville, N. J., lightweight.

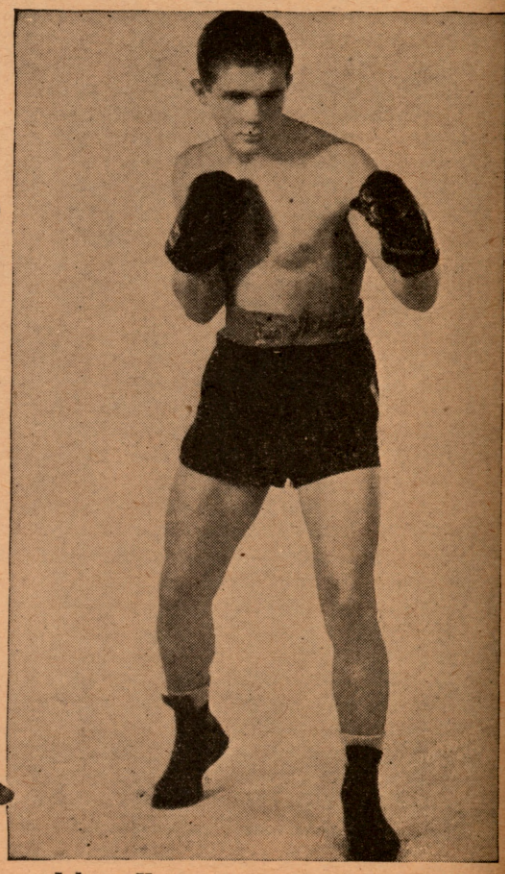
Jimmy Leto, first-class Hartford welterweight.



Steve Carr, New Haven, Conn., aggressive light-heavyweight.



Steve Dudas, a two-fisted heavyweight from New Jersey.



Johnny Hortsman, promising New York lightweight.

Non-Title Fights, Boxing's Bugaboo

By T. W. MCNIEL

A FEW days before the John Henry Lewis-Emilio Martinez battle staged in Denver, Colorado, a few months ago, I was talking to a dyed-in-the-wool fan of the old school. In the course of the conversation I asked him if he was going to attend the scrap. I was somewhat surprised when he snorted in disgust and said, "Not by a darn sight!" Knowing the old boy to be a rabid supporter of the Denver Mexican, I was anxious to know the reason for his seeming lack of interest in the coming fray. And he proceeded to tell me, and in no uncertain terms.

"For the simple reason it's a cussed 'non-title' affair. I wouldn't give two whoops in Hades to see all the 'non-title' fights that ever was staged or ever will be staged. I think Martinez has a chance to win . . . . a good chance. But what if he does? It won't mean a thing. Even if he knocks Lewis colder than an Arctic herring, it won't mean a thing. John Henry Lewis is going to crawl through the ropes of that ring as champion of the world. He is going to leave there champion of the world, even if he goes out feet first on a stretcher. No sir! It'll be a cold day in August when I lay a red cent on the line to see a champion do his stuff unless the old title is at stake."

The old boys argument was so sincere that I sat down and looked at this "non-title," stuff from a different angle than I had here-to-fore. Though I never have been in favor of "non-title" fights, I had never seen any actual harm in them till now. But I am now thoroughly convinced that the spectacle of a champion performing without risking his title, is doing the sport far more harm than good.

* * *

THE Lewis-Martinez bout served to strengthen this conviction. As a fight, it was nothing to write home to the folks about. Martinez tried hard enough. But Lewis, secure in the knowledge that he had everything to gain and nothing to lose, stepped on the gas just enough to keep the patrons from walking out in disgust. The Mexican won the decision, and possibly deserved it. But what did it matter?

From my humble point of view, the most disgusting feature of the whole thing was the fact that Martinez, naturally a 168 pounder, was forced to fatten up to 175½ pounds in order to guarantee the safety of the Negro's crown.

It is not the intention of this article to pan the efforts of either Martinez or Lewis . . . . by no means. I am confident however, that Lewis, should he care to turn on the steam, could lick the Mexican seven nights in the week. And I will continue to think so until I am shown different.

The fact that the fight drew only $2900 is justified. I think that the fight fans are at last waking up to the fact that they seldom get a run for their money in these "non-title," affairs. Can they really be blamed then, for spending their dough for movie tickets when there is a fight in town? If a champion isn't confident enough in his ability to subdue his opponent in a title battle, has he any right to expect to get a cut out of a big gate?

There are those who maintain that the "non-title," battle is no worse than the old "no-decision," game. But I differ again. A contender could win from the champion by a knockout in those days. But under the present day set-up, even a clean-cut knockout won't deprive a champion of his title.

* * *

EVEN at this distance, I can hear the squawks of various champions and their managers, when I suggest that non-title bouts be tossed into the discards. And like all arguments, I realize that there are two sides to the question. I can understand the champions reluctance to place his crown in jeopardy in every crossroads hamlet in the country. Rotten decisions have been rendered in boxing, and in all probability, will be rendered in the future. At the same time, I can realize the champions desire to pick up the $500, $1,000, $5,000 and even more, that can be had in the smaller fight centers. The "non-title," bout suits his needs to a nicety. But here the argument ends in favor of non-championship battles.

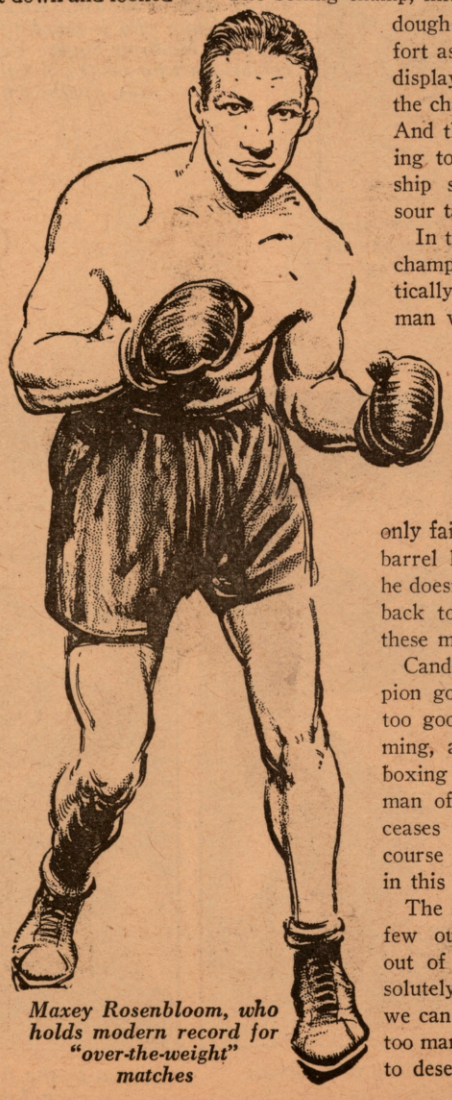
The boxing champ, like all the rest of us, is going to earn that dough just as easy and with just as little effort as possible. If he can get by with a pretty display of footwork and pose and stall along, the chances are that he will do that very thing. And the fan who paid his good money expecting to see a champion perform in championship style, all too often goes home with a sour taste in his mouth.

In this day of commission-supervised boxing, championship battles are permitted in practically every state, and it is only fair to the man who pays the freight, to make all bouts in which a champion performs, a championship affair.

If a champion does not want to risk his crown in Pumpkin Center, Possum Hollow and Timbuctoo, that is his business. There is no law that says where a champion must fight, but it is only fair and right that he lay his crown on the barrel head when and where he does fight. If he doesn't want to risk his title, he can always go back to digging ditches, driving trucks or, in these modern times . . . . go on relief.

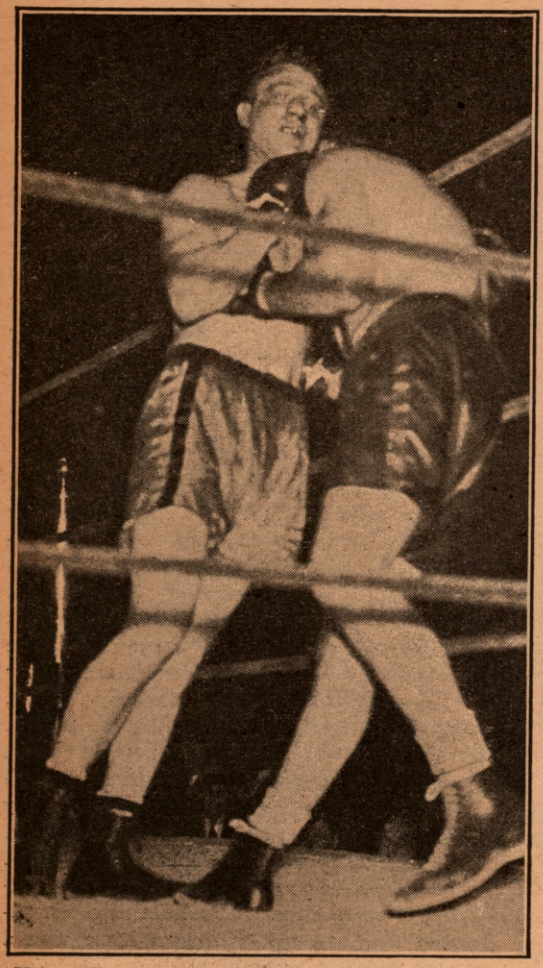
Candidly, I ask you is it right that a champion go into the ring, overweight and in none too good a condition, absorb a first-class trimming, and then leave there still champion? A boxing champion is supposed to be the best man of his particular weight. The moment he ceases to be, the title should change hands. Of course I realize that there are a lot of things in this world that should be, that aren't.

The spectacle of a fighter possibly only a few ounces overweight, licking the daylights out of a champion and yet, availing him absolutely nothing, is one chapter of pugilism that we can get along well without. There have been too many such cases, and a gross injustice is done to deserving boys. *(Continued on page 43)*

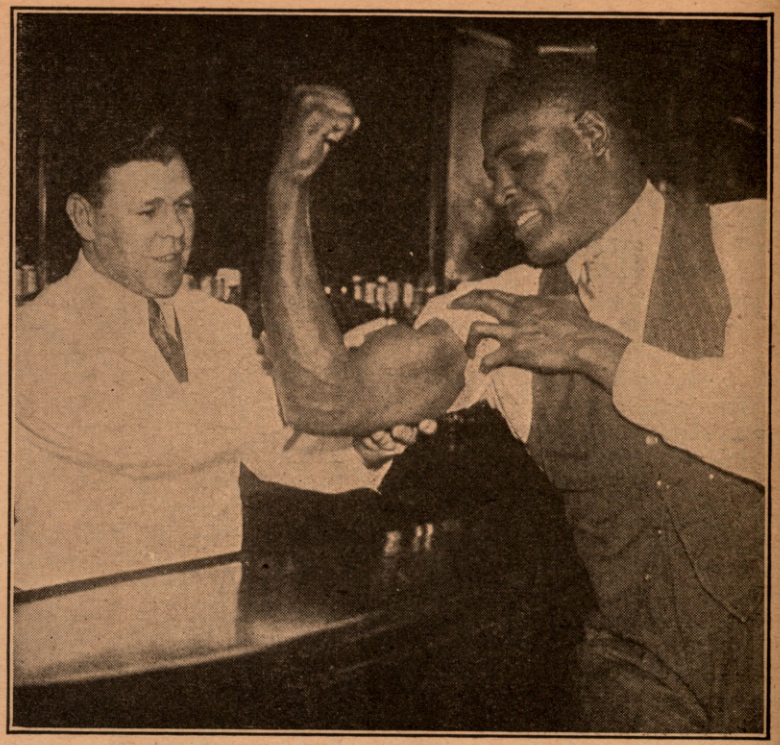


Maxey Rosenbloom, who holds modern record for "over-the-weight" matches

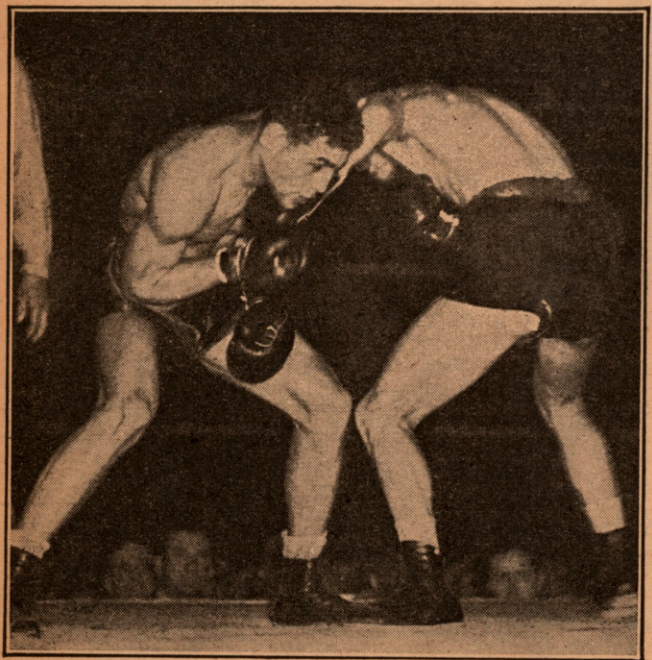
In the NEWS of the MONTH



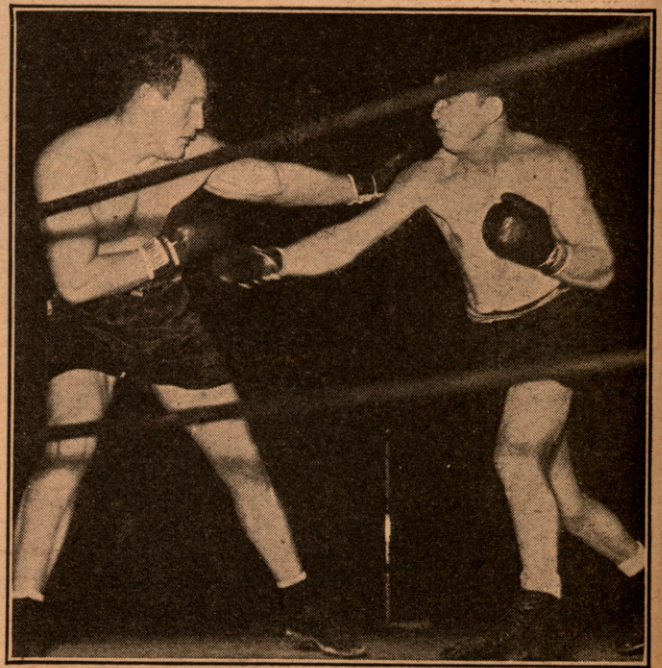
He's still at it. Jack Sharkey, former heavyweight king, in his return engagement with Tony Shucco (left) in Boston. The bout ended in a draw.



Leroy Haynes showing Mickey Walker his muscles. "Big, aren't they," he asks Mickey who is standing behind his bar in the "Toy Bulldog Tavern" opposite Madison Square Garden. Haynes is only one of an army of ring celebrities who visited the former welterweight king to wish him luck on the occasion of the opening day's celebration.



Pedro Montanez (left) setting himself for a body attack on Aldo Spoldi of Italy.



A scene in the fight, between Lee Ramage and King Levinsky in Los Angeles which ended in a draw.

Two Dutch Mat Treats!

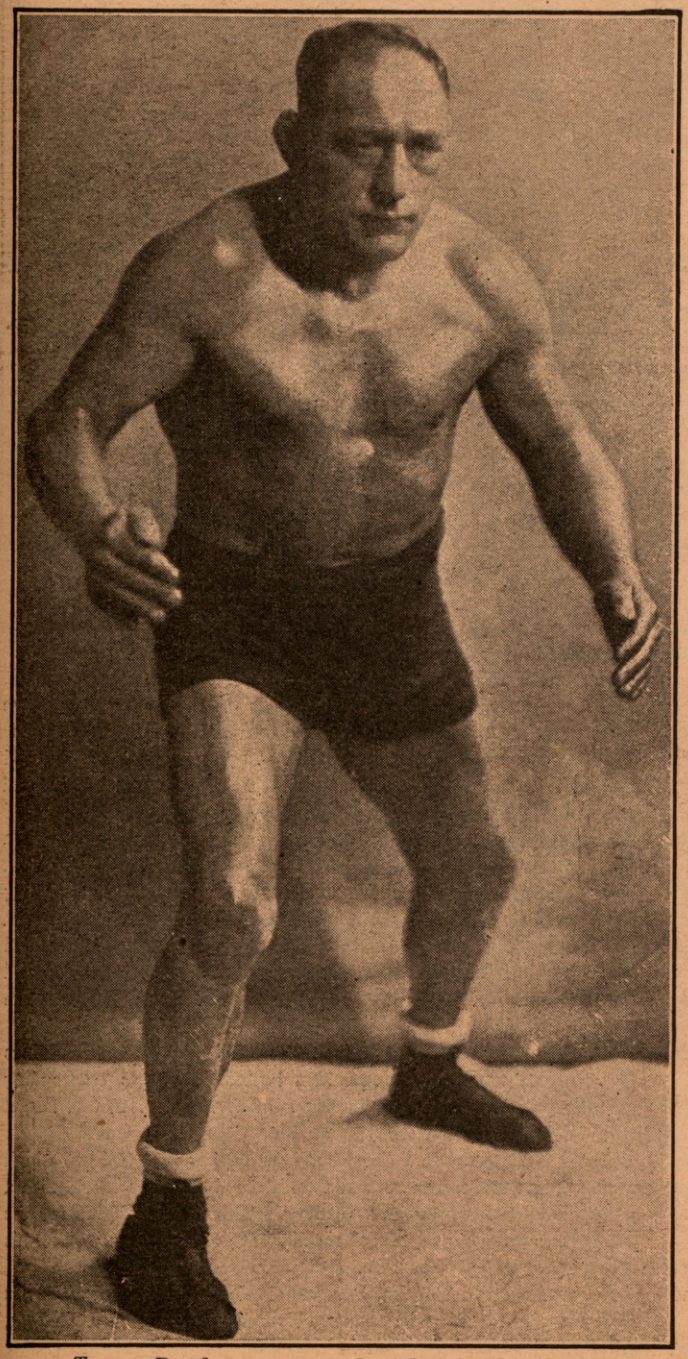
By THE MATMAN

A VETERAN who is still going strong in the wrestling game is Tommy Draak. Another Hollander who is starting to click everywhere is Henry Piers, much younger than Tommy, but, who, when he reaches Tommy's age, will probably be just as adept at the mat sport.

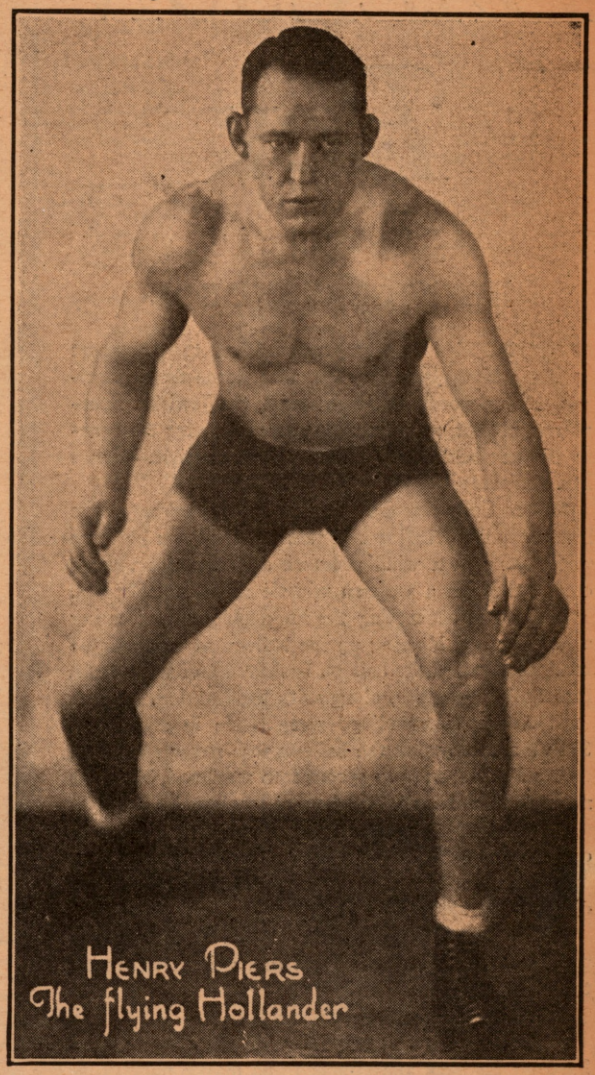
Draak is the possessor of 138 medals, won as an amateur. Years ago, it was Tommy who used to repel the foreign invaders. He defeated Ivan Poddubny, widely heralded from Russia and also Prince Kobar, the man from Calcutta, India. Tommy defeated him in his debut in Brooklyn in 27 minutes.

Draak won the decision over Joe Stecher at Grand Rapids, after two hours of sensational wrestling. He pinned Wladek Zbyszko when the man who was called the "Mighty Son of Poland," was at his best. He wrestled Strangler Lewis a two-hour draw in San Francisco.

Tommy says he is still ready to test the ability of any invaders. The old "trial horse" has been training in gyms, when not engaged on the mat, for sixteen years. He says condition is half the battle.



Tommy Draak, veteran wrestler, who is trial horse for "future greats."



* * *

DRAAK was born in South Africa during the Boer War and is of Dutch parentage. His mother and father brought him to Rotterdam, Holland, after hostilities ceased.

Tommy won the European international championship at Budapest, Hungary in 1909 and received a belt. He travelled all over Europe, meeting all-comers before coming here with George Hackenschmidt, whom he trained for his two world's championship bouts with Frank Gotch.

Draak won the New York State amateur heavyweight title in 1910, his first year in this country. He gives George Bothner credit for coaching him and teaching him the best holds.

He wrestled under Bothner's management in burlesque houses throughout the country, and offered $50 to any challenger who could toss him, but Tommy never lost. One week he met seventeen men, three of them in one night in Scranton, Pa. He clashed with miners, truckmen and the like of that.

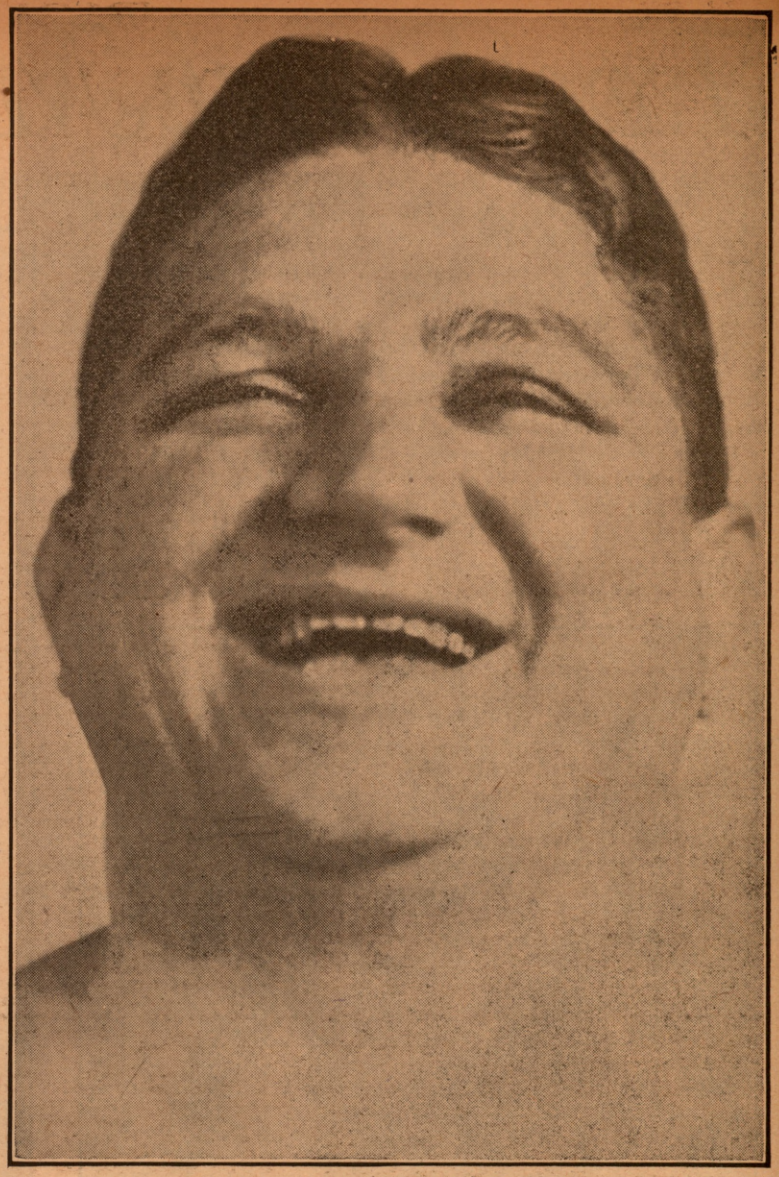
Tommy is mighty proud of the fact that he received a gold medal and diploma from President Wilson for his services during the war in teaching wrestling at ports of embarkment. His teachings came in handy for hand-to-hand fighting.

Tommy wrestled Frank Gotch, the last bout that the retired undefeated champion had, at Humboldt, Ia., Frank's home town. Earl Caddock, *(Continued on page 43)*

The Balloon Boy

By

BERNICE SANDBOE



Solly Slagel, the contortionist wrestler.

I BOW in sincere admiration to the sport writer, Jack Quinlan, who wrote these hilarious words on Solly Slagel, the Jewish contortionist, and herewith quote them for the benefit of the fans who did not read the article. Writes Mr. Quinlan:

"When Solly was a very small boy his parents gave him a small toy balloon. It was the kind you blow up under your own wind pressure and then let the air escape through a wooden whistle in the mouthpiece.

"Solly was attempting the impossible feat of eating a hot dog and blowing up the balloon at one and the same time, when the balloon backfired and went down into Solly's stomach, along with the hot dog.

"The proper soundings were made in and about Solly's anatomy, but the balloon was never retrieved.

"As Solly started to sprout into manhood, his folks noticed that he always bounced when he walked.

"If he fell down while at play, he bounced right back on his feet again.

"Several times he bounced out of his chair at the dinner table and almost landed in the marmalade.

"When he grew out his short pants he took on the proportions of a sack of oats with a string tied around the middle.

"His face furnished the only clue to which way he was walking.

"Then he took up wrestling with the view of getting slammed hard on his back and stomach and maybe puncturing the balloon he had swallowed when a child.

"But the harder his opponents flopped him down, the higher he bounced, and once the management of the building had to call on men with ladders to get Solly off a rafter.

"Wrestling promoters saw a unique performer in the elastic Slagel and snatched him before the tire manufacturers got him and melted him for tubes." Unquote Mr. Quinlan.

And that just about sums up Solly Slagel's appearance. Personally, I simply writhe and chew on my fingernails whenever I see him wrestle for I expect him at any moment to take off like a baby blimp, go floating blithely over the audience.

However, before I have all you folks forming the opinion that Solly is an odd specimen of humanity, and nothing more, let me hasten to tell you what a swell wrestler and great guy this little roly-poly fellow really is.

* * *

HERE in the South we use Leo Savage as our measuring stick of wrestlers. A performance against him automatically qualifies the wrestlers and they fall into either of two categories: (1) wrestlers who worried Leo, and (2) those who didn't.

Solly definitely comes in the former. I don't believe I have ever seen the "super-man" Savage so perplexed, out-maneuvered and completely baffled as he was in his bout with Slagel.

In the first place, Leo's ace-in-the-hole is the bear-hug and when he found that Sol had little or no difficulty squirming out of that, it rather damaged the hill-billy's self-confidence. You see, Sol is a contortionist of no mean ability and when he wants to get out of a hold all he has to do is wiggle and twist, bend himself up like a pretzel and presently there he is on the other side of the ring, with his opponent wondering just what happened.

So it was with Leo, who gleefully applied his bear-hug and waited for the end to come. And then of a sudden Leo looked down and found that he was holding his arms out in front of him and there was nothing inside. You must admit that this is a bit hard on a fellow's spirits, not to mention the embarrassment of it all, to find oneself standing in the middle of the ring doing nothing while one's opponent rests peacefully against the ropes.

Throughout the match Leo suffered similar humiliations and finally got mad and slugged his way to victory. The one and only time I have seen Leo Savage resort to unsportsmanlike tactics.

So, even though this may all sound like desultory ramblings to you, I'm trying to prove that by merit of his outstanding performance against the unbeaten southern sensation, Sol Slagel rates high with Dixie fans.

And I don't suppose I should stop at saying that Sol rates high with Dixie fans. I understand that in 1933 in New York City a poll was taken among the wrestling fans of their choice for the ten best wrestlers, and Slagel rated ninth, so it's quite evident his talent is respected elsewhere.

Sol was born in Topeka, Kansas, and he is twenty-six. He was raised on a farm in Kansas and attended Washburn College, where he became interested in wrestling. He had an outstanding career on the gridiron, being a star *(Continued on page 45)*

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Raymond Eichler, Tranquille, B. C., Canada

Q.—Did Max Schmeling ever fight Mickey Walker. If so, what year and who won the fight? Has a wrestler a better chance than a boxer in the ring considering that both are fairly well matched?

A.—Schmeling stopped Mickey Walker in September 26, 1932, in eight rounds. The wrestler has the best chance of winning.

W. John Apt, Salina, Kan.

Q.—Will you please inform me what states permit bouts between Negroes and Whites? Also the states that prohibit decisions. Would like to have Billy Van's address? Would also like to have your promoters list?

A.—All the Northern states do not have any ban between black and white boxers. The southern states are restricted in that respect and there are no mixed matches there. Parts of Ohio have No Decision bouts while others are to an official decision. It is rather difficult to segregate them individually. Bill Van is located in the I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif. The promoters list is on sale at the Ring Book Shop for $2 each.

Marcel Massare, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—Who do you consider the best of these three—Charley Massare, Al Gainer and Nathan Mann? What would you rate Mann among the heavyweights? Please place in order the heavyweights of the state of Connecticut.

A.—Gainer is the best of the three right now. Mann is a very good heavyweight prospect who should travel far in the future. Mann is the leading heavyweight in the state. There are very few there now worth mentioning.

Melvin Scott, Stillwater, Minn.

Q.—Did Fred Lenhart, the man who kayoed Oscar Rankins, ever fight Art Lasky?

A.—The same Lenhart was kayoed by Art Lasky in 1933 in three rounds.

Don Kirkman, Dinuba, Calif.

Q.—Was there ever a topnotch fighter among the bantam, feather or junior lightweight class about six years ago by the name of Trench King? Is fourteen a good age to start boxing as a career?

A.—You may have the name mixed a trifle. There was a very good featherweight on the Coast at that time by the name of Ritchie King. Sixteen would be much better.

R. E. Hathaway, Gloversville, N. Y.

Q.—Whom do you consider the best between O'Mahoney, Shikat and Lopez? How far do you think Hank Hankinson will go? Did Max Baer ever get licked outside of Louis in the pro ranks?

A.—Shikat is the best. Hankinson is at his best now. Baer was beaten by Tommy Loughran, Ernie Schaaf, Paulino Uzcudun, Les Kennedy, Tiny Abbott and Johnny Risko.

James Buckley, Ashtabula, O.

Q.—I am an admirer of Joey Ferrando, who was ranked eighth in THE RING'S lightweight class, and would like to know several things. Can you tell me why he doesn't get bouts with those boys who are listed ahead of him? I don't think he is getting a right break as he is forced to fight welterweights when he is only a lightweight. Is it because he isn't connected right or because of mismanagement?

A.—Ferrando is a rough customer who has had plenty of chances to make good, but somehow just can't make the grade. He is handicapped because he comes from a small town and is not a drawing attraction. His managers have done well with him, but there are circumstances over which they have no control.

Peter Steenhusen, Jr., Irwin, Ia.

Q.—What is the reason for Joe Louis' hard hitting? How do you account for it? Is it his strength?

A.—He has the knack of hitting perfectly. Knows just how to time his punches and snaps them with full force of his shoulders.

Q.—What type of fighter would it take to give Joe a good battle?

A.—A fast, clever boxer with a good left hand and ability to take a punch.

Q.—Would a wild swinger, one who rushes after his opponent, be effective against Louis?

A.—No.

Q.—Do you broadcast on WNEW? Where on the dial can I locate the station?

A.—Yes. 1250 on dial.

James Akamine, Hilo, Hawaii.

Q.—In your book, "Training for Boxers," you name the Norwich Laboratory products. I cannot get them here. What is the address in America?

A.—I don't know. Any big drug firm has them.

Q.—I use Sloan's liniment but find it too irritating. I mix it with olive oil to take out the sting. Is that O.K.?

A.—Yes, but if too irritating, why not use Omega Oil or a combination of oil of wintergreen and witch hazel?

Q.—How can I make a brine solution?

A.—Go to a wholesale butcher or to a slaughter house and get the beef brine and then dissolve in water.

Q.—What is the proper method of sidestepping to your left?

A.—Like a dance step. Step to the left side about a foot, and at same time toss your head to the left and your body will automatically be shifted to the same side and be at a slight angle.

Mike Rojo, Havana, Cuba

Q.—If within the minute intermission or rest period the chief second advises the referee that his man cannot continue, what shall the referee do? Should he wait until the bell sounds and then count ten over the boxer who is sitting in his corner, or should he raise the hand of his opponent without counting?

A.—The referee should call over the opponent and the announcer, and inform them of the decision of the beaten boxer. The announcer should then hold up the hand of the opponent and announce that Tom Jones cannot continue, or refuses to continue or quits—as the case might be—and the referee awards the bout to Harry Smith. The winner receives credit for a knockout in the round that has just ended because the bell had not yet sounded for a new round.

Q.—If the chief second advises the referee that his boxer refuses to continue or cannot continue fighting in the next round, and asks the referee to wait for the announcement until the bell sounds, and the referee, when the bell sounds to start the new round, begins the count, can the boxer who made the request change his mind before the full ten is counted and resume boxing. Mind you, having notified the referee that he would not continue, can he then go on after the count has started?

A.—In the second case he can, but if a boxer decides that he cannot continue, the referee should not wait until the bell sounds. The decision having been made, a good referee won't wait for the bell to sound and to begin a count under such circumstances. He would make the same announcement as in case A. However, if the referee has heeded the request of the fighter, then, having started the count, the boxer can change his mind and resume boxing if the count of ten has not yet been reached, just the same as if he had been floored and was taking the count before rising.

Henry Brosseau, Montreal, Can.

Q.—Where can I obtain a copy of a record book that contains all of the old time records?

A.—There is no such book on the market. I am completing one now which I hope will be out in the fall. It has taken me seven years to get out this record book and I'm on the windup trail now. My book will contain the complete records of every fighter who has had a dozen or more fights, if I can obtain his record, and will list almost every fight by date and year, so that you won't have to go back to two dozen record books to get your data. My book will be limited to 2000 copies and will be revised every three years. Fighters and managers are requested to send to me complete records, showing birth, place of birth, name of manager, and individual dates of each fight. Old timers and present day fighters' records are requested. Send them to me.

John Harlan, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Did Mickey Walker ever hold the light-heavyweight championship?

A.—No. Only the welterweight and middleweight titles.

Art Sommers, Kingston, Jamaica

Q.—Can a fighter who is a native of one country, win the title of another if he defeats the champion of the latter country?

A.—No. A champion to be so recognized in a country, must be a native of that land. However, a world champion, is one who is recognized in all countries.

Martin Howland, Boston, Mass.

Q.—How can I fill in the section of the back around the shoulder blades? That part of my body is hollow.

A.—Rowing exercises and swimming will turn the trick.

Harry Garfinkle, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—What exercises would you suggest for strengthening the wrists and the fingers?

A.—Shovelling, spading, wood chopping will help the wrist, as also will rowing exercises. For the fingers, when walking or running, use a handball of any hard substance, preferably rubber, and squeeze against the substance hard. Keep this going every time you are on a hike or run.

Saturn Racelo, Hawaii

Q.—Please tell me if you have any protector for false teeth. I would gladly buy if you have any. I am crazy about boxing but my false teeth hinder me. Do you approve of the Stebbing system of Height Increase.

A.—Usually a boxer with false teeth removes them before engaging in a boxing bout. There is no protection against getting them knocked out except a perfect defence. Do not know anything about the Stebbing Course.

Joseph Donnelly, New York City

Q.—Do you think that Londos will ever regain the championship? Do you think Vincent Lopez can beat Yvon Robert? Who is the light-heavyweight wrestling champion?

A.—Very unlikely that Londos will regain the title. Tough match with the odds favoring Robert. Title is disputed.

Karl Kete and Charley Wood, Americus, Ga.

Q.—If Sharkey and Dempsey had met, each in their prime, what would the result have been?

A.—A probable K.O. for Dempsey within two rounds.

Q.—How would Sharkey have been rated if he and Dempsey were in their prime and he had not met Dempsey?

A.—He was a good boxer and fighter when at his best but he didn't rate among the great fighters.

Canadian Reader

Q.—At what age does a person stop growing?

A.—Between 22 and 24 years.

Q.—If a person is only 17, and is 5 feet 8½ inches tall, will he grow any more?

A.—Yes. At 21 he should be about six feet.

Guido Giometti, Rio Vista, Cal.

Q.—What was the quickest knockout with gloves?

A.—Al Foreman of Canada knocked out Ruby Levine of New York in 11½ seconds, including the count of ten in 1928.

Elbert Johnson, Rayalton, Ill.

Q.—Does a fellow require a license to manage and second a fighter?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How can I learn what to do to second and handle a fighter?

A.—Get my book, "How to Second and Manage a Fighter." You'll find all you require in that.

Q.—How should I give a rub down?

A.—Rub liniment into the skin gently first, then rough it with kneeding and finally use the Turkish towel.

James Lambert, N. Y. City

Q.—Where did Gene Tunney fight Tommy Gibbons?

A.—At Polo Grounds, June 5, 1925.

Q.—Did Mickey Walker ever fight Benny Leonard?

A.—No. Was arranged by Jimmy Johnston's Stadium A.C. but never came off.

Dennis Wright, Chevy Chase, Md.

Q.—What is a no decision bout? What champions and near champions have Canada produced? Who do you consider the five best heavyweight prospects, at the present time, not counting Louis or Schmeling? Who are the leading Canadian heavies at the present time?

A.—A bout in which there is no official decision rendered. Tommy Burns, Frenchy Belanger, Steve Rocco, Jack Delaney, Al McCoy, Jack Renault, Leroy Haynes, Phil Brubaker, Al Ettore, Red Burman and Nathan Mann. Charley Belanger and Eddie Wenstob are the only active ones today.

Myron Ludlow, East Aurora, N. Y.

Q.—Who do you think would win in a fight between Mickey Walker and Jimmy McLarnin? Has Maxey Rosenbloom retired? Is Al Roth slipping? Who do you think is the most promising heavyweight in the ring?

A.—In their respective primes, Walker would have been the winner. Rosenbloom just left for Australia for a series of bouts. Roth is still among the top-notch lightweights. Red Burman and Nathan Mann.

A Reader, Victoria, Australia

Q.—I cannot locate a shop here from which I can buy "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana" and "Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring." Can you tell me where I can get these books?

A.—From this office. Send a Money Order for 10 shillings to cover cost and transportation.

Q.—Was Les Darcy a world champion?

A.—No, but one of the world's best middleweights.

Q.—I am five feet 8 and weigh 140 pounds. Am I O.K. for boxing?

A.—Can't tell from mere weight and height, but no reason why you should not be ready to take up the study of boxing if your physical condition is O.K.

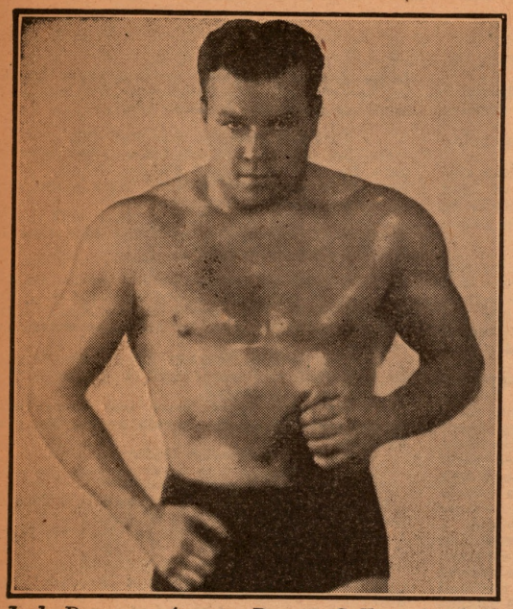
E. C. W. Camp, Kamuela, T. H.

Q.—Is it a foul to hit an opponent on the head purposely in boxing? Which is better for self-defense—boxing or wrestling? If a boxer and wrestler matched at even weight and ranking in their respective lines, who would emerge victorious most of the time?

A.—No. Boxing. Wrestler, because of the advantage he enjoys in using tactics which are illegal in boxing.

WRESTLERS *and*

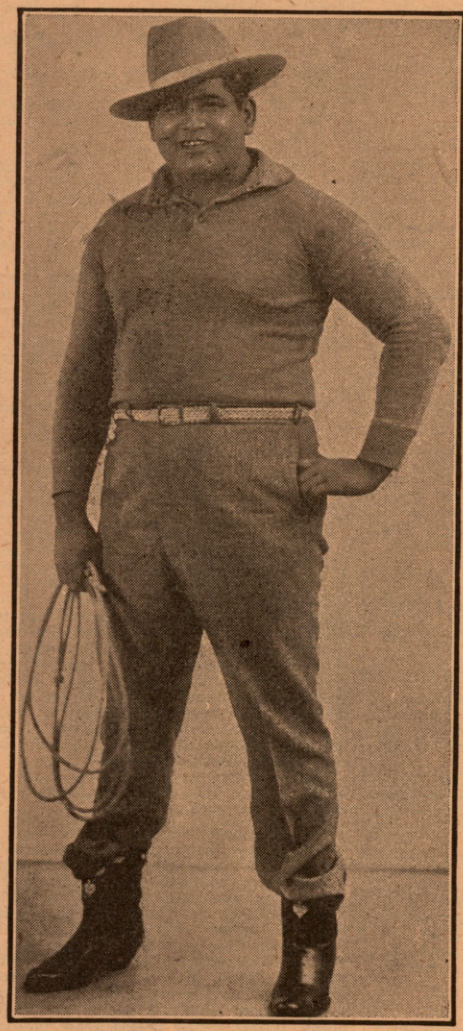
By
ALEX SULLIVAN



Jack Donovan, former Boston College football star who has gone Hollywood and hopes to emulate Vic McLaglen as an actor in the movies.

ALL athletes have a hobby but for variety you must hand it to the wrestlers. Because of the hardness they endure in the mat sport almost every wrestler of note, not only has a hobby but has developed some kind of business to enable him to care for himself when his period of ring activity is over. Their hobbies as well as their business affiliations cover almost as wide a range as their

Joe Savoldi who is studying law.



Tiny Roebuck, a good horseman with a cowboy hobby.

place of birth. Prior to the advent of Gus Sonnenberg, whose flying tackle revolutionized the sport, the percentage of American wrestlers was extremely low but since his rise to wrestling fame hundreds of lads have taken up wrestling either as amateurs or professionals with the result that America today boasts of more wrestling talent than any other country in the world.

However, wrestling is still the big international sport. To begin with, the equipment for the sport costs a negligible amount of money. All you really need are a pair of shoes and trunks. The rest depends upon one's stoutness of heart, ability to learn and natural aptitude for such bodily combat.

Practically all wrestlers like fishing and hunting. A good deal of time is killed on trains playing cards. However, wrestlers are poor gamblers—they work so hard for their money that they rarely take a chance at betting, preferring to put all the money they earn over and above their actual living expenses, away for the proverbial rainy day.

There are a good many of the men who read extensively, studying law in their spare time or acquiring medical knowledge.

There are quite a number of men now wrestling who used to box—and whenever they get a spare moment, they attend fights. Right now Joe Louis seems to be their favorite. They like him because he can punch and because of the way he came up from obscurity.

* * *

HUNTING and fishing are the favorite hobbies of the Four Duseks—now the biggest box-office attraction in wrestling. Emil and Ernie are particularly fond of coon hunting. Ernie has a good-sized skin of the last coon he shot while on a hurried vacation, back to his home in Omaha recently. Joe's specialty is fox-hunting, while Rudy likes both hunting and fishing. And what do you know about this? He writes poetry whenever the Muse grips him.

Jack Donovan, the handsome Bostonian, likes to golf. So does Hank Barber, the big Jewish star.

Henry Piers, the Hollander, is a collector of sea prints. George Koverly is a dog-fancier. Dean Detton is an expert horseman, while Rusty Wescoatt, the Hawaiian, is one of the world's best all-around swimmers.

* * *

LUIGI BACCIGALUPI likes to capture snakes alive. He has many specimens on his farm in Florida. The most poisonous reptiles, never feaze him—he knows how to handle them all.

Paul Jones, the big Texan, has several florist-shops in the Lone Star state. His hobby is horticulture and whenever he travels, he visits the botanical gardens. That's the way he spends his spare time.

Jim McMillen loves agriculture, while Ed "Strangler" Lewis, four times world's champion, conducts restaurants. He has a chain in California—and all paying ones, too. In his trips around the country—and the world, for that matter—he invariably seeks permission at big restaurants and hotels to go into the kitchen and consult with chefs as to how they prepare this and that dish. Lewis can speak French like a native.

THEIR HOBBIES

JIM LONDOS, the Greek who lost his title last summer to Danno O'Mahoney, is a physical culture bug. He also is fond of sculpturing and owns considerable real estate. He spends three or four hours a day in training, often doing it in his hotel room or on the train. He is a dietitian, too.

Gus Sonnenberg says that he will be a miner when he retires from the mat. It is said that he owns several silver mines in the West.

Ivan Managoff, the Russian, who makes his home in Chicago, is a rifle expert.

Sandor Vary, the Hungarian, now in this country, is a popular song composer of note in his home land.

Scotty McDougall, the Canadian, raises horses and makes a tidy sum every year selling them. He has had several stars on the Grand Circuit.

Harry Fields of Philadelphia is studying medicine and hopes some day to become an eminent doctor like Ralph Wilson, a former grappler who graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, which Fields is still attending.

* * *

JIM BROWNING, the former champion, is a hog-raiser.

Ed Don George, another ex-champion, who held the title twice, is an engineer.

Gino Garibaldi, the Italian from St. Louis, is a real estate expert. He has made considerable money in it. He owns houses in various parts of the country.

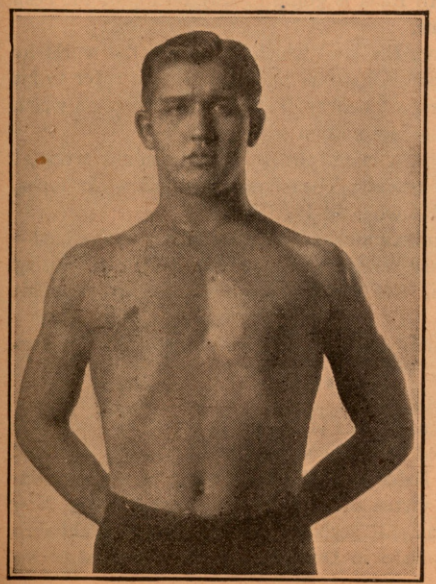
Chief Little Wolf is an expert blanket-weaver and a fashioner of trinkets.

Joe Tonti, the Italian, goes in for acrobatic stunts while Milo Steinborn, the German, goes in for strong-man stuff.

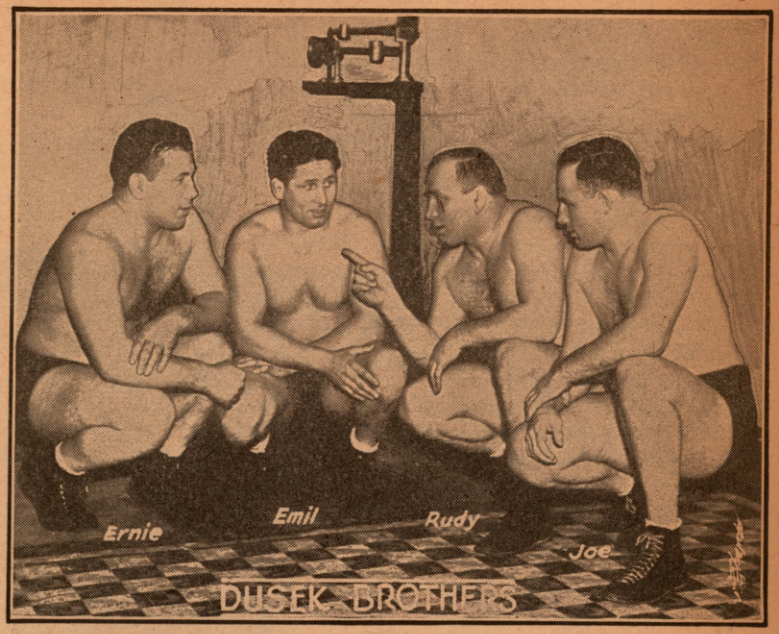
Joe Savoldi, former Notre Dame star, is studying law, and before long he hopes to pass the Bar examination and be ready to practice when he hangs up his wrestling tights.

Tiny Roebuck is a good horseman and cowboy. He is a powerful rider.

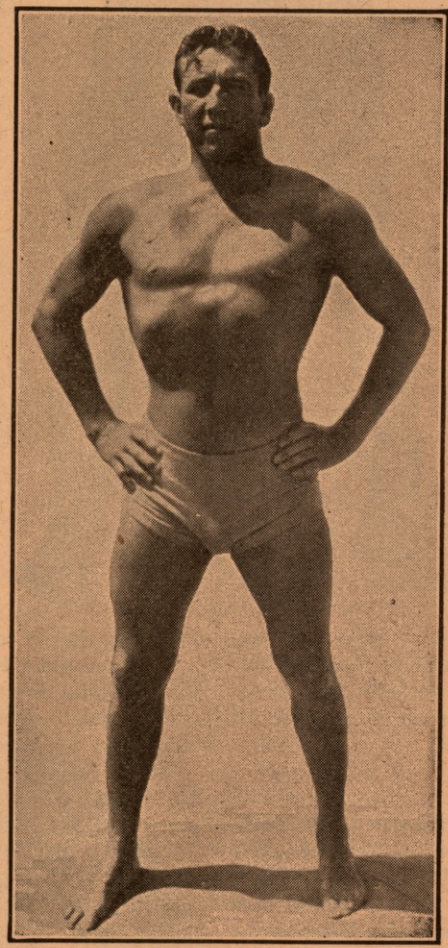
Mike Mazurki, former Manhattan College football star, is an ardent follower of sports. His hobby is coaching in basketball, football and baseball.



Nick Lutze, garage owner.



The Four Duseks, who are splendid fishermen and hunters. They also are the best family drawing card in the mat sport.



Mike Mazurki, former Manhattan College star whose hobby is baseball, basketball and football.

Nick Lutze, the Californian, owns several garages and maybe often he has filled up the tank of your car some place or other. When things are dull for him in the grappling line he hies to some of his garages, dons his jumpers, and is ready for work.

Dr. Len Hall of Omaha has a certificate as a druggist. He also knows medicine pretty well, as he spent two years in a medical college.

* * *

"GENTLEMAN JACK" WASHBURN is a wild animal trainer and has often done daring stunts with tigers, lions and the like in Hollywood. He says he fears neither man nor beast.

John Pesek makes plenty of extra money when not wrestling raising greyhound racers.

Pat McGill, the Irish giant, raises blooded hogs.

Al Bisignano is a boxing expert, having fought under the name of Babe Carnera and made good before he decided to take up mat work.

Leon Balkin, the well-known matchmaker, goes in for loud clothes and haberdashery. He has hundreds of suits with ties and hats to match. All his money goes for personal adornment.

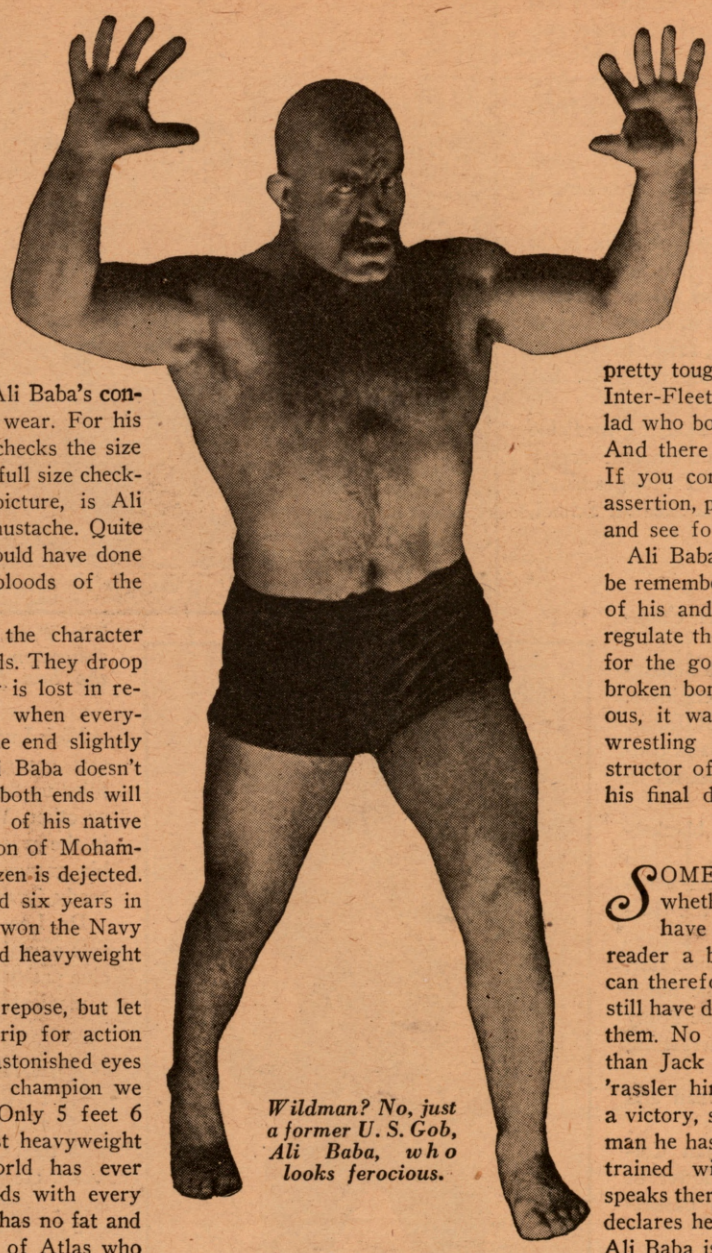
Ray Fabiani, the Philadelphia promoter, attends the opera and concerts at every opportunity. He is a clever violinist and once directed the Chicago Opera Company Orchestra.

Paul Bowser, Boston promoter, goes in for harness horse racing in a big way. He has a track on his farm at Lexington, Mass., and often holds private race-meets for his friends. He is considered an expert guiding pacers and trotters. He is right at home in a sulky.

Jack Curley is a born host. He loves entertaining.

ALI BABA,

ENCIRCLING a clean shaven pate, a turban such as worn by nomad Gypsy fortune tellers, atop of which reposes a red fez, is the modest headgear selected by Ali Baba, heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, for his first visit to Gotham. But there ends the Oriental part of his get up, the rest is 'such as worn by other citizens of our City', at least that is Ali Baba's conception of what our citizens wear. For his suit is freely sprinkled with checks the size of those generally found on a full size checker board. Completing the picture, is Ali Baba's "ferocious looking" mustache. Quite a pair of handlebars, they would have done credit to the fashionable bloods of the 'nineties.



Wildman? No, just a former U. S. Gob, Ali Baba, who looks ferocious.

These mustachios depict the character of the owner better than words. They droop at the tips when their owner is lost in reflection, and straighten out when everything is going smoothly. One end slightly rises, in interrogation if Ali Baba doesn't quite understand you, while both ends will droop, forming the crescent of his native Turkey when this former Son of Mohammed who is an American citizen is dejected. As Arseen Ekizian he served six years in the United States Navy and won the Navy middleweight, light-heavy and heavyweight wrestling titles.

So much for Ali Baba in repose, but let him shed his clothes and strip for action and there stands before our astonished eyes the most extraordinary mat champion we have had in twenty years. Only 5 feet 6 inches in height, the smallest heavyweight wrestling champion the world has ever known, he weighs 205 pounds with every ounce of it solid muscle. He has no fat and his shoulders look like those of Atlas who supposedly carried the world on his shoulders. There you have a rough sketch of part of the physical make-up of Ali Baba.

His chest, normally, is 51½ inches while expanded, it stretches to 54 inches or two inches more than the chest developments of the great Georges Hackenschmidt.

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ALI BABA'S biceps show a measurement of 20 inches, and as for his forearm and thigh, he excels most of his rivals. Ali can wield around his head a 300-pound dead weight picking it off the floor. No simple trick for the strongest of men.

When introduced to Ali Baba it is better to give him your fist to shake than your hand for it may save you the trouble of carrying your arm in a sling, for like Jack Dempsey, he has an iron grip. Ali has a happy nature, he is continually laughing and singing songs of countries which bring back to our mind the tales of the Thousand and One Nights. Sometimes these songs are in Kurdish, Armenian, Arabian, Turkish or French, all of which Ali Baba speaks fluently. Just as he does the English language. Then again, sometimes it is a song of the Navy—the American Navy—in which Ali Baba served two enlistments. His first enlistment saw him attached to the U. S. S. *Utah* and his second, from which he gained his honorable discharge in 1931, was with the U. S. S. *Lexington*.

During the years spent in the Navy he won the middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight championships of the Fleet as well as the Inter-Fleet championships. Any Gob will tell you that a man has to be pretty tough to do this, especially to win the Inter-Fleet championship where every tough lad who boasts brawn and muscle is entered. And there are plenty of these in the Fleet. If you come from Missouri and doubt the assertion, pick an argument with one of them and see for yourself.

Ali Baba's sojourn in the Navy will long be remembered. He was the toughest matman of his and other days, in fact, officers who regulate the sports of the Fleet, decided that for the good of all concerned and to save broken bones which became far too numerous, it was best to take Ali Baba out of wrestling competition and make him instructor of the fleet which post he held until his final discharge.

* * *

SOME doubting Thomases may ask whether Ali Baba can wrestle? We have tried in this article to give the reader a background of the champion, and can therefore only recommend to those who still have doubts to see him in action to dispel them. No less an authority on mat matters than Jack Sherry, a pretty tough sort of a 'rassler himself, over whom few can boast a victory, says that Ali Baba is the strongest man he has ever seen on the mat. Sherry has trained with him, knows his ability and speaks therefore as an expert. Sherry further declares he is lightning fast and is confident Ali Baba is going to stay on top of the heap for a long time to come.

Ali Baba comes from the land which has given the world its share of great wrestlers. Ali waxes indignant if you refer to his size and weight as being a handicap. That is one subject on which he becomes a man of a few million words.

"What about Hasson Omer?" he asks. "He could wrestle! He weighed only 190 pounds. Then how about Kara Mustapha, pretty good too, eh? He weighed 192 lbs.

"Coord Derelli, Mahmout and many others of our native land—all small men but great 'rasslers," concluded Ali Baba, raising himself proudly to his full 5 feet 6 inches and expanding his mighty chest.

He is a great personality this little Oriental, naturalized American citizen.

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ALL arguments as to who is the world wrestling king were definitely settled in Madison Square Garden on the night of May 5, when Ali Baba tackled Dick Shikat in a return engagement. Shikat, by virtue of a decision rendered by the New York Commission, was still acclaimed world champion although he was tossed by Ali Baba in Detroit, and Ali consented to an-

a U. S. Gob

By MIKE COHN

other engagement which the New York Commission had insisted must take place. And in that second encounter, Ali Baba again proved his right to the crown by tossing Shikat, this time in 53.37 with a crotch hold and a body press. In their Detroit bout, Shikat was defeated in 46 minutes and 40 seconds in the Olympia Stadium.

In the Detroit match, Shikat, after being hurled out of the ring, clambered back through the ropes but was so weak that Ali Baba had no difficulty gaining the fall. Their bout in the Garden, was a severe one, with plenty of good old-fashioned wrestling on tap. In fact, Shikat's opponent proved that he is no slouch at the game and that it will take more than an ordinary grappler to pin his shoulders to the mat. In short, he is not a phoney.

On several occasions when it appeared that Shikat would throw his man in the same manner that he forced O'Mahoney to quit, Referee Bothner ruled against the use of the knee as a pivot and that made Shikat's hold ineffective. The rule against the use of the knee went into effect on the day of the match and proved a big handicap to Dick. Ali Baba convinced the critical New York gathering that he can take it, that he knows his mat holds and he is full of fight. He possesses great strength and though short, finds little difficulty performing at his best against the giants of the wrestling world.

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THE bout in the Garden was viciously waged. It started slowly but soon the crowd was treated to some good, lively wrestling. Ali Baba was the aggressor and scored first down with a body hold but Shikat soon squirmed out of it.

Shikat then punished his rival with a bone-crushing hammerlock, which Ali Baba endured for several moments. In retaliation the Armenian applied a painful spreadeagle and followed this with a headlock and a toe hold. In his turn, Shikat gained a spreadeagle on Ali Baba. He stood on the latter's right leg, while he pulled the left high over his head.

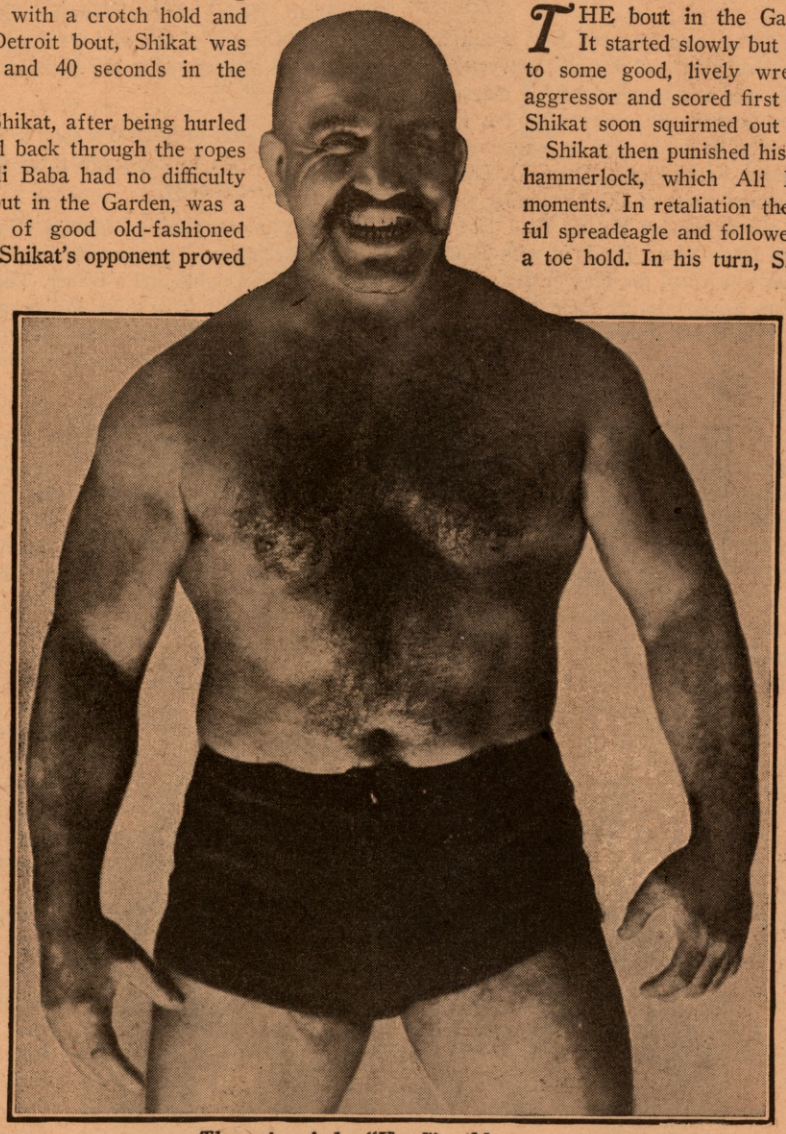
Ali Baba tried to twist out of this crushing grip, but with no success, whereupon he proceeded to amaze the spectators with a sensational display of strength. Lying on his side, the Armenian lifted his right leg, with Shikat on it, held the German off the floor, then toppled him backward.

Shortly afterward Shikat got another hammerlock, and started forcing Ali Baba to the floor. The Armenian broke the hold and seized Shikat about the body. He slammed him to the floor with terrific force, then leaped upon him and pressed his shoulders to the canvas. Ali Baba weighed 205 and Shikat 227.

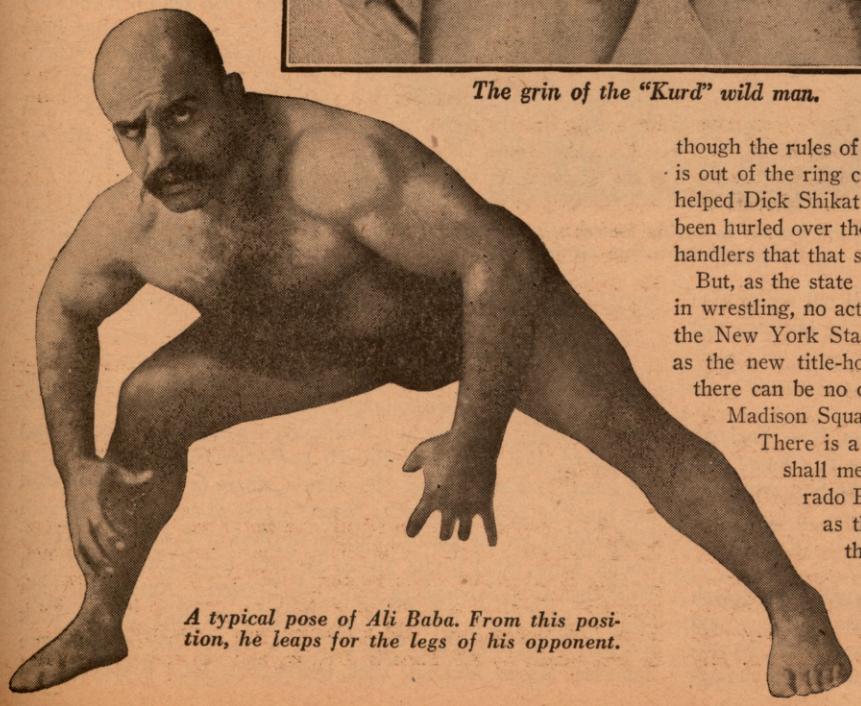
For his bout with Shikat in Detroit, Ali Baba was outweighed by twenty-seven pounds. Although the rules of wrestling specifically state that a wrestler who is out of the ring cannot be aided, Buddy Rogers, the movie star, helped Dick Shikat to get back into the roped square after he had been hurled over the ropes and it was the contention of Ali Baba's handlers that that should have disqualified the champion.

But, as the state of Michigan does not recognize championships in wrestling, no action was taken, and it was for that reason that the New York State Commission refused to recognize Ali Baba as the new title-holder after his first victory over Shikat. But there can be no doubt about Ali Baba's subsequent triumph in Madison Square Garden, as already told.

There is a movement on foot now to have Everett Marshall meet Ali Baba for the world title, and the Colorado Boxing Commission, which recognizes Marshall as the title-holder in that state, is the sponsor for this movement. However, no definite action has as yet been taken, but it is significant that Shikat, who originally was matched with Marshall for the championship for early in June, has withdrawn because of the severe illness of his wife.



The grin of the "Kurd" wild man.



A typical pose of Ali Baba. From this position, he leaps for the legs of his opponent.

JUST RASSLIN'

By EDWARD MERRILL

PACIFIC COAST Wrestling Notes by Charles "Spider" Mascall follow:

The Pacific Northwest was honored last month by the appearance of the Irish champion and former heavyweight ruler, Danno O'Mahoney. He was accompanied by his manager, Jack McGrath. In an interview over the ether waves, the boy from the Ould Sod let it be known that he might give up wrestling for the boxing profession (remember Frank Gotch, Danno!). During the week that he was the honored guest of the Northwest wrestling fraternity, O'Mahoney threw Sandor Szabo, Paul Boesch, "Wee" Willie Davis and Chief Little Wolf. The bout with Sandor Szabo was a classic exhibition which had the fans (especially the femmes, who adore Hungarian Szabo) biting their finger nails. With the aid of an obliging referee, O'Mahoney won the match with an "Irish Whip."

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Walter (Leon Tin-Kit) Achiu, high ranking Chinese welterweight matman, made an impressive return to his old stamping grounds in the Northwest by tossing the arch-villain from Indiana, Jack "Bully" Lipscomb. Achiu, graduate of the University of Dayton (Ohio), has been barnstorming in Mexico and Eastern wrestling circles.

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Billy Bartush, veteran Chicago grappleman and the "Masked Unknown" of a month ago, is still performing in California. Burly Billy, favorite pupil of Karl Pojello who was unmasked by Ed Lewis, has run up a string of noteworthy victories. Among his recent victims are Hugo de Collelmo, Danny Winters, Harry Jacobs, Tony Felice and the Japanese expert, Kimon Kudo.

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Alvin Britt, alias "The Masked Wonder" (these masked marvels are becoming far too plentiful on the Coast), is leading Hollywood's junior heavyweight tournament and has yet to lose a match out this way. Other entrants vying for first place and national recognition are Ted Christy, Cecil McGill, Bob Kentestor of the Marines, and Al Stecher, an ex-prizefighter from St. Louis.

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King Elliott, classy flying tackle expert from New Zealand, has returned home after a successful tour of the Northwest and western Canada. The "King" downed some of the best wrestlers in the Northwest with his flying tackle.

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Prior to his departure for the Antipodes, handsome Paul Boesch turned radio announcer on several momentous occasions and allowed his voice to trickle out over the air lanes of the Northwest (and a right smart job it was, Paul). Other squirm characters who have dared the microphone in recent months are "Man Mountain" and Mrs. Dean, "Rebel" Russell (now in New Zealand), Irish Jack Kennedy, Mayes McLain, and not forgetting Sandor Szabo, who was tempted into crooning the popular ballad, "Dinner for One, Please James."

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A tempting offer of $10,000 is soon to draw Man Mountain Dean to South America to campaign there for the Zbyszko brothers. Dean will leave shortly.

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Danny Winters, pupil of Martin "Farmer" Burns, has turned in some sterling performances on the Coast. Danny is one of the younger heavyweights and a comer. The veterans, Herb Freeman and Gino Garibaldi, have failed to live up to their glowing advance notices. Both Freeman and Garibaldi, past masters in the art of torso twisting, have been on the losing side of many referee verdicts.

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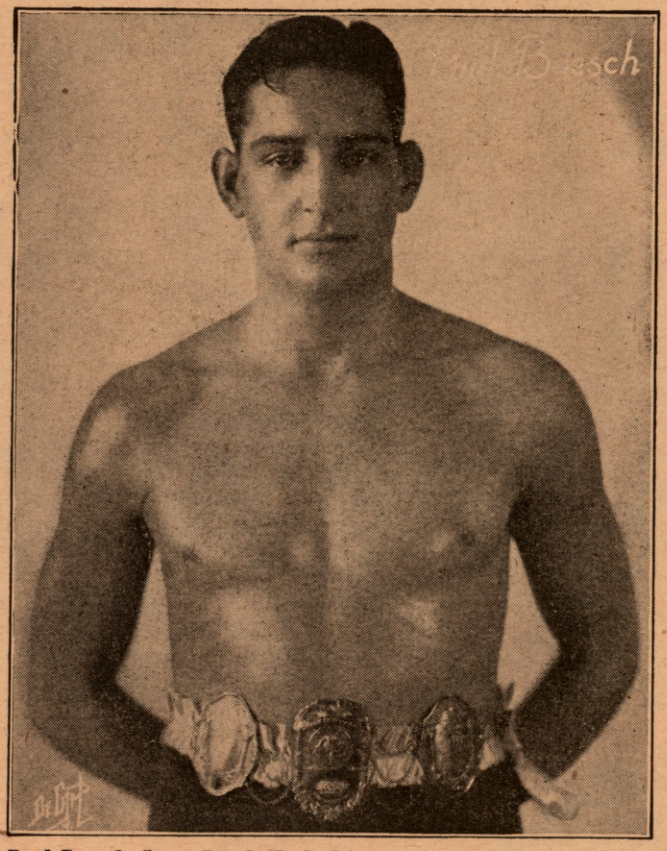

Paul Boesch, Long Beach, L. I., life guard, who is making a hit in California wrestling circles.

Pat (Lord Lansdowne) Finnegan is finding that his popularity in California is waning. Finnegan, as "Lord Lansdowne," has been campaigning on the Coast for more than a year.

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Handsome Sandor Szabo, clever Hungarian grappleman, joined "The Fathers' Club" of the wrestling fraternity when he became the proud papa of a bouncing baby girl. To the Szabos go the heartiest congratulations of this wrestling scribbler.

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Word reaches this column from New Zealand that Earl McCready and Glen Wade, two popular Pacific Coast grapplers, will remain in the Antipodes for the 1936 season. Other top ranking squirmers who have been booked by the "Down Under" promoters include Joe Savoldi, Paul Boesch, Jim Browning, John Pesek, Brother Jonathan Heaton (giant bearded Mormon matman), Ray Steele, Bob "Rebel" Russell, Harry Kent, Wee Willie Davis (the dirtiest wrestler in the game), and Jack Forsgren (claimant to the Canadian title).

* * *

MINIATURES OF MATMEN — Professional wrestling gained Paul Max Boesch, but not until this likeable Jewish boy had won many trophies as a swimmer, track star, footballer and life guard. For five years Boesch (pronounced "Besch") was a life guard at Long Beach, New York, where he made more than five hundred rescues. Besides having wrestled to two draws with Dick Shikat, ex-life guard Paul has finished even with Bob Kruse, Bonnie Muir, Stan Pinto, Mayes McLain, Chief Little Wolf, Jim McMillen, Gus Sonnenberg and Jack Forsgren. Among the high rankers who have fallen before Boesch are Ray Steele, Dick Raines, Karol Zbyszko, Frank Speers, Herb Freeman, George Zaharias, Mayes McLain, Dick Daviscourt, John Freeberg, Hal

Rumberg and a legion of lesser lights. A record of which any wrestler would be proud.

* * *

Pete Belcastro, who has a profile like that of movie actor Warren William, is my pick to win the junior heavyweight tournament being held in Hollywood. Entries for this tournament (open to all comers under 190 pounds) will close early in November.

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George Wilson, former All-American gridiron ace, who recently fell out with Paul Bowser, was coaxed into joining the Sandow-Reynolds circuit. Wilson's only effective weapon is a flying tackle which he learned while playing football for "Dear Old Alma Mater." Mark these former All-Americans who have made good in the mat game: Gus Sonnenberg, Joe Savoldi, Mayes McLain, Frank Speers, Everett Kibbons, Sammy Stein, Len Macaluso and "Rebel" Russell.

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The most recent entries for the Hollywood junior heavyweight tourney are Chris Zaharias, Norman Mack, Cecil McGill, Logger Jack MacDonald, George Wilson, Ted Christy, Joe Marsh and Mike Caddock.

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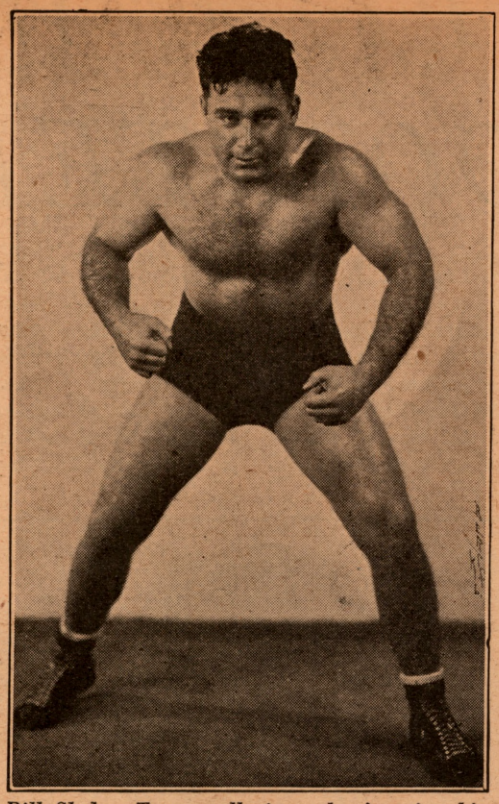

Bill Sledge, Texan collegian, who is going big with the home folks.

CURFEW CHATTER—As this wends its way to New York, many last-minute reports come flashing over the wires . . . . Vincent Lopez has had several offers to defend his claim to the heavyweight bauble against Henri Deglane and other European titlists . . . . Ed "Strangler" Lewis is waiting for his pupil, Lopez, to clinch his title claims by tossing Dick Shikat (and Lopez will do just that if the pair meet) . . . . Danno O'Mahoney returns to the Pacific Coast wrestling fold during the next few weeks (looks like Danno's farewell tour) . . . . Fred Carone, a wrestling ambassador from the land of Mussolini, is barnstorming in the Northwest and already he has tossed Chief Thunderbird, King Elliott, Paul Boesch, Les Grimes and Doctor Nap de Vore.

* * *

Jack Kennedy, Rudy Strongberg and "The Black Secret" are also campaigning in the Northwest . . . . Vincent Lopez fared easily against Tiger Daula (claimant to the British Empire title) and tossed the giant Hindu, two falls to one . . . . Doctors refused to allow Daula to continue after his shoulder had been injured . . . . Cyclone Mackey continues to wear his mask and pose as "The Mysterious Mr. X," although Jack "Grandpa" Reynolds has tossed him several times.

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DIXIE DOIN'S by Bernice Sandboe:

It is indeed a sorrowful task to record the death of my dear friend and the friend of all wrestlers, big Charlie Roescher. A few words about him will not be out of place, and surely greatly deserved, for Charlie was, if anyone was, a true friend of wrestling and wrestlers. I am deeply sorry to bring this message of his passing to the many friends he has in the grappling world.

Big Charlie was Morris Sigel's (Houston promoter) right hand man. It was Charlie who first got me started writing about the boys. And at first, when I was rather scared of the burly brutes, he would arrange an interview for me and then give me a shove and say "Go to it, kid." It was Charlie who espied me looking awed and impressed at Jimmy Londos one day in the promoter's office and immediately brought Jeemy over and introduced us. And it was Charlie who told all the boys that the Sandboe girl collected pictures and how about slipping him one for her.

Just little things, but Charlie was a friend and a dear one, and it hurts so terribly to lose him. I hope they have a place for Charlie to go fishing and duck-hunting up in heaven, and that they give him lots of those chicken dinners he loved so.

* * *

Bill Sledge accomplished quite a feat when he tossed Kiman Kudo, who has bowed only to Vincent Lopez . . . . Bill is certainly making the folks down here in Texas prouder than that of him . . . . he's following up his sensational campaign in Florida with an equally successful one in California . . . . Bill says he enjoys seeing all the moving picture stars round about . . . . and incidentally, while on the subject, don't you think that he looks a little like George Raft, suave cinema hero?

* * *

I didn't think much of the two-against-one show staged here one week. Cy Williams and Karl Sarpolis were allies pitted against Milo Steinborn and all three were tossed in the ring at the same time to fight it out. To win, poor Milo was obliged to pin both men to gain a fall and two falls to gain the verdict. Need I say that Williams and Sarpolis accomplished the magnificent and astounding feat of throwing Milo, two falls out of three, and personally I can't see where any glory was gained thereby. It was the most ridiculously unbalanced affair I've seen, and though Milo presented a fair defense, it would have been preposterous to even assume he could win.

* * *

I contend that one of the finest built men in the ring is Tiny Roebuck. The handsome Choctaw towers six feet six and weighs in at 297 and doesn't have an ounce of surplus fat. He knows the fundamentals of wrestling, too, but usually he is too busy socking and punching to get down to them. Tiny is barnstorming the West Coast now and really bowling them over. By the way (Tiny will kill me for this) did you know that his first name is Theodore?

* * *

Another fine Indian wrestler out on the Pacific Coast is John "Firpo" Wilcox, who looks so much like Sun Jennings I thought they were brothers. Firpo is really a fast and clever grappler and bears watching.

* * *

Our genial little promoter, Morris Sigel, continues to maintain the high standard wrestling has reached in the South, in presenting week after week splendid mat shows containing the country's best talent. And Impresario Sigel is rewarded with capacity crowds.

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WRESTLING Notes by Jimmie Amann:

First of all, I wish to congratulate Mr. Orville Denison of Worcester, Mass., for his criticism of my National Ratings of 1935 for the Wrestlers. I admit here that Mr. Denison is correct in some statements.

But—If Les Ryan wrestles under the name of "Cement" O'Neil, then is it impossible to rate a man under two names. If Ryan wins he is credited a win, not O'Neil. If O'Neil loses, why discredit the name of Ryan with a loss? As is, when Black Panther wrestles, he wrestles under that name. Win, lose, or draw, he advances, loses points or else is at a standstill on lack of activity. I hope this is clear enough. The name a wrestler wrestles under is rated accordingly.

(Continued on page 44)

In Little Wolf's Footsteps

By CHARLES "SPIDER" MASCALL

TODAY, in the same stamping grounds that Chief Little Wolf made famous, another mat warrior is making things hot for every wrestler the promoters match him against. The name of this newest wrestling sensation, is Chief Baptiste Paull Thunderbird, a real Indian, and he is the first Canadian Indian chieftain to enter the sacred realms of professional torso twisting.

At an early age Chief Thunderbird entered the Indian School at Tacoma, Washington, where he won honors in many sports. He made the first team in boxing, wrestling, football, basketball and starred in track and field events. Upon his graduation Chief Thunderbird was awarded the title of the best all-around athlete ever to attend the Tacoma Indian School.

* * *

IN 1933 Thunderbird took part in an international water festival held at Coupeville, Washington. Indian warriors from all over the Northwest and Western Canada participated in this gala and among them, representing the Saanich tribe, was Chief Thunderbird. Although he won many events in this festival his most prized trophy was gained in the single canoe championship race. A large field of Indian chieftains, all striving to win this coveted honor for their tribe, fought it out with Thunderbird but the Canadian chief came through with flying colors and copped the championship.

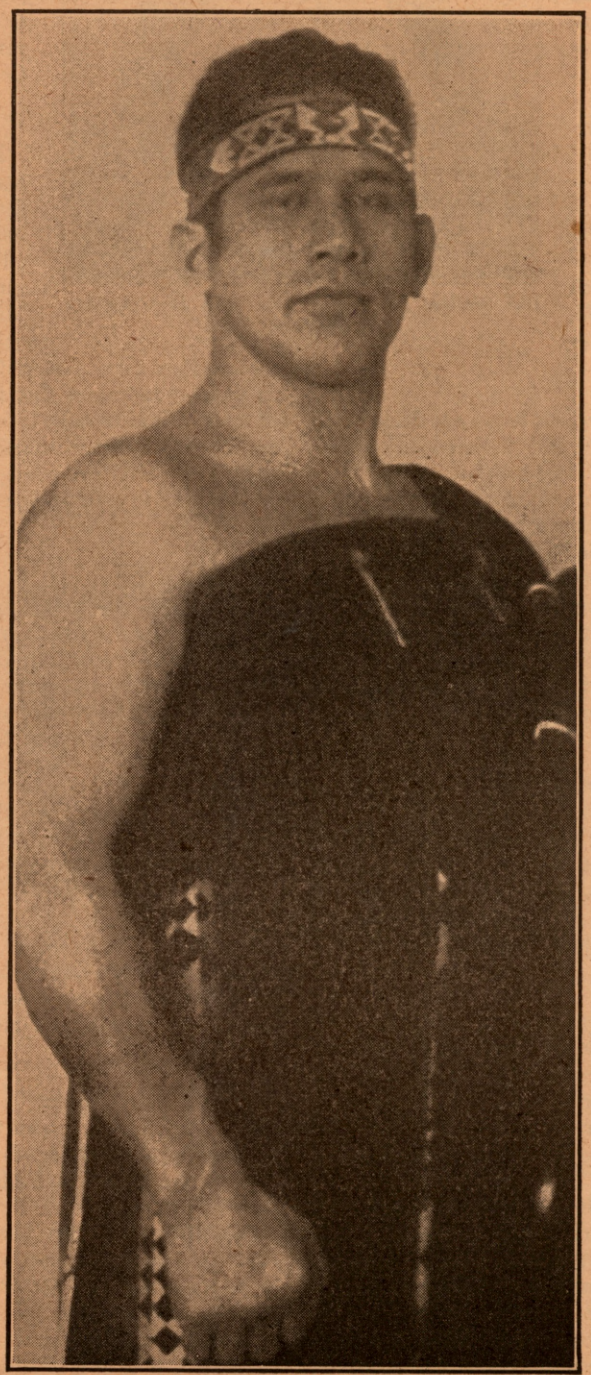
During this festival, the Canadian got his first taste of professional wrestling when a small carnival outfit came to town with its usual athletic arena. With time on his hands and lured by the hope of winning some easy money, Chief Thunderbird pushed his way through the crowd and stepped upon the platform to accept the nasal challenge of the barker.

"One dollar for every minute you stay with the champ and the entire gate receipts if you are returned the winner."

* * *

THE Chief didn't pin the "carnival champion" but he amassed the large sum of five dollars for the five minutes that he had spent in the ring before being pinned. The following evening, the Chief again returned and again he faced the ruler of the athletic arena.

This time the bout was a different story. After fifteen minutes in which he matched his strength against the tricks of the carnival grappler, Thunderbird was grudgingly declared the winner when the "champ" was unable to continue. It happened, when the pair were tied in one of those hopeless wrestling knots, that the Canuck brave slipped on the hold he calls "the Saanich Snap" and his opponent conceded the fall and the gate receipts.



Chief Thunderbird, full-blooded Canadian Indian, who is one of the best wrestlers in the Northwest.

You've seen Chief Little Wolf, Jagit Singh and other masters of matcraft use their legs to obtain the punishing "Indian Deathlock," a hold which was created by Jack Riley several years ago. Well, the "Saanich Snap" used by Chief Thunderbird is similar to the "deathlock," only, instead of using his legs to obtain the hold Thunderbird uses his arms to lock the hold, thus making it more secure and effective. It is with the use of this snap-lock that the Canadian brave has won most of his eighty odd matches.

* * *

BEFORE entering the wrestling game the Chief won fame as a professional boxer. Out of the twenty-four matches he engaged in Thunder lost only three. Twelve of the bouts were won by decisions while the remaining nine opponents went out via the k.o. route.

Virgil Hamlin, genial mogul of the Northwest wrestling circuit who is credited with having discovered Vincent Lopez, speaks highly of Chief Baptiste Paull Thunderbird and looks upon the Chief to annex Little Wolf's scalp when the pair meet for the heavyweight championship of the North American Indians.

One thing about this Indian, he not only is a most aggressive grappler, but has proved time and again that he is as fearless as they come. He also knows his mat holds from A to Z. He is the type that keeps the spectators on edge from the tap of the bell—a real showman.

Two Dutch Treats

(Continued from page 33)

later champion, refereed.

Draak now weighs around 215 pounds—about the same weight that he was when he first entered the pro ranks. He is a six-footer.

Tommy won the light-heavy title from Cyclone Burns, at the time Harvard coach, in Boston, winning after three and a half hours.

Draak also loves to recall how he won second prize in the Olympic tourney at Stockholm in 1908 while it was in 1909 at Budapest that he won the heavyweight crown.

He considers himself about as good as ever. He owns a big estate at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., which he paid for out of his mat earnings. He has a girl fifteen and a boy seventeen.

* * *

NOW we return to Henry Piers, known as the "Flying Dutchman," who, figuratively, came back from the grave to establish himself as one of the serious contenders for wrestling glory. In 1926, after earning a brilliant name for himself as an amateur, he was told he'd never be able to wrestle again. This was after an operation for goitre. His operation was more serious than the average case of its kind. He was unconscious for four days after the operation and dropped in weight from 190 to 144.

Piers underwent this big operation in Detroit. His first thought was to regain his health. He spent six months in the Ann Arbor Sanitarium and even when he came out, the mat experts told him he had better abandon any idea of grappling again.

Hollanders are sturdy people, however, and Henry comes from a sturdy Dutch family. His early days on fishing trawlers and on wind jammers before the mast instilled an inherent strength that enabled Mother Nature to overcome the most serious handicaps.

It was in 1929, by painstaking effort, that he finally succeeded in rebuilding his body. By degrees he had increased his weight to 200 pounds, ten pounds heavier than before the operation. Because of the large amount of money he owed for medical service and the like, he decided to desert the amateur ranks and become a pro, so that he could pay off all obligations. He started pro wrestling in the Middle West and has been displaying improvement with each succeeding month.

Henry was only nine when he left his birthplace, Haarlem, Holland, to work on a fishing trawler. At twelve, he made his first voyage before the mast of a tramp windjammer and it was several years before he again saw the tulip beds of his native land. He learned his first wrestling lessons while at sea.

Piers came to this country in 1922, landing at Norfolk, Va., from where he went to Detroit. He won the Michigan state amateur heavyweight title four years in succession. Among those he defeated was Ed Don George, twice later world's heavyweight wrestling champion. Then came the goitre attack, after which he quit the Simonpures to become a pro.

Mike Jacobs, Successor to Tex Rickard

(Continued from page 8)

He is an inveterate cigarette smoker, knocking off as he does a few cartons a day. He is never without one of the paper weeds between his lips. He suffers agony with sinus, hence irritation and a bawling out to those nearest and dearest to him. He is very apologetic after he realizes what he has done. Eleven at night finds him making ready for bed. He sleeps in fits and starts.

On trains, he awakens his companions at six in the morning to join him in a cup of coffee. He drinks java by the gallon. He enjoys week-ends at his summer place at Fair Haven, N. J. Believe it or not, he is a nut on flowers and he can tell you all about them if you care to listen.

He has a small menagerie on the grounds consisting of dogs of all shapes, colors and breeds, prize cats and a monkey named Jack Miley. Once he operated a chicken farm but gave it up as a bad job. He owns a wine cellar, second to none. His wife, Josie, is a marvellous host, and a great cook to boot. He has erected a nice little office on the main floor of the sumptuous house but he seldom uses it. He can't and won't play golf, but likes to swim. His favorite drink is Scotch and soda.

* * *

HE is somewhat of a good cook himself. He takes great pride putting on beefsteak dinners and he makes a sauce which he spreads over the meat, the ingredients of which he refuses to divulge. Every summer he treats his friends to a clam bake which lasts a couple of days. He enjoys good food and patronizes the best restaurants. He is not what you might call a soft touch but if you pay back when you promise, you can repeat.

When he walks fast, something is up. It means action in capital leters. He seldom sits, but when he does his mind is working fast behind puffs of a cigarette. He has a wardrobe, the envy of Hollywood stars. He is a nut on ties and hats. He has so many suits of clothes he's lost track of the number.

On the two walls of the office hang pictures of most of his successful promotions. On the desk proper is a life-size photograph of his mother. There are several good ones of Rickard. In his home, there are also many Rickard pictures hung up in conspicuous places. He loved Rickard and still misses him. For months after Tex breathed his last, Mike naturally drifted into the vacant office looking for him. He couldn't believe he had passed to the Great Beyond for almost two years.

That's the picture of Mike Jacobs, world's most colorful and successful promoter.

Non-Title Fights

(Continued from page 31)

PERHAPS the doubtful distinction of being the world's most famous "non-titler," belongs to Maxey Rosenbloom, the ex-light-heavy king. The records show that Slapsie Maxey lost exactly fifteen fights during his reign as champion. Rosenbloom was, and still is, a good fighter. But his penchant for taking things easy and clowning along in a boring fashion, detracts from his really great ability. Some of those fights that Rosenbloom lost, he could have won just as easily. Others he might have lost, no matter how hard he tried. But regardless, this title should have gone glimmering the moment he lost the first one.

Baltimore Joe Dundee, was another notorious "non-titler," Joe's reign as welter champion was an array of defeats. Practically every welter of any importance, fattened his batting average at Joe's expense. One, Jack Thompson, the colored lad who eventually annexed the welter crown, once flattened Joe in two heats, but the fact that he was something like two ounces overweight, enabled the Baltimore Italian to hang on to his sadly battered title.

Tod Morgan, ex-junior lightweight king, was another who suffered plenty of defeats in "non-title," battles. The Pacific coast star losing exactly eight battles during his reign from 1925 to 1929.

His successor, Benny Bass, dropped five bouts during his two year term as title-holder. While Al Brown, elongated Negro bantam king, saw half a dozen decisions go to the opposition during his championship tenure.

These are only a few of the many champions who have engaged in "non-title," bouts and saw the decisions go to the other fellow. But thanks to the magic of the "non-title," gag, managed to hang on to their crowns.

Perhaps it seems a little harsh to ask the champion to lay his title on the line every time he clambers through the ropes, but it is only fair and just. After all, just because a boy is champion, it is no reason to put him on the pension list, and that is exactly what we do when we pay out good money to see him in action in a bout where he can't lose, even though he does lose.

No reward is too great for the boy with the guts, determination and ability to win a world's boxing championship. There's no denying that, but it is not asking too much to demand that he lay the old crown on the line when he puts up his mitts. We don't countenance the heavyweight title-holders engaging in these non-championship frays, why should we permit them in the lighter classes?

Here is a humble suggestion:

Let the boys win and lose the championships in the roped arena, not in the four walls of a commission office as per late few years. Then, with a capital T, make 'em earn their dough on the level a la old days, by abolishing the silly, practice of engaging in "non-title," fights.

Managers' Prayers Answered

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Also a complete list of fight managers throughout the world, with address and telephone number.

Also a complete list of all newspapers in every part of the world.

Lists that fight managers, promoters, boxing writers, must have to keep tab on the latest doings in fistiana.

Each list sold for $2.00 or the three combined, for $5.00.

THE RING BOOK SHOP

825-8th Avenue, Madison Square Garden, New York City

Just Rasslin'

(Continued from page 41)

George Mansur, recently became National Champion in weight lifting and is more than likely to parallel his success in the mat game. A thorough knowledge of wrestling coupled with extraordinary strength can easily catapult a hard working young grappler to the top and George certainly possesses those characteristics. His strength is not the brute strength of Leo Savage, whose mighty arms can crush a man's ribs, but rather a muscular power combined with perfect leverage and symmetry that goes for speed and agility.

George is naturally a big man and it has been only through his hard work and constant training that he has attained the perfect physique he has today. It was last fall when he was placed on the side-lines for awhile by a painful shoulder dislocation that I took occasion to make a rather disparaging remark as to his flabbiness. That, I admit, wasn't "cricket" for George was unable to train and keep fit. He's back in action now and in finer fettle than ever. Many of the southern mat fans have asked why he isn't given more and better matches down here, and I heartily chime in with them.

* * *

Promoter Morris Sigel has put up $500 to be paid to any wrestler who tosses Leo Daniel Boone Savage. All the boys down here in Dixie have tried and failed so hows about some of you big shots and tuffies from the East coming down to see what good you can do? I dare ya!

* * *

Of course the choice gossip of the month is about Leo Daniel Boone as usual. Although the big bashful hillbilly refuses to confirm it, your reporter happens to know that he has been married for quite some time. And in contrast to the big shaggy giant she's a petite young lady.

* * *

Incidentally I have just obtained an accurate list of the men Leo has tossed in Houston and present it in the order of their downfall:—George Cochran, Pete Schuh, Karl Davis, Louis Bacigalupi, Chief Chewchki, Tiny Roebuck, Tom Marvin, Jules Strongbow, Paul Jones, Karl Davis (again), Karl Sarpolis, Sol Slagel, Karl Davis and Pete Schuh on same card, Ed Lewis, Dan O'Connor, Paul Jones (again), Darna Ostapavich, Marvin Westenberg, Orville Brown, Gus Sonnenberg, Pat O'Shocker, Paul Jones (wot again?), Milo Steinborn (3 times) and Len Macaluso. Which shows to go ya that Leo has pretty well mopped up on the southern wrestlers.

* * *

I'd like to have the fans opinion on a matter that has been troubling me quite a bit. Perhaps at the time my feelings rather swept me away, but now that I have cooled down and thought it over, I still think that a local referee pulled an awful trick.

It was a bout between Pat O'Shocker and Sol Slagel. There was no choosing between the men, they both mixed their rough stuff and their straight wrestling and the ultimate outcome was that they went to a draw. However, during the course of the bout, Sol obtained a hammer-lock on Pat. With O'Shocker's arm forced behind his back, Sol picked the red-head up and slammed him to the mat. Pat crawled for the ropes, his shoulder pulled out of joint and his arm still in the position of the hammer-lock.

He appealed to the referee to pull it back in place, but the arbiter merely shook his head nonchalantly and strolled away. Pat tried to pull it back himself but couldn't and naturally the moment he stepped back inside the ropes, Sol was there to pour on more punishment. It was the most gruelling match I've seen and I never hope to see another like it. Several times O'Shocker pleaded with the referee to fix his arm, but every time he shook his head and walked on. Finally, with the aid of the ropes, O'Shocker managed to get his arm back in a normal position but it hung lifeless and I don't see how he lasted until the finish of the match.

Perhaps it is one of the refereeing rules not to assist an injured man, but even if it is I would say that the man who enforced that rule showed a decided lack of human kindness. Maybe you'll counter that kindness is sadly misplaced in the wrestling ring. Perhaps so, but certainly not to that extent. A referee is supposed to use common sense.

At any rate, I have the small satisfaction of knowing that the entire auditorium of fans shared my sentiments, soft-hearted as they may be, for the referee was almost booed out of the place when he returned to officiate the next bout.

* * *

Brief Biography—LaVerne Baxter. The state of New Jersey has contributed many noted athletes to American sports during the past few years but one of the most outstanding of those to follow a wrestling career is young LaVerne Baxter. LaVerne has been wrestling only a few years but in that time has proven himself one of the most adept of the younger boys. He is only 23, weighs 219 pounds and is 6 ft. 2 in. tall. His most potent hold is the front flying scissors, combined with the turn-over, but he is also a master of numerous other intricate holds.

Rumblings on Rasslers: Paul Jones is going to run for sheriff here in Houston . . . . and stands a good chance of being elected considering his many friends . . . . Paul had another auto wreck when he went up to Nebraska to visit his folks . . . . damaged his car considerably but escaped injury himself . . . . you should hear Solly Slagel play the harmonica . . . . and Milo Steinborn massage a concertina . . . . and Charlie Allen, the handsome New York wrestler, is an excellent pianist . . . . incidentally Charlie why don't you come down this way? . . . . fans have been asking about you . . . . Pat Reilly recently took his second matrimonial leap . . . . she's a pretty brunette . . . . Dick Lever's grandmother is a wrestling fan . . . . Sandor Szabo has a slinky imported car . . . . Lou Daro, Los Angeles promoter, has gone to Japan to scout for talent . . . . Whitey Hewitt's first name is Pat . . . . Babe Zaharias certainly looks like his brother George . . . . Cy Williams is a golf fiend . . . . what's happened to Jack League, the south's best and favorite referee? . . . . Pat O'Shocker has three little daughters . . . . Leo Savage, who always attires himself in overalls has to have said overalls made to order he's such a biggie . . . . you should see Sid Nabors, the tuff ruffie, with a big Texas ten-gallon hat on . . . . and Red Ryan doing his acrobatic stunts . . . .

* * *

Iowa Wrestling Notes—By Bill Hawkins . . . . By popular demand from so many wrestling fans, your old scribe is back again with a few groans and grunts from the tall corn state . . . . First we have Dubuque, Ia., on our list and we note that Leo Alexander, 210, former Notre Dame university wrestling coach and Walter Logan, 212, went to a fast draw . . . . Johnny Evko, Chicago heavyweight defeated George Mallott, of Dallas, Tex. Johnny Meyers, Dubuque heavy won a foul from Bearcat Wright of Kansas City . . . . Wayne Anthony, another Dubuque heavy drew with Jimmie Bear of Cedar Rapids . . . . At Council Bluffs, over 1600 fans turned out to watch Ole Anderson flop Earl Wampler two out of three falls . . . . In the semiwind-up Jack Zarnos lost to Sailor Arnold . . . . Jerry Noland went to a draw with Bill Demetral and Nick Elitch drew with Jack O'Dell . . . . Charlie Loch was the promoter . . . . Going into Marshalltown, we find the Big Bad Wolf winning over Bull Martin, of Boston . . . . Ole Anderson went to a draw with Steve Savage . . . . while Billy Demetral threw Don McIntyre of Kansas City . . . .

Bill Demetral also scored over Abe Rothberg in straight falls at Mason City, Ia. . . . . On the same card Nore Jelstrom lost on a foul to Ed Cook . . . . Baron Von Ginsburg threw Glenn Ellinger . . . . At Des Moines, the Cardiff Giant who hits the beam at 350 pounds went to a draw with Howard Cantonwine . . . . Dr. Fred Meyer, of Chicago, threw Kingish Gordon, of Denver . . . . George Kogut threw the Honorable Lord Reginald Ackley, of Plymouth England . . . . Rollie Anderson threw Al Bauers . . . . Down in Burlington, Howard Cantonwine won over Frankie French . . . . Dr. Fred Meyers, pinned Lord Reginald Ackley (Did you notice that our friend from England is not doing so well) . . . . Lee Henning won on a foul from George Kogut . . . .

In the old home town, Sioux City, Gus Sonnenberg won over Bull Martin . . . . Ted "King Kong" Cox is the big sensation here with a rating of public enemy No. 1 . . . . He defeated Abe Kaplan after fighting with several customers and tearing up the referee's shirt . . . . Al Sparks another meanie won over Bill Demetral . . . . Al Schanke threw Bob Jessen . . . . In another card staged here Jim McMillen beat Al Sparks. . . . Pat McGill won over Darna Ostopovitch . . . . Mike Nazarian and Ivan Vacturoff went to a draw . . . . Mick Elitch and Don Nolan also drew . . . . Back at Des Moines, we note that the bad boy King Kong Cox broke up a number of chairs in winning from Dr. Fred Meyers . . . . John Elaides, Sioux City's ranking wrestling promoter has built up the sport from only a handful of fans to nearly capacity houses.

A group of 12 wrestling promoters at a recent meeting in Des Moines formed the Iowa Wrestling Association. Those present decided to recognize Everett Marshall as heavyweight wrestling titleholder. The as-

sociation includes Pinkie George, Des Moines, C. J. Henaghan, Davenport; Carl Vollmer, Burlington; Joe Gordon, Cedar Rapids; Walt Irving, Mason City; Andy George, Waterloo. L. M. Brown, Washington; Jack Lamphere, Boone; Charlie Loch, Council Bluffs; Ralph Adams, Osceola, and John Myers of Dubuque. A number of other wrestling promoters are making plans to join the association, at this writing . . . . Wrestling Promoters Attention . . . . Please have your news in my hands by the first of every month . . . . and mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette, Pl. Sioux City, Ia. . . . .

Louis Analyzed

(Continued from page 14)

men of marked ability as boxers, such would never happen to him.

In my prime, I could stand in one spot and avoid punches hurled at me and at the same time hit the mark as often as I aimed for it only because I had perfect balance. If I missed with a left, my right was sure to crash against my opponent's jaw or body without me losing my stride. If Joe Louis had been taught how to stand properly, then with his deadly punch, there would be no reason in the world for him not to be a one-punch knocker-out.

Look over his record and you will find that in most of his contests either the referee has been compelled to stop the fight or else Joe's opponents have been so scared stiff that they called a halt before the knockout could be delivered. True, Joe knocks them all down, but why don't they stay down? The Brown Bomber is a terrific puncher and therefore it should not be necessary for him to carry his opponents for more than a round or two. Mind you, I do not intend to belittle Joe Louis. All I am trying to do is to point to the importance of stance in boxing.

Candidly, I believe that those who are belittling Jimmy Braddock will find Jimmy a far tougher problem for Joe Louis to solve than any fighter the Detroiter has met to date. And why? Because Jimmy Braddock is a clever boxer and has got the perfect stance, though not to the marked degree of Benny Leonard and those of my school. You will find that Louis is not a difficult target once you study his flaws and perfect a system of attack or defense to combat him.

* * *

THE writers, including my pal, Nat Fleischer, keep raving about Joe Louis, calling him the perfect fighter. I have asked the editor of this publication to point out to me wherein he finds the Brown Bomber the perfect fighter, and against every argument he has given me, I have found an answer which, in my opinion, is sufficient to prove that he and many other scribes are too het up over Louis to see him in the light that I see him.

I have seen every fighter of note in the last forty-five years and I daresay that I can pick out at least two dozen in my time that not only would have whipped Joe Louis, but would have knocked him out. What can Joe Louis do that we couldn't do? You can't point out one thing other than the power behind his punch and in that respect it is my candid opinion that Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey, Joe Choynski, Stanley Ketchel, Sam Langford, Joe Walcott, Jack Dempsey, Hank Griffin and myself, among others, had as hard a punch as Louis has. And when you come to real greatness, and by that I mean all around ability, wherein does Joe Louis fit with such great men as Joe Gans and George Dixon, little as they were.

* * *

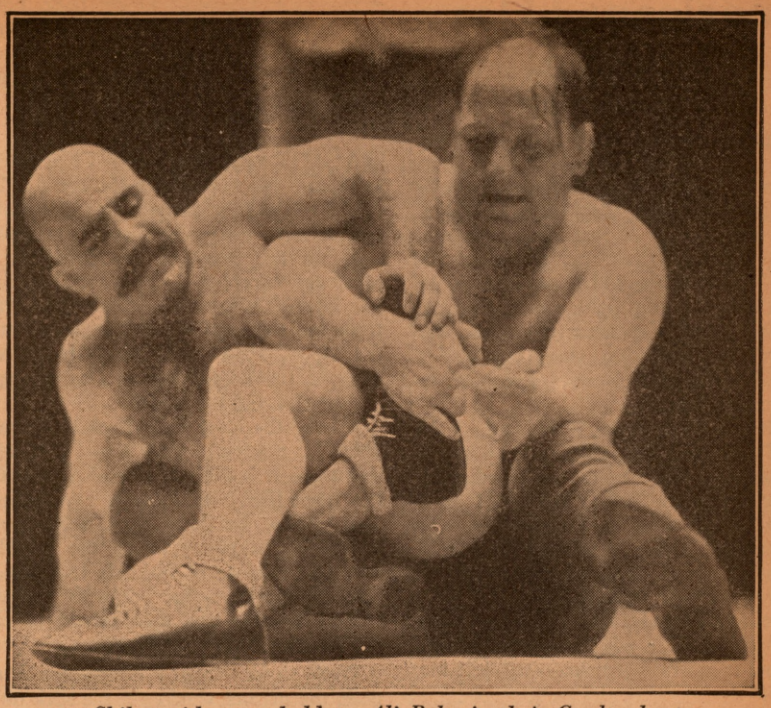
YOU must remember that greatness is a term that too often is used too commonly. Taken for its true value, greatness signifies everything that one might consider in depicting a fighter as possessing science, hitting power, agility, skill and what not that goes to make up greatness.

Has Joe Louis all of these qualifications? I daresay no, for his greatness rests wholly in his punch.

Joe Walcott, in my opinion, was the greatest fighter I have ever seen. He had everything that I have named above. Consider his record, and show me a man in any division who can compare to little Joe.

He whipped the best men in the lightweight division, the welters, middleweights, light-heavyweights, and even the heavyweights of his day, yet compare his weight to that of Joe Louis of today and mark the vast difference. Walcott whipped Kid Lavigne at 133 pounds, knocked out Rube Ferns for the welterweight title, scored over the great Mick Dunne, then the best middleweight fighter in Australia, and probably the greatest ever produced in that land, and knocked out Joe Choynski after Joe had gone the distance with Jim Jeffries.

Here you now have my analysis of Joe Louis' greatness. I suppose many people of my race will condemn me of being either jealous or ungrateful, but I want to assure them, and my army of white friends, that this article is not a knock at Louis nor is it written for any other purpose than to prove the value of proper stance in boxing.



Shikat with a toe hold on Ali Baba in their Garden bout.

The Balloon Boy

(Continued from page 34)

guard in 1929-30 and 31. He is married and Mrs. Joan Slagel is one of the most attractive "Mrs. Wrestler" I've met.

Sol began his wrestling career on the West Coast and after gaining considerable experience and some encouraging wins, he made his way to the big Eastern mat circles. It wasn't long until he had firmly established himself as a comer and he definitely arrived among the topnotchers when he threw Joe Savoldi a few months after Savoldi had won his much-debated victory over Londos in Chicago. With the conquering of Jumping Joe, Sol found himself regarded no longer as just another football star turned wrestler, but a major threat to the wrestling crown. And as that, he has continued his campaign, scoring victory after victory.

Slagel is especially adept in handling rough wrestlers and has made such sinister meanies as Chief Chewchki, Tiny Roebuck, Karl Davis, Jules Strongbow, Pete Schuh, Dick Raines, Frank Speers, Dutch Hefner, Lew Plummer, and Whitey Hewitt cry "uncle."

Sol's ring work defies description. You never know what he is going to do—when. Or how. Particularly how. One moment you may be regarding him as he suffers a painful full-nelson, and the next he will drop to the mat in a split and come bouncing up like a ballet dancer. The pudgy little contortionist has more tricks up his sleeve, and keeps the fans rolling in the aisles as he baffles his opponents with them. His serious, dead-pan expression as he struts nonchalantly around after he has tricked an opponent adds to the fun, too.

By the way, Sol's most potent hold is what he calls the "Jewish whip" which, Solly contends, he practiced and used long before the gentleman known as O'Mahoney came upon the wrestling horizon with his "Irish whip." It's a version of that "crack-the-whip" game we played when kids.

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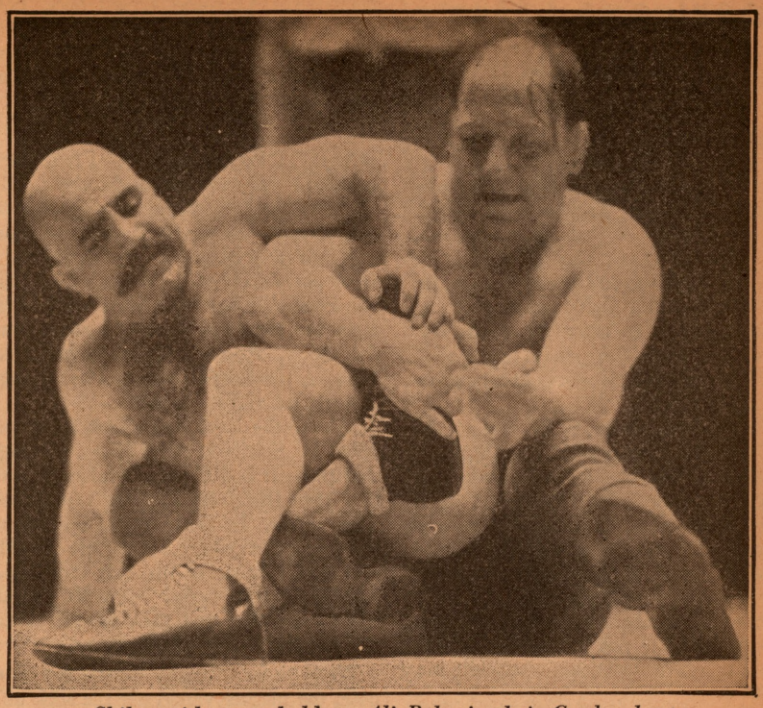
YOU must remember that greatness is a term that too often is used too commonly. Taken for its true value, greatness signifies everything that one might consider in depicting a fighter as possessing science, hitting power, agility, skill and what not that goes to make up greatness.

Has Joe Louis all of these qualifications? I daresay no, for his greatness rests wholly in his punch.

Joe Walcott, in my opinion, was the greatest fighter I have ever seen. He had everything that I have named above. Consider his record, and show me a man in any division who can compare to little Joe.

He whipped the best men in the lightweight division, the welters, middleweights, light-heavyweights, and even the heavyweights of his day, yet compare his weight to that of Joe Louis of today and mark the vast difference. Walcott whipped Kid Lavigne at 133 pounds, knocked out Rube Ferns for the welterweight title, scored over the great Mick Dunne, then the best middleweight fighter in Australia, and probably the greatest ever produced in that land, and knocked out Joe Choynski after Joe had gone the distance with Jim Jeffries.

Here you now have my analysis of Joe Louis' greatness. I suppose many people of my race will condemn me of being either jealous or ungrateful, but I want to assure them, and my army of white friends, that this article is not a knock at Louis nor is it written for any other purpose than to prove the value of proper stance in boxing.



Shikat with a toe hold on Ali Baba in their Garden bout.

The Balloon Boy

(Continued from page 34)

guard in 1929-30 and 31. He is married and Mrs. Joan Slagel is one of the most attractive "Mrs. Wrestler" I've met.

Sol began his wrestling career on the West Coast and after gaining considerable experience and some encouraging wins, he made his way to the big Eastern mat circles. It wasn't long until he had firmly established himself as a comer and he definitely arrived among the topnotchers when he threw Joe Savoldi a few months after Savoldi had won his much-debated victory over Londos in Chicago. With the conquering of Jumping Joe, Sol found himself regarded no longer as just another football star turned wrestler, but a major threat to the wrestling crown. And as that, he has continued his campaign, scoring victory after victory.

Slagel is especially adept in handling rough wrestlers and has made such sinister meanies as Chief Chewchki, Tiny Roebuck, Karl Davis, Jules Strongbow, Pete Schuh, Dick Raines, Frank Speers, Dutch Hefner, Lew Plummer, and Whitey Hewitt cry "uncle."

Sol's ring work defies description. You never know what he is going to do—when. Or how. Particularly how. One moment you may be regarding him as he suffers a painful full-nelson, and the next he will drop to the mat in a split and come bouncing up like a ballet dancer. The pudgy little contortionist has more tricks up his sleeve, and keeps the fans rolling in the aisles as he baffles his opponents with them. His serious, dead-pan expression as he struts nonchalantly around after he has tricked an opponent adds to the fun, too.

By the way, Sol's most potent hold is what he calls the "Jewish whip" which, Solly contends, he practiced and used long before the gentleman known as O'Mahoney came upon the wrestling horizon with his "Irish whip." It's a version of that "crack-the-whip" game we played when kids.

Americans I Have Known

(Continued from page 29)

so surprised and cut up over it, that they nearly went into mourning.

Then he fought Owen Sullivan, the wild Irishman from the Broken Hill Silver Mines, on June 20 of that same year, and what he did to Owen was a shame! He dropped him for the full count also in the second round. Both fights took place at Melbourne. The day after the battle, the Broken Hill champion staggered into a private hospital and collapsed, groaning, on to the nearest bed:

"Och, me back, doctor!" he said as the man of medicine approached, "Oh, me side—me stummick! Oh, that d——d murdhering American Cronkwhishky! It's kilt I am!"

"Tut-tut, my man," said the doctor, who had travelled a bit, "you must have been over-indulging. A drop of American rye whisky wouldn't hurt anyone."

"Who's talking about rye?" yelled Owen. "Cronkwhishky the pug I mane—him with his cruel murderous punches—he's kilt me, he has!"

The doctor prescribed scalding hot poultices, and every day for a fortnight that hospital rang with imprecations on the head of "Cronkwhishky" when the daily poultice was being applied. Owen never learned to pronounce Choynski's name—and he never fought him again either.

* * *

BUT it was when Choynski met Goddard on July 20, 1891, at Melbourne, that the band played properly. The first battle, an affair of bruises, blood and wild excitement, took place in Sydney on February 10 of that year, but unfortunately, I was not present. But I saw the second—in Melbourne—and never shall I forget it.

Talk about the Dempsey-Firpo clash! Well, that has been the wildest punching match in this century, I admit, but it was only a flash in the pan compared with the Goddard-Choynski affair, because, whereas Firpo only looked like winning for half the distance, Choynski and Goddard broke even all through four hurricane rounds, it being anybody's fight up to the last second.

Neither made any attempt to guard—as far as I could make out—although Choynski did shift his head now and then and let some of the punches go by. Goddard stopped them all—with his face. And what a sight he was, as he reeled about the ring with the blood pouring in streams down to his waist!

Towards the end of the fourth round, Choynski laid the six-foot fighting navvy out with a fearful left to the chin, the crash and force of which caused every man in the audience to gasp and grunt as if he himself had been struck, and on every hand cries of "It's all over!" were heard.

But it wasn't. At "nine"—some said at the word "out"—Goddard got up. I don't think he could see, and I doubt if he knew where he was; but by instinct, he found Choynski and then never left him. Swish, bang, crash, wallop!

Goddard's arms were never still for a thousandth part of a second; he was like a steam engine or a windmill, or both, irresistible in attack and impervious to punishment. Choynski fought back, but he might as well have tried to stop a train, and at length a terrific right swing caught him on the side of the head and he went down and out.

* * *

NOT long afterwards—I had scarcely recovered from the thrill of having witnessed this memorable mill, in fact—when who should come marching into the range of my delighted and admiring vision but the great John L. Sullivan himself. That day will never be erased from my memory—the day I stood outside the Opera House and shook hands with John L., the Boston Strong Boy, champion of America and the world.

"Shake the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan," they were singing at that time. It is difficult to realize nowadays how men like John L. were reverenced in their prime. In those days, the proudest moment in a young man's life would be when, in defence of his lady-love, he laid some bold, bad masher out with a straight left to the chin and then turned to catch the fainting maiden in his arms.

Well, times change! Nowadays, I suppose, the masher would get the sock on the jaw all right—from the girl!

But how they flocked 'way back in 1891 to shake that iron fist—the fist that could have laid out all the mashers in the land, one after the other—the fist of the mighty John L. Sullivan—my hero.

Second in renown only to the great "John L." was the next American I met—Kid McCoy—and this time it was a meeting in the ring, no mere matter of handshake and a "pleased to meet you" greeting. It was in Johannesburg in 1896, when Kid McCoy—but, gosh! I can't run on like this in THE RING, the great magazine that circulates throughout the world. Kid McCoy will have to wait until some other time.

Well, dear young reader, I know you will excuse this unskillful scribbling by an old battler. Thanks—and so long. I'll write you another chapter later on Kid McCoy and other reminiscences.

Joe Humphrey's

(Continued from page 25)

Humphreys, the dear old darling of fight crowds. Only that could enable a man to make unruly thousands sit as quietly as a Sunday school class while he told them something they already knew.

Humphreys actually quelled riots by simply raising his hand. A striking example of this was his restoring decorum at the Benny Leonard-Frankie Conifrey contest at the Lenox A. C., September 14, 1916. The remarkable Leonard had just swung into full stride and was en route to the lightweight leadership. It was a bitter neighborhood feud with racial feeling high.

In the midst of a savage exchange, a girl at the ringside stood up and shouted, "Kill the Jew!" "Murder the Mick!" yelled a Leonard worshiper. The factions didn't wait to get out into the aisles to do their slugging. Police charged toward the ring. It was an ugly situation until Joe Humphreys hopped to the apron of the platform.

"Come up here and that crazy mob'll start bloodshed," Joe the Beaut warned the cops. "If I can't handle it, I'll tip you off."

Humphreys raised his ladylike hand.

"Qui-ett, please—qui-ett." The free-for-all stopped. The crowd listened. It always listened to Joe Humphreys.

"I ain't going to censor you, ladies and gentlemen," said the Beaut, in that voice that didn't rasp. "I ain't going to abuse you. That's neither my purpose nor my privilege. But I want to say that this isn't doing our game any good. You keep it up and our game is done. You lose your sport and our dear friends, the boxers, lose their livelihood."

The scrap went on with no counter attractions. Leonard stopped Conifrey in the sixth round.

Humphreys was the ideal contact man between the promoter, participants, and officials and the trade. With Joe the Beaut in the center, poor fights and worse decisions were laughed off.

Arthur Pelkey met Sailor White in the old Garden, August 26, 1912. It was awful. A section of the skylight was open for ventilation. It started to rain, and the bloodless battle was halted while the open section of the skylight was closed.

The fight got no better rapidly, and, after another round or two, a wag shouted, "Open the skylight again and drown them bums."

* * *

THERE were no decisions in those days, but the patrons voiced their displeasure at the end of ten rounds so loud and long that any other master of ceremonies at fistic encounters would not have been able to introduce the principals in the next event.

But Humphreys did.

"Qui-ett, please—qui-ett," and Joe the Beaut had the crowd's ear. "Wish t' announce that I have good news for you. Pelkey and White have been rematched."

That brought a new round of Bronx cheers, but only for an instant.

"But not here," continued the famous mouthpiece. "They will meet the next rainy night—on Barren Island!" The crowd settled back in its seats—content. It had had its laugh.

Humphreys never failed to come up with the squelch elegant for the heckler.

Substitutions displease ringworms. Young Montreal was unable to keep an appointment with Carl Tremaine, and sport's spokesman had a bit of a time elucidating.

"Where's Montreal?" barked one die-hard, as Humphreys finished.

"Young fellow," replied Joe the Beaut. "Montreal is in Canada, in the province of Quebec."

The sentimental Humphreys was a little long the night the old Garden closed. He wrote a poem for the occasion. It was a tribute to the golden statue, titled "An Apostrophe to Diana."

"Farewell to you, forever,
Temple of Fistiana,
Farewell to thee, my sweet Diana,"

recited Humphreys, tears in his watery blue eyes.

"Let 'em fight," howled a heckler. Joe the Beaut stopped and looked directly at his annoyer.

"The more I see and hear of you," he said, "the more I believe in birth control."

(Concluded in next issue)

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE past month saw Tony Canzoneri, after ten years of service in the ring, give one of the greatest exhibitions seen by little fellows in many years when he all but stopped Jimmy McLarnin in their handicap match at Madison Square Garden. That contest not only featured the month's bouts in world fisticuffs, but also rates as one of the leading performances seen in America in many years. Next in line of importance was the Miller-Sarron bout in Washington, in which Freddy lost the featherweight title in a fifteen-round contest. And another of the month's features was the knockout victory of Leo Kelly, San Francisco Negro, over Ambrose Palmer, Australia's great fighter, in twelve rounds.

Action in the heavyweight division begins with the Leroy Haynes knockout of Natie Brown in two rounds. Phil Brubaker continued his winning stride by whipping Abie Feldman. Red Burman won from Billy Ketchell and kayoed Eddie Slake in two rounds. Andre Lenglet won over Buddy Baer, Frankie Hammer and kayoed Bill Godfrey in three rounds. Jack Peterson retained the British heavyweight title against Jock McAvoy. Isadoro Gastanaga disposed of Steve Dudas in one session. Eddie Mader whipped Bill Nichy. Al Delaney won over Charley Massare.

Jack Sharkey battled on even terms with Tony Shucco. Frank Rowsey whipped Charley Coates. Adolf Heuser defeated Arno Kolblin. Manuel Abrew stopped Roy Lazer in eleven rounds in Scotland. Jack Trammell won from Terry Mitchell. Art Lasky whipped Joe Bauer. Junior Munsell kayoed Joe Doctor in two rounds and won from Buck Rogers. Charley Belanger scored over Stan Evans but was beaten by Eddie Wenstob.

Harry Thomas disposed of Vincent Parrile in three rounds. Adolph Wiater kayoed Dick Madden in the third round. Butch Rogers scored over Lee Savoldi. Young Herrera kayoed Billy Jones in eight rounds. Larry Gains won from Maurice Strickland. Bob Moody kayoed Red Brennan in one round and Vic Meadows in the third. Tom Beaupre scored over Jack Van Noy and Babe Hunt. Abe Simon disposed of Paul Pross in two rounds. Jim Wilde won from Eddie Houghton in England while Dutch Weimer kayoed Frankie Hammer in two rounds. Oscar Matthews disposed of Kid Decater in one and Dixie Oliver in three rounds.

John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight leader, scored over Izzy Singer. Leo Kelly assumes leading contendership with his impressive victory over Ambrose Palmer in twelve rounds. He also kayoed Young Aguinaldo in three, Young Campbell in seven and defeated Jack Rainsford. Al Gainer disposed of George Nichols and John Anderson in nine rounds each. Carmen Barth whipped Bobby Millsap. Fred Lenhart scored over Jack Gibbons while Jack kayoed Kid Miller in two rounds. Bud Mignault disposed of Ralph Barbara in seven rounds. Joe Knight won from Max Marek while Allen Matthews whipped Emilio Martinez.

Freddy Steele, leading middleweight contender, scored over Tony Fisher. Fred Apostoli defeated Babe Risko while Risko won from Mike Payan. Ken Overlin whipped Jack Ennis and Ralph Chong while Chong was kayoed by Frank Battaglia in three rounds. Erich Seelig fought a draw with Eddie Pierce. Swede Berglund scored over Young Stuhley. Solly Krieger disposed of Joe Pimenthal in four and Anson Green in nine rounds.

Al Quaill whipped Gene Dundee. George Black kayoed Frankie Misko and Karl Lautenschlager in three and defeated Harvey Massey. Lautenschlager was also beaten by Cap Harding who kayoed Dave Roberts in two and drew with Clem Reed. Al Diamond was beaten by Archie Sexton but scored over Johnny Summers. Gus Lesnovich whipped Frankie Caris. Joe Besselman disposed of Larry Marinucci in three and defeated Red Finnegan. Eddie Schneider kayoed Franke Goosby in four rounds while Alabama Kid whipped George Mull.

Welterweight Champion Barney Ross scored a knockout over Chuck Woods in an overweight match in five rounds. Billy Celebron stopped Cleto Locatelli in the tenth round but was beaten by Izzy Jannazzo. Kid Azteca won over German Rico and Pepe Saldana. Ceferino Garcia disposed of Jack Burke in eight rounds. Wildcat O'Connor won from Jay Macedon and Six Second Powell.

Al Silva whipped Tony Falco while Tony drew with Teddy Loder. Bobby Pacho stopped Frankie Wallace in eight rounds. Gustave Eder scored over Ray Napolitano. Andrea Jesserun whipped George Salvatore but was beaten by Sonny Jones. Al Manfredo won over Jimmy Berries. Leon Zorrita defeated Joe Bernal. Willard Brown scored over Tracey Cox. Cocoa Kid won from Holman Williams. Young Peter Jackson trounced Glen Lee. Norman Snow disposed of Paola Villa in three rounds. Frankie Cinque stopped Tommy Bland in eight. Milt Aron disposed of Lou Halper in the sixth.

Tony Canzoneri's supreme effort against Jimmy McLarnin won him undying fame. During the month he also scored over Johnny Jadick. Lou Ambers stopped Buster Brown in one, Jackie Sharkey in six and defeated Orville Drouillard. Pedro Montanez stopped Louis Jallos in seven and whipped Aldo Apoldi. Indian Hurtado disposed of Eddie Brink in six rounds but was beaten by Frankie Klick.

Hubert Kid Dennis disposed of Tony Garsha in five rounds. Wesley Ramey drew with Eddie Zivic. Jimmy Walsh won the British lightweight title by stopping Jack Kid Berg in nine rounds. Chino Alvarez scored over Eddie Cool. Lew Feldman whipped Johnny Toomey and Red Cochrane while Red defeated Al Gillette. Joey Alcanter won over Joe Ghnouly while Joe whipped Ray Sharkey.

Erwin Berlier scored over Lew Massey. Ernie Ratner whipped Phil Baker. Bushy Graham stopped Tony Herrera in two rounds. Al Roth won from Battling Battalino and stopped Freddy Raymond in three rounds. Charley Gomer whipped Charley Bedami, Jack Willis kayoed Pete Nebo in six. Tiger Humery kayoed Henri Ferrett in eleven rounds.

Harry Scott disposed of Davey Fine in five rounds and Bucky Taylor in eight. Pat Kissinger kayoed Al 'Day in the third. Davey Day kayoed Mike Primich in the fourth. Sammy Angott drew with Johnny Morro. Charley Burns disposed of Jack Curley in two rounds. Cecil Payne whipped Dominic Mancini. Jimmy Vaughn kayoed Tiger Kid Walker in six. Baby Miller finished Joe Zodda in the eighth. Willie Pal bested Paris Apice. Joe Doherty won over Davey Fine. Roger Bernard scored over Tommy Rawson.

Baby Arizmendi assumes leading contendership in the featherweight ranks because of Young Casanova's inability to make the weight any longer. He whipped Pablo Dano during the month. Dick Corbett scored over Stan Jehu. Juan Zurita kayoed Barrilito Avita in the fourth round. Maurice Holtzer drew with Benny Sharkey while Benny whipped Simon Chauvez. Tony Chavez beat Pete De Grasse. Fillo Echeverria kayoed John George Dixon in the fourth session.

Nel Tarleton scored over Raymond Renard. Young Rightmire whipped Jimmy Buckler. Varias Milling drew with Kenny Reed. Wally Hally won over Abie Israel and then kayoed him in four rounds. Midget Wolgast defeated Mark Diaz. Louis Camps won over Joey Archibald. Johnny Hutchinson disposed of Tony Strazzeri in seven rounds. Danny London scored over George Hansford. Dave Crowley defeated Al Gillette.

Chalky Wright scored over Buzz Brown. Jackie Wilson stopped Johnny McCrory in the tenth round. Lloyd Pine defeated Mickey Brown and kayoed Bobby O'Dowd in six rounds. Jimmy Martin won over Nicky Jerome. Johnny Erickson defeated Ernest Torres.

Bobby Leyvas was the most active bantam, stopping Speedy Dado in six rounds. Al Spina kayoed Tuffy Pierpont in six rounds and winning from Baby Face Mathewson. Mickey Miller whipped Merv Blandon while Blandon kayoed Spider Roach in seven. Tony Marino was stopped by Willie Felice in three rounds but turned around and whipped him in their return bout. Lew Farber defeated Al Reid. Bobby Magee was kayoed by Johnny Cusick in eight and lost to Johnny Cusick. Jackie Brown kayoed Ted Green in one round. Aurel Toma scored over Valentin Anglemann. Ernst Weiss whipped Batis in Europe.

In the flyweight division, Jim Warnock, Irish candidate for honors, disposed of Billy Nash in two rounds while Billy scored over Phil Milligan. Small Montana whipped Jimmy Chida. Pat Palmer finished Percy Dexter in the third. Pat Warburton drew with Tut Whalley, whipped Willie Smith and lost on a foul to Cyclone Smith in the second. Whalley scored over Al Wimme while Whalley lost to Peter Miller. Maurice Huguenin won from Sandu. Praxille Gyde whipped Dupuis. Syd Parker scored over Fred Bilsborough.

The bantamweight mix-up will be settled in the very near future. Sixto Escobar, American claimant, arrived from Porto Rico, and Balcasar Sangchili, the legitimate title-holder, is in New York and is training seriously for a group of contests which will definitely decide whether he really can lay claim to the title. The two rivals met for the first time in Stillman's Gymnasium and posed for a series of photographs.

Judging by Sangchili in his preliminary workouts, he is a determined worker, rugged, aggressive and loves to fight. His style will appeal to the American public and it is hoped that the continued competition between Sangchili, Escobar, Salica and a few others might revive the popularity of the bantamweight division.

Now that Sangchili has taken the bull by the horns to clinch his claim to the title, it might be a good idea for Marcel Thil to come to this country and settle his right to the middleweight throne. Thil is a capable performer as can be judged by his record against formidable American opposition.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Tiny Bostock, England.
Bantamweight—Johnny Cusick, England.
Featherweight—Willie Felice, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lightweight—Joey August, Spokane, Wash.
Welterweight—Pete Caracciola, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Middleweight—John Pavolich, New York City.
Light-Heavyweight—Freddy Bormann, Linderhurst, Long Island.
Heavyweight—Charley Krist, Charleston, W. Va.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending May 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Joe Louis	Leo Kelly	Freddy Steele	Jack Carroll
2—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Lou Brouillard	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Leroy Haynes	Jock McAvoy	Fred Apostoli	Bep Van Klaveren
4—Maxey Rosenbloom	Tony Shucco	Frank Battaglia	Jack Portney
5—Al Ettore	Al McCoy	Babe Risko	Kid Azteca
6—Phil Brubaker	Ambrose Palmer	Ken Overlin	Ceferino Garcia
7—Primo Carnera	Carmen Barth	Erich Seelig	Izzy Jannazzo
8—King Levinsky	Fred Lenhart	Oscar Rankins	Billy Celebron
9—Red Burman	Jack Gibbons	Swede Berglund	Wildcat O'Connor
10—Andre Lenglet	Bud Mignault	Solly Krieger	Gordon Wallace
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Balcasar Sangchili	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Freddy Miller	Sixto Escobar	Jim Warnock
2—Pedro Montanez	Baby Arizmendi	Louis Salica	Small Montana
3—Leonard Del Genio	Mike Belloise	Johnny King	Benny Lynch
4—Frankie Klick	Henry Armstrong	Bobby Leyvas	Valentin Anglemann
5—Laurie Stevens	Dick Corbett	Pablo Dano	Jim Campbell
6—Hubert Dennis	Juan Zurita	Little Pancho	Pat Palmer
7—Wesley Ramey	Maurice Holtzer	Dick Welsh	Pat Warburton
8—Indian Hurtado	Benny Sharkey	Henry Hooks	Rafaleto Valdes
9—Jimmy Garrison	Tony Chavez	Joey Archibald	Maurice Huguenin
10—Jimmy Walsh	Fillo Echeverria	Al Spina	Billy Nash

LETTERS *from* *Our* READERS

I WANT to congratulate you on the splendid work which you did to promote the cause of boxing on your recent trip to the West Indies and Central America. If I was asked to name the one outstanding man who was doing most to help the boxing game today, I would name you without any reservation.

I think that your idea of the West Indies and Central America forming some sort of a federation to regulate boxing is most commendable and certainly should be adopted by the various boxing commissions in that part of the world.

I disagree with one angle of your proposition, and that is that you recommend to them that they affiliate with the New York State Athletic Commission.

I honestly believe that the logical body for these people to connect with is the NATIONAL BOXING ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA. Certainly you must agree with me that in recent years the N.B.A. has made very few mistakes indeed, and we most certainly have kept our feet on the ground in a safe and sane manner in all things pertaining to boxing.

I feel that we have been just and fair, not only with the public, but with promoters, managers and boxers, and I believe that, should these bodies which you have recently visited join or affiliate themselves with the N. B. A., it would be a tremendous step in the right direction to give these people good, clean bouts.

Of course, in the last analysis, the New York State Athletic Commission and the N. B. A. for the past several years have been practically in accord on all findings on the major issues in boxing.

The one outstanding exception, of course, being the fact that the New York State Athletic Commission refuses to recognize Freddy Miller as the featherweight champion of the world. Personally, I believe that this is a terrible mistake on their part, in view of the wonderful record which Freddy Miller has piled up in the last two years.

I believe that you, as Ambassador Extraordinary, should advise these people that even should they make some sort of working agreement with New York State, they should also have a strong, binding affiliation with the National Boxing Association of America, for I am sure that you fully realize that the objective of the N. B. A. as well as that of the New York State Athletic Commission, is clean, honest bouts, well matched, and the protection of the public for the good of boxing.

This morning, I received a long letter from the Jamaica Boxing Board of Control, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., signed by the honorable secretary, Martin G. Smith.

I am replying to this letter within the next few days, and trust that some real, constructive benefits will be the result.

I want you to believe me when I tell you that I very much appreciate, for the good of boxing, the splendid work which you accomplished on this recent trip.

NATIONAL BOXING ASSOCIATION,
EDWARD C. FOSTER,
Executive Secretary.

* * *

THE writer, who has been a constant reader of THE RING and who, with thousands of other faithful fight fans, considers it the "tops," wishes to express his thanks for the splendid work that you have accomplished in keeping the standard of the sport we all love on a higher scale than we could hope for otherwise. Your battle against the "evil that is within us" is deserving of the praise of all fight fans and it is the writer's humble opinion that events to come will prove more than anything else the value of your work.

I have been associated with boxing in a great many ways, as fighter (not so good), manager (who never took a cut), promoter (who lost his shirt), and last, as Commissioner without portfolio for Nevada, and as such I have seen a great number of fighters, some as bad as I was and some quite good. Of all the fighters that it has been my pleasure to watch in the last twenty years, there is one boy who in my mind stands out heads and shoulders above anything I have seen in action. He fought for me twice and both times sent the fans out talking to themselves. I have seen his name in THE RING and Eddie Borden was right when he said that Henry Armstrong was wasted on the Pacific Coast.

I have seen him fight Midget Wolgast, Davy Abad, Varias Milling, driving to Los Angeles and Oakland to see these fights, and at no time have I seen him really extended. He fought twice for me in Reno, the first time meeting Alton Black, a tough, slugging southpaw, who at that time was Nevada and inter-mountain featherweight champion. Armstrong was then California and Pacific Northwest featherweight champion. All titles were at stake and I had made a beautiful belt, not as grand as the ones you give so generously, but a belt worth fighting for.

Armstrong was given a tough battle by Black, who is considered as hard a hitter as most welterweights and who is good enough to give fighters like Baby Manuel a sweet licking, but the thing that impressed me the most was that he took Black's hardest punches, which never failed to at least drop the receiver, without taking a backward step, and as the fight went on, stepped up the tempo until his arms and legs were in constant motion. Not once did he stop throwing gloves, and finally the referee, Tony Poloni by the way, stopped the fight in the eighth round, due to bad cuts over Black's eyes.

The re-match, a fifteen-rounder, which took place three months later, was a ringer for the previous one, ending in the same round, with Black hurt by short hooks to the body and head.

It is the writer's opinion that if Armstrong were to show in the Garden he would prove a sensation, and how the powers that be can announce an elimination tourney and omit Armstrong's name, is beyond my comprehension. I have seen Miller, Arizmendi and Casanova fight, and I feel safe in saying that Armstrong would beat Miller and stop the other two easily. Armstrong's defeat of Wolgast was a thing of beauty to watch and even that Pogo master could not stand off that relentless assault, which was featured by his dropping Wolgast for a count twice and having him in a bad way several times.

With kindest personal regards and a bigger and better circulation than ever before, I am,

GEORGE S. GRIFFING,
Reno, Nevada.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. Please type your letter, if possible, and write only on one side of the sheet.

* * *

MIGHT I take up a little of your precious time to tell you how I enjoy to the full reading your monthly issues of THE RING. The first time I purchased your paper I turned over the cover to read the following: "THE RING is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table, safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter either in the text or advertisements which would be offensive. It is entertaining and it is clean."

This paragraph impressed me deeply and I most heartily congratulate you on this matter. It is indeed, as you state, "A reputation to be guarded jealously." THE RING is as entertaining as it is clean. How I look forward every month to reading its contents.

I may be incorrect in stating that there is a meagre distribution of your splendid magazine here in Belfast. But I am doing my best to spread its popularity by passing on my copy when finished devouring its contents.

I also take this opportunity to congratulate you on your open letter to the American Olympic Committee. I only hope Ireland takes the same procedure in this matter. I will conclude, wishing you and your magazine further success in this year 1936.

A READER,
4 Rockville St., Falls Road, Belfast, Ireland.

I HAVE been an ardent reader of your wonderful magazine for a good many years. It is the best boxing and wrestling magazine I know of.

In a recent issue I saw where somebody said that Dempsey was the greatest fighter of all times. I disagree with him in his opinion, for I think that John L. Sullivan was the greatest fighter of all time. It shows how much he knows when he says that Sullivan was slow. What a laugh! This is why I think Sullivan was the best:

Corbett—Sullivan, in his prime, could easily have broken through Corbett's defense and put over the knockout blow.

Fitzsimmons—This would be a snap for Sullivan. Fitz would only have lasted a round or two.

Jeffries—Sullivan held too much dynamite for Jeffries. Sullivan registered the hardest punch ever recorded (1900). Jeffries was next (1500).

Burns—No comparison. It would have taken Sullivan one round to settle Tommy.

Johnson—He and Sullivan would have made a great fight, but Sullivan would have broken down Johnson's defense with a volley of terrific punches and would have beaten him.

Willard—An easy mark for Sullivan.

Dempsey—It would not have been a hard fight for Sullivan. Before the fourth round, Dempsey's shoulders would have been gracing the canvas.

Tunney—Same as for Corbett.

I pick "John L." all the way.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Lawrence, Mass.

* * *

HERE is something your readers can argue about. I think at least it gives food for thought. How about it?

CLEVEREST BOXERS

Heavyweights, James J. Corbett and Gene Tunney; light-heavyweights, Tommy Loughran and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien; middleweights, Mike Gibbons and Tommy Ryan; welterweights, Packey McFarland and Jack Britton; lightweights, Joe Gans and Benny Leonard; featherweights, Young Griffo and Abe Attell; bantamweights, George Dixon and Johnny Coulon; flyweights, Jimmy Wilde and Frankie Genaro.

FASTEST FIGHTERS

Heavyweights, Jack Dempsey and James J. Corbett; light-heavyweights, Georges Carpentier and Jimmy Slattery; middleweights, Stanley Ketchel and Nonpareil Jack Dempsey; welterweights, Mysterious Billy Smith and Mickey Walker; lightweights, Johnny Dundee and Frank Erne; featherweights, Young Griffo and Billy Murphy; bantamweights, Terry McGovern and Jimmy Barry; flyweights, Midget Wolgast and Black Bill.

HARDEST HITTERS

Heavyweights, Jack Dempsey and James J. Jeffries; light-heavyweights, Georges Carpentier and Paul Berlenbach; middleweights, Stanley Ketchel and Billy Papke; welterweights, Joe Walcott and Jimmy McLarnin; lightweights, Benny Leonard and Aurelia Herrera; featherweights, Dal Hawkins and George Chaney; bantamweights, Terry McGovern and Kid Williams; flyweights, Jimmy Wilde and Pancho Villa.

TOUGHEST FIGHTERS

Heavyweights, James J. Jeffries and Tom Sharkey; light-heavyweights, Paul Berlenbach and Joe Choynski; middleweights, Joe Grim and Mike O'Dowd; welterweights, Mysterious Billy Smith and Matty Matthews; lightweights, Battling Nelson and Kid Lavigne; featherweights, Oscar Gardner and Eugene Criqui; bantamweights, Jimmy Barry and Kid Williams; flyweights, Pancho Villa and Bobby Wolgast.

I am rating only those who are retired, hence the failure of Joe Louis to appear in the picture.

GEORGE J. CHRISTENER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

I HAVE been a reader and an admirer of your splendid publication, THE RING, for more than twelve years now. There can be no doubt that it is the greatest magazine of its kind in the world. Your editorials are superb, and you have always been fair and square in your appraisals and criticisms. In fact, your entire staff cannot be praised too highly.

You know that up to now I have not found any cause to criticize any of the fine articles in THE RING. However, I must say something about the very silly article, "Untold Chapters of the Life of Joe Louis," by Floyd Tillery, in your May issue. While Mr. Tillery is very good so far as style is concerned, he gets off with a lot of ridiculous statements in this article in trying to show that Louis has white and Indian blood in his veins.

I'm not denying that he has. But what of it, if this is true? That isn't why he is a great fighter. He's great because he has developed himself into a good fighter, and I don't think that race has a thing to do with his greatness. After all, we are a nation with considerable mixtures. There are not many pure Negroes or pure Caucasians in this country. Our native-born come from sturdy stock that contains blood mixtures—history proves that.

Most of the Negroes we see in the South are not pure Negroes. They have a mixture of Indian and Negro blood and the majority are mulattoes. Can it be that Mr. Tillery is trying to tell us the reason for Joe Louis' hitting powers rests in his blood mixture? Nonsense!

I know that the Editor of this publication is responsible for the statements of his writers only to the extent of permitting their stories to appear as written by them, hence I'm finding no fault with THE RING or its Editor, but as a Southerner who knows his people, I'm trying to rectify a misstatement made by Mr. Tillery—or at least, a misjudgment.

We realize that the Negro is no better or worse than any other race and that, if he is given a chance, he will make good. We know that it does not matter whether one is entirely white or jet-black in order to be great. Some of my friends state that you will not publish this letter in THE RING, but I do not agree with them. You are too fair and fearless and I'm sure you'll let this go in the "Letter Box."

JAMES J. HART, JR.,
New Orleans, La.

* * *

I AM writing this letter to congratulate you on the fourteenth anniversary. THE RING is a grand magazine. Way over here in Denmark, I get THE RING every month. I got it regularly in Canada for six years, and when I got back here in Denmark, the first thing I got hold of was THE RING. Al Brown is here in Copenhagen, not boxing, but working as a singer and dancer. He came here from Oslo, Norway, after losing to Sanstol.

HANS JORGENSEN,
Copenhagen, Denmark.

* * *

I HAVE been a reader of your book, THE RING, for eight years and I'll say it takes a bit of beating. It is the world's premier boxing and wrestling magazine, without a doubt.

My reason for writing is to tell you of my admiration for some of the American boys who have recently appeared over here. I have seen the following boys fighting: First, the one and only Freddy Miller, Kayo Morgan, Phil Zwick, Vernon Cormier, and Claude Varner. I saw Freddy Miller at the Adelphi Club, Glasgow, fighting Gilbert Johnston. It was a pretty close thing, although it was plain that Miller was taking it easy. I can only say that he's a marvel. We call him the "Cincinnati Cyclone" over here. Only one thing I would like to say before we go any further. Some American critics seem to think that Freddy blew all his opponents down over here, which is hardly the case, as he did not get it all his own way with Jimmy Walsh, Benny Caplin, Joe Connolly, Douglass Kestral and Nel Tarleton. Re his second fight with Tarleton, half a point separated the men at the finish, so you can see that Nel isn't half bad.

Last but not least we come to a part of this letter which, I believe, is the most important of all. It is just this. All the American boys who have recently visited this country, and those here at present, have all been splendid sportsmen, and all have acquitted themselves as gentlemen should.

A. N. POLLOCK,
Glasgow, Scotland.

Jack Dempsey

WHAT ARE THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS OF A

REAL MAN?

People realize today that, to be a real man, requires more than just physical strength. A keen mind, ability to think quickly, self-confidence and courage, poise and alertness are necessary in addition to well-developed and trained muscles. There is a way open to every man and youth whereby he can become a real, upstanding man as described above.

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That sounds like a pretty broad statement, doesn't it? But it's a fact. There is a system by which you can develop and school your muscles and, at the same time, cultivate poise, alertness, quick thinking and self-confidence right in your own home. Hundreds have already done it. How? Through

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A Home Course in Scientific Boxing & Health Building

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My course teaches you how to make your punches effective. The proper time and place to deliver jabs, hooks, uppercuts, etc. How to successfully defend yourself and handle bigger men. How to be aggressive without fighting blindly or wildly. In fact, everything from **"How to Make a Fist"** to **"Ring Generalship."**

Also special exercises to develop the muscles, strengthen weak parts, straighten shoulders and back, raise the chest and correct general defects in physique. What to eat, how to eat, how to reduce or increase weight.

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An ideal course for those who want to become amateurs as well as for those who want to become pro boxers and those who merely want to learn the art of self-defense.

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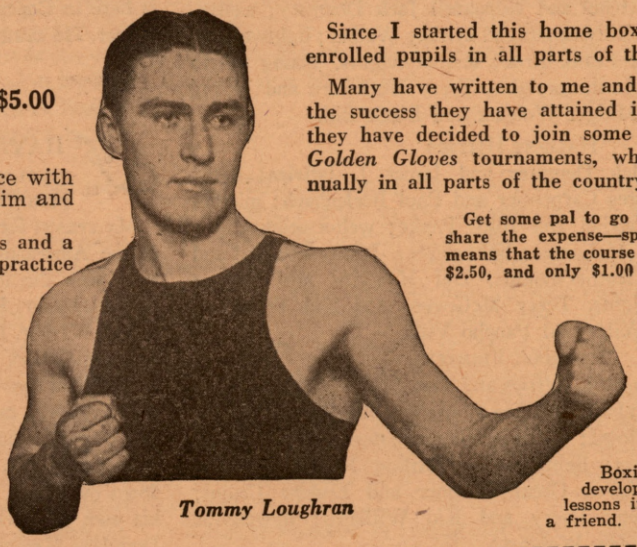
You split the fee in paying for the course, the trunks and gym shirts to start you. And —for only $1.00 extra, your pal can also get the full boxing course for himself, the same as you are to receive.

Even if you don't intend to box as an amateur or pro, you'll enjoy knowing how to box.



Tommy Loughran

Since I started this home boxing course, I have enrolled pupils in all parts of the world.

Many have written to me and told me that after the success they have attained in amateur contests, they have decided to join some club and enter the *Golden Gloves* tournaments, which are staged annually in all parts of the country.

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the nine booklets the same as you are to get.

Study Together and Train Together

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

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The greatest fighter of modern times.

TONY CANZONERI
Holder of three championships.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN
The Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing.

Now you know why this course, in my opinion, hits the bull's eye from every angle.

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IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Hazelton—Before a packed house at Feely Hall, Tiger Harris, clever light-heavyweight from Philadelphia, punched out an eight-round decision over Jimmy Herman, veteran Hazleton scrapper. Harris, a colored ringman, should go far in his chosen profession under the management of Max "Boo Boo" Hoff, who accompanied him for his bout here. In the six-round semi-windup, Willie Hoppe of Exeter easily defeated Chester Martin in six rounds. In the other bouts Johnny Greycar won by a T.K.O. over Johnny Vandurek in one round. Vandurek suffered a badly cut eye due to a head butt. Joe Reiley of Scranton dropped a close decision to Mickey Belletere. In the opening bout of four rounds, Vic Ford drew with Billy Speidell.

In another show at Feely Hall, Chester Palutis, highly rated light-heavy from Scranton, was defeated by Henry Taylor in the eight-round windup. In the semi, Vic Ford of Kulpmont drew with Joe Dugan, Wilkesbarre, in six fast rounds. In the other bouts, Chester Martin defeated Jackie Stone. Mickey Belletere of Hazleton lost to Billy Speidell. Bobby Dean of Wilkesbarre kayoed Jackie Mitchell (four rounds). Chick Feldman, sports editor of the *Scrantonion*, headed a delegation of Scranton fans to witness the show, which was full of action.

At Wilkesbarre—Bob Moody, protege of Joe Netro and sparring partner of Joe Louis, kayoed Vic Meadows in the third of their scheduled ten-round star bout. In the semi, Eddie Carroll, classy Canadian lightweight, won an easy six-round decision over Tony Stetz of Wilkesbarre. In the other bouts, Joey Lagrey, New York City, drew with Tony Tozzo of Buffalo, six rounds. Steve Gatcha was held to a draw in his six-round bout with Meyer Alpert of New York . . . . Nick Allopeck won by a one-round T.K.O. over Larry Esposito.

At Scranton—The grunters are still holding the spotlight with three shows being staged here in the past month. In the featured matches, Gus Sonnenberg pinned Joe Dusek, Joe Savoldi flattened Emil Dusek, while Hank Barber pinned Mike Mazurki. By the time this column goes to press, Promoter Hank Stezar will resume his boxing activities.

At Thornhurst C.C.C. camp—Pete Susky's array of amateur boxers defeated the C.C.C. boys in four out of seven bouts. In the feature bout, Joe Downey of Scranton won from Paul Connolly. Jack Evans, Scranton, defeated Kid O'Niel. Joe Rusiki, Thornhurst, outpointed Gene Corbett, Minooka. Jack Munley, Old Forge, kayoed Walter Zubick of Thornhurst in one round. Andy Pompey, Scranton, decisioned Dean Kushman. Chick Barnaba, Thornhurst, drew with Ray Coyne, Scranton. Johnny Coma, Thornhurst, kayoed Pat Corbett of Minooka. Susky's boys represent Lackawanna County, of which he is physical director.

Cliff Bent is doing wonders with the Duca brothers, Johnny, Joe and Mickey. All three are consistent winners. At the last show in Harrisburg, Johnny Duca knocked out Jimmy Belmont of Pittsburgh in five rounds in the main bout. Mickey and Joe also emerged victors in their respective bouts on the same show.

JUST RAMBLING—"Irish" Joe Nealon, rugged Scranton lightweight, fought a sensational six-round draw with Tony Greb at Bingo. Nealon looks like the best thing in the Coal Regions . . . . Chester Palutis, Scranton, defeated Earl Conway at Buffalo . . . . Eddie McGeever, Scranton, defeated Johnny Bellus, drew with Danny Koplick, and lost to Eddie Carroll . . . . Eddie Brink of Scranton lost by a T.K.O. to Indian Hurtado . . . . Wildcat O'Connor, Forrest City, won from Six Second Powell and Jay Macedon . . . . Jack Downey, Scranton heavyweight, kayoed Jose La Rico in two at Bingo . . . . Al Lewis, Scranton Speedball, sustained a cut eye in the fourth round in his bout with Midget Doyle at Bingo. Lewis was out in front when hostilities were stopped due to his bad orb.

Luke Beattie, Delta light-heavy, is now fighting out of the Three Star Hennessey stable. Beattie has met Joe Duca, Jim Baker, Mickey Landis, Spib Styer, Larry Wagner and others . . . . Johnny Leonard and Joe Sweeney are back from the Coast . . . . Scotty Hemphill is making the matches at Harrisburg and Lancaster . . . . Jack Reno is trying to build up some local talent for his Hazleton club . . . . Three Star Hennessey is still looking for a good middleweight. Any boxer who wants to work steady in the Coal Fields should get in touch with him at Scranton . . . . Al Stern, Bingo promoter, is playing to capacity crowds . . . . Joe Downey is a brother to Jack Downey, big Scranton coal miner, and looks good. Joe weighs 175 pounds and stands six feet six inches, and is only sixteen years old . . . . Willie Hoppe, Exeter welter, is now a bluecoat in his home town . . . . Johnny Coyne, former amateur champ, is now living and boxing around Johnson City . . . . The Pennsylvania Boxing Commission is planning a home for all washed-up fighters who are destitute. The site of the institution is to be Philadelphia . . . . Any promoter who would like to use Coal Region fighters should contact Three Star Hennessey . . . . THE RING Magazine is on sale at most newsstands. When in Scranton you can purchase THE RING at Bo's Smoke Shop.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

BUSHY GRAHAM scored a technical knockout over Tony Herrera, lanky Mexican lightweight, in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout at the Arena. Flashing all his old-time speed and punch, Bushy swarmed all over the veteran Mexican ring general, laying in terrific left-hooks to the head and hard, fast rights to the body. A vicious right opened a deep gash over Tony's eye in the first, and the wound bled profusely. The Utica dancing master floored Herrera three times in the second round with a volley of lefts and rights, and Referee Jack Michaels stopped the uneven contest with Tony sitting on the floor.

Joey Brown turned in one of his best fights to earn a draw after six rounds of milling with Johnny Alba, the Filipino buzzsaw, in the semi-final. Ralph DeJohn, Syracuse light-heavyweight prospect, knocked out Freddie Sallus, also a Syracusan, in three rounds. Leo Stupp, Benson Mines heavyweight hopeful, flattened Jack Downey of Scranton in one. Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse Negro, outslugged Jack Mogren of Whitesboro to win the four-round opener.

Eddie (Babe) Risko, world's middleweight champion, defeated Mike Payan in a fast ten-round bout at San Diego, Calif. A score of the Babe's former shipmates watched him batter Payan from pillar to post, and cheered him all the way. After the battle the gobs staged a party for the Babe and his sartorially correct manager, Gabe Genovese, in one of the San Diego hot spots. Gabe is said to have invested a small fortune in Hollywood tailored clothes, and will be an eye-filling spectacle when he returns to the home town to strut his stuff on the main stem—South Salina Street.

Bob Moody, Eddie Gallagher's brownskin heavyweight with the picture build, and plenty of fistic ability to go with it, is on a win rampage again. Moody knocked out Allen Meadows of New York in three rounds at Wilkesbarre. A couple of weeks later Bob went to Buffalo and knocked out Red Brennan of Niagara Falls at Charlie Murray's club in less than a round.

Billy Munico, Auburn middleweight, won and lost to Jackie Flowers, Clinton Negro, in different New England hamlets. Munico decisioned Flowers at Fairmount, N. H., in ten rounds, and lost to Jackie in ten at Bennington, Vt.

Ralph DeJohn beat Ray Steen and Tommy O'Brien at Buffalo. Ralph is improving with every start, and makes a hit wherever he appears. A well built youngster, fast, clever and a good puncher, DeJohn has everything to make the grade with the right handling.

Babe Amos had an easy time outpointing Nick Dorsey of Endicott in a six-round wind-up at Binghamton.

Benny Leonard, former lightweight champion of the world, was guest referee and master of ceremonies at Joe Feldy's Elmira amateur club. Benny made a big hit with everyone, and his stories and predictions on the results of the forthcoming big fights were well received. Leonard likes Louis against Schmeling, believing Joe will stop Max inside of six rounds, but thinks Braddock will give Louis a tough fight.

The amateurs are growing in popularity every week in Syracuse. Bert Courage, Hobart College light-heavyweight, is the big noise among the Simon-pures these days. Courage, the son of Rev. W. H. Courage, prominent Utica minister, has compiled nineteen knockouts in twenty-six starts. Bert is a big, rangy fellow, weighing around 174 pounds, and hits with paralyzing effect with a left hook. He can take a punch as well as hand them out, and appears to be going places in the boxing game.

Jack Herman is staging pro wrestling cards at the armory in Elmira . . . . Steve Halaiko, one-time lightweight contender, says he has hung up the gloves and will act as director of bouts for the Chemung Valley Amateur Athletic Association at Elmira . . . . Bill Weinsten, who wintered in Florida, saw the Freddie Miller-Petey Sarron fight and says Miller should have been given the fight on a foul long before the tenth heat . . . . Weinstein said Sarron repeatedly struck the little featherweight champ low . . . . Marc Buckland is promoting the local Arena pro fights . . . . Eddie Dempsey is now an athletic instructor at the Y.M.C.A. . . . . Harvey Lacelle, brilliant Ottawa bantamweight, is going great guns in this section . . . . Bob Kenefick, Jr., son of the well-known sports editor, is a handball enthusiast . . . . Al Stern is putting on good fights at Binghamton and drawing nice houses . . . . Al is a druggist, but likes the fight game, and is popular with Southern Tier ringworms . . . . Joe Moran is refereeing amateur bouts . . . . Jack Corbett's Syracuse

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Signed: GEORGE F. JOWETT

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

WORDS cannot adequately describe the masterpiece which was staged at Madison Square Garden with Tony Canzoneri and Jimmy McLarnin as the principals. Drama replete with excitement abounded in each of the ten sessions and the fight will go down in the annals of ring history among those never-to-be-forgotten ring epics.

Both men are in the center of the ring receiving instructions from Referee Arthur Donovan. The microphone is suspended low, having been previously used by Joe Humphries in his eloquent introductions of the two principals. Whoever was in charge of the hoisting of the amplifier after its use forgets to raise it. Donovan instructs both men to shake hands now and then go to their corners.

Canzoneri turns about to return to his corner and is struck on the temple by the hanging mike. He walks away stunned and begins rubbing his eye. He asks Manager Sammy Goldman if his eye is cut and Goldman looks at him in amazement. Canzoneri is still a trifle dazed but returns to his corner and there awaits the opening gong.

How he ever survived the first round is a complete mystery to the assembled spectators. He took some jaw-breaking jolts which shook him to his heels. He was battered around the body unmercifully and people were beginning to make an exit. The spectacle of watching Canzoneri take his first knockout was not a pleasant vision. It was like watching Jack Dempsey batter around some helpless victim. There was no retaliation by Canzoneri and he was the recipient of blows until the bell sounded the finish of the round.

Tony, belied his condition, dashed out of his corner for the second round to meet McLarnin. He takes the play from Jimmy with a barrage of left jabs, hooks and completing bewildering McLarnin with the fury of his attack. A sharp left hook and down goes Jimmy. He gets up without a count and Tony continues the assault. The tide of battle has completely switched and the assemblage has turned into a noisy, maddening throng. Bedlam broke loose and the spectators united in a solid mass in giving Canzoneri the greatest ovation that any single athlete received when the round was over.

From that period on Canzoneri was a spark of lightning. He danced, feinted, sidestepped into making Jimmy look like an novice, and in the meantime was giving Jimmy a thorough pasting. The ninth round found Tony stepping on the gas and giving McLarnin such a two fisted beating that it seemed inevitable that Jimmy would be carried out. He showed rare courage in absorbing the whipping and one wondered what was holding him up. It is possible that had Jimmy gone down from that flock of punches he would have been too exhausted to arise. Tony continued the assault in the finishing round and Jimmy barely finished the full distance.

Ring history was indelibly enscrolled with Canzoneri, justifiably emerging as one of the most amazing figures in ring history. After twelve years of arduous campaigning, Canzoneri has finally been recognized by the critics as a super-great fighter. Bill Corum in the New York Journal aptly finished his story with "Canzoneri started on courage and McLarnin finished on it."

Some of the boys from Chicago who have followed Tony's career since he fought Bud Taylor there arrived in time to pick up some lucrative profits on their investment. Babe Barron, Dingy Halper, Jim Mullen, Tom De Pino, Joey Jacobson and a number of others took plenty of eight and nine to five with some of them wagering 1 to 4 that Tony would score a knockout. Such loyalty was rewarded and those wagering on a knockout got a good run for their money—The critics were again given a kicking around by the result. Most of them had picked McLarnin by a knockout and the only Canzoneri pickers were Al Buck of the New York Post, Marcus Griffin, The Sunday Enquirer, Art Leamond, Morning Telegraph, Charley Vackner, Brooklyn Times Union, and Mark Hellinger, feature writer on the New York Mirror and American. Sam Taub and Nat Fleischer, in their broadcasting selections both had Tony the winner by a decision.

Leo Kelly, the colored Deacon from San Francisco, went to Australia when the action was quiet on the Coast, but now wouldn't exchange his present surroundings for the world. In his recent start he scored a big upset by stopping Ambrose Palmer in twelve rounds and thereby preventing a match between Palmer and Rosenbloom who had sailed to meet Palmer on a $5000 guarantee. When Maxey got there with his purse rather short, he found out that the golden egg had exploded. The chances are that Maxey will now clash with Kelly—It looks like a sure thing that Barney Ross will defend his welterweight title against Jack Carroll in Kangarooland. Charley Lucas came here to clinch the match and after a few obstacles are overcome he is certain to have the signed contract of Ross in his pocket. This international match will create plenty of attention.

Whitey Eckwert has deserted Chicago for the more rosier climate of Hollywood—He left with Johnny Pacek, a young heavyweight, and Moon Mullins, classy featherweight, and will join the supreme of all beings, King Levinsky—The success that Joe Waterman has enjoyed since coming into the Olympic in Los Angeles has started the gossipers into saying that he is due to step into the Hollywood Legion as the next matchmaker—There has been so much dissatisfaction among the Legionaires ever since Waterman's success, that the blame has been shifted to many quarters—Gene Vinassa removed himself from the Coast temporarily to handle the publicity for Frankie Gatto's fistic enterprises in Kansas City—Frank Jurgeson, who promotes boxing shows in Charleston, S. C. is also the owner of a finely equipped, up-to-date gymnasium for the convenience of the boys passing through—He is also handling a large stable of mitt-wielders.

Sonny Jones, Vancouver, British Columbia, welterweight, got off to a good start in New York by defeating Andrea Jesserun, former Golden Glove champion—Jesserun followed up with a victory over George Salvatore—Lew Massey got a tough break when he floored Ervin Berlier four times in their recent New Orleans battle only to lose the decision—Davey Finn, English lightweight, who changed his name to Fine, has had nothing but misfortune since landing on these shores. He came here with an impressive record but seems to be infested with a jinx. He is young and ambitious and is still determined to show the American fans that he can fight. Harry "Spitzel" Goodman, Fine's manager, has not lost faith in Fine and believes that he will yet come through.

Young Peter Jackson stopped the winning streak of Glen Lee by giving him a good beating on the Coast recently—Wally Hally, the pride and joy of Jerry Pelton's heart, redeemed himself by scoring a four round knockout over Abie Israel in their return match—The first decision in favor of Hally met with disapproval so Badly insisted on a return go—Hally is now the biggest thing on the Coast among the smaller fellows and he with Arizmendi would be responsible for another S.R.O. at the Olympic—The preliminaries on the Canzoneri-McLarnin card were the worst imaginable and the least said about them, the better—Jack Carignan is now handling Jack Tebo, who won claim to the Canadian heavyweight title by scoring a kayo over Steve Trojack in two rounds.

Billy Celebron, Chicago welterweight contender, enjoyed a good run in New York when he scored a technical knockout over Cleto Locatelli in the tenth round of their St. Nicholas Palace bout—It was a big upset and it gained Celebron the honor of Contender No. 1 in this state for the time being—He then took on Izzy Jannazzo who was recently beaten by Locatelli and at the end of ten rounds Celebron was the loser on points—It was a fine victory for Jannazzo and very expensive for Sammy Mandell's protege—Locatelli's eye was so badly injured that the referee stopped the fight—Pedro Montanez made another appearance at a small club, The Star Casino, and disposed of Lou Jallos in seven rounds—Montanez has been a life saver for the smaller clubs and he did not disappoint his public—Ross Fields, former southpaw bantamweight from Weirton, W. Va. has opened a tavern in Weirton with Bud Creesy, local manager, as his partner.

Leroy Haynes kept up the good work by stiffening Natie Brown in two rounds in Philadelphia, a feat that Joe Louis was unable to accomplish in ten—A formidable array of negro heavyweights have been developed in the past year and Louis has been solely responsible—Headed by Louis, there are—Leroy Haynes, Lorenzo Pack, Otis Thomas, Charley Coates, Jack Trommell, Eddie Blunt, Tiger Joe Walcott and Gene Mickens—Jack Sharkey continued his comeback against Tony Shucco but fared better on this occasion. He was given a draw in the bout, although the referee decided in his favor—Slim Brennan is now training Joe Knight down south—Al Silva, coming welterweight, scored over Tony Falco at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn—Silva is coming along nicely—Indian Hurtado turned in a credible victory when he disposed of Eddie Brink in the sixth round at the Coliseum.

Hurtado followed the Brink battle by taking on Frankie Klick and was on the losing end of the decision although he was 4 to 1 favorite in the betting. The St. Nicholas Palace has been responsible for some expensive upsets in the past few months—Al Gainer, New Haven light-heavyweight, is coming on strongly with each bout. He disposed of two rugged opponents in the month by kayoing George Nichols and John Anderson in the ninth round—Dave Crowley, English featherweight, made his debut in this country at the Star Casino—He whipped Al Gillette, although he was floored in the first round—Norman Snow, his stablemate, kayoed Paola in the third round on the same card—Julie Katz triumphed over Andre Savilla and Al Demedowitz kayoed Paul Jones in the third round—Lew Feldman scored over Johnny Toomey at the Laurel Gardens, subbing at the last minute for Al Roth.

Pedro Montanez attracted another capacity crowd at the St. Nick's when he scored decisively over Aldo Spoldi, Italian lightweight—Pedro carried too many guns for his plucky opponent who tried hard enough but couldn't make any headway—Steve Dudas floored Isadoro Gastanaga for a count of nine at the Ridgewood Grove and rushed in wildly to finish him but Gastanaga beat him to it by crashing a right hander on Steve's jaw and down went Steve—Steve arose and ran into another punch which put him down. Another knockdown and the fight was stopped—All this excitement happened in the first minute of the first round which will give you an idea as to the excitement it created—Oddity in the news—There is a promoter in Belfast, Ireland, by the name of Frank Goldstein and he is doing very nicely—Leo Levitt is taking a cruise around the world with his latest protege—Small Montana—Lew Brix was laid up for several months due to an injured toe but is progressing and expects to get Sixto Escobar started for a busy summer campaign—Now that Balcasar Sangchili has arrived the feathers should fly in the bantamweight class.

George Sheppard went to Butte with Charley Gomer and after he gets through with Hubert Dennis, he expects to leave for Mexico City to tangle with Young Casanova—Tony Palazolo has the inside track on the services of Phil Brubaker on the Coast and knows how to nurse his potential drawing cards—Fred Apostoli is the latest to come through with a victory over Babe Risko—Apostoli is a former bell-hop but has showed signs of future greatness—Lee Lewis, former newspaperman, is doing the publicity for the Olympic in Los Angeles, since the disagreement between Billy Miller and Lew Daro.

Freddy Miller was the first title-holder to go down to defeat during the year. He was beaten by Petey Sarron in a fifteen-round encounter at Washington, but it was by a slim margin. Heinie Miller was responsible for the promotion of the show, which was the annual benefit for the Metropolitan Boys' Association of Washington. Miller was given a $10,000 guarantee while Sarron was paid $1,500, and it left a good-sized sum for that worthy cause. Miller, apparently, did not train too hard because he had difficulty in making 126 pounds and had to shave some excess weight at the last moment. Miller, ordinarily, can make 124 pounds without any trouble.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

"SWEDE" BERGLUND, San Diego middleweight, had no trouble defeating Young Stuhley in their ten-round main event at Hollywood Legion Stadium. Berglund floored the Chicago middleweight four times, twice in the third, again in the fifth and the last time in the sixth heat. A murderous body attack caused Stuhley's downfall.

Frank Rowsey, a short ender against Charles "Killer" Coates, defeated the Ohio Negro in a ten-rounder at the Olympic that drew a net gate of $6,672. Coates hurt his hand in the second round. It was his right mitt, which carries all the TNT in it. The injury will put Coates on the sidelines for at least three months.

Rock Eisen, alias the "Patent Leather Kid" of boxing, has a promising Mexican featherweight in Los Angeles named Rudy Villa. The Latin won the California amateur featherweight title and as we mailed in this column had chalked up six wins in a row as a "pro."

Bill Miller's Butch Rogers pounded out a hard fought ten-round victory over Lee Savoldi of St. Paul, Minn., at San Diego. Rogers made a big hit with border city fans.

Joe Bernal, highly touted Frisco welterweight, like the bay between his home town and Oakland, proved all wet in his Los Angeles debut at Olympic against Leon Zoritta, Negro high school boy. Zoritta won nine of the ten heats. On the same show, Wally Hally scored a four-round knockout over Abie Israel, Seattle featherweight. Israel hit the deck four times. Hally looked like a miniature Ace Hudkins against the Hebrew flash. He all but murdered Abie. Jerry Pelton is now in line to get a crack at Baby Arizmendi for his little blond battler.

Sonny Valdez, the Tucson, Ariz., Mexican featherweight, returned from Honolulu with his manager, George Blake. In stopping the rugged Filipino, Demon Barcelona, on the Zoritta-Bernal card at the Olympic, the Latin displayed a devastating sock, plus a cool head. He is a much-improved fighter than before he left for the Islands six months ago. Joe LaBarba, brother of Fidel LaBarba, trains the boy for Blake.

Phil Brubaker had little trouble winning over Abie Feldman in their ten-rounder at San Francisco. The "gate" fell way below expectations. The net was $5,600.

Bud Taylor, perhaps the most popular fighter who ever appeared in southern California rings, plans to take out a referee's license during July. Thousands of fans who thrilled to his great fights, particularly those with Joey Sangor and Jimmy McLarnin, will welcome him back. Bud has been taking off weight. He dropped from 181 to 162 in three weeks.

Bob Nestell, Gus Wilson's sharp-shooting young heavyweight, stiffened Pablo Marquez of Mexico in four rounds at Hollywood. The former Golden Glove heavyweight king of the Coast will soon be rewarded with a main event at the film city arena.

DOTS AND DASHES—Al Manfredo gave Jimmy Berris a sound belting to win a ten-round decision in their San Francisco bout . . . . the Fresno welterweight plans an invasion of Eastern rings during the fall . . . . Freddie Steele gave Tony Fisher an artistic belting in their ten-rounder at Seattle . . . . the Tacoma boy won easily, and had Fisher on the verge of a knockout in the final frame . . . . Jack Dempsey's Grill, operated by several parties since Jack Dempsey sold out his interest in the hotel and cafe a few years ago, has closed for a few months . . . . there is some talk that Bob Perry, well-known Hollywood sportsman, and George Zaharias, the Greek burper, may join hands and reopen the spot during the fall months.

Hank Hankinson made a fine comeback before the Los Angeles fans when he stiffened Karl Walker, German importation, before a crowded house at the Olympic. It was a sensational affair while it lasted, and Hank dropped his man four times before the finish. If this huge Swede can only be relied upon to keep in proper condition he is the best for a Joe Louis invasion on the Coast. He has a big following and the power of his punch has been demonstrated on many past occasions. He was the only one who really whipped Maxey Rosenbloom decisively—beating him at the American Legion in Hollywood and also in Oakland.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get plenty of action on the Coast with Al Lang, c/o Willie Orner's gymnasium, 319 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

RING NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA

BY BERT COHEN

WRESTLING in South Africa has now virtually closed down—temporarily at least—and the boxing season will soon be in full swing.

The first big boxing show will be the clash between Laurie Stevens, South Africa's unbeaten Empire lightweight champ, and contender for the world's lightweight crown, and Phil Zwick, hard-hitting American.

After a spell of inactivity, Stevens now has plenty of work ahead of him. There is a distinct possibility of a visit from Harry Mizler, Tommy Bland or Jimmy Walsh. All these men seek the Empire title.

These fights will serve as a prelude to the big attractions to be served up at the Empire Exhibition to be held in Johannesburg from mid-September to mid-January.

The T.N.S.C., our leading promoting body, seeks the services of evergreen Tony Canzoneri, or, failing him, a world's leading lightweight, to fight Laurie here. This would be a tremendous draw. Besides this attraction, the staging of a world's featherweight title bout in Johannesburg is being planned by a newly-formed promoting body. The new promoters are negotiating with Freddie Miller, world's rightful title-holder, to stage a defense of his title against Willie Smith, South Africa's leading feather, who gave Wohrer, rugged Austrian, a boxing lesson a short while ago.

Willie was rated third in the bantams in THE RING some years ago, and remains as clever as ever. Should Miller make the trip, he will find stern opposition. Willie is still an idol here and the fight would certainly draw a huge gate. Failing Miller, Benny Caplan may make the trip.

Thus big attractions stand out for the future.

JOTTINGS—Ben Foord, South African heavy in England, is still doing well; his engagement has just been announced . . . . South Africa will be well represented in the Olympic boxing—Leibbrandt, light-heavy, who packs a T.N.T. punch; Peltz, hard-hitting middleweight, and Charlie Catterall, British Empire amateur featherweight champ, are our outstanding prospects . . . . Dave Carstens, heavyweight, has sailed for England again . . . . Eddie Maguire, "Panther" Purchase, and Johnny Rust are still campaigning in the British Isles . . . . Eddie Peirce, brilliant South African middle, steps into the top class by virtue of his recent draw with Eric Seelig, crack middleweight, rated sixth in April RING . . . . Watch for Dave Katzen, young Johannesburg flyweight, who looks a sure comer, having beaten already, Alec Knight, South African champ.

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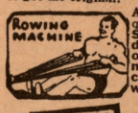

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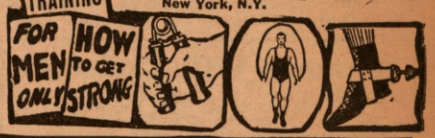

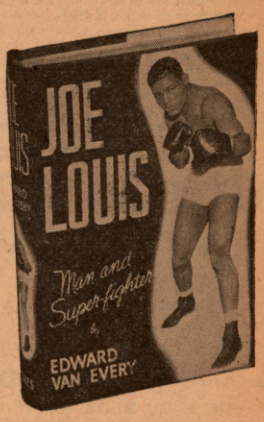

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THAT magnificent, magic name, "Jack Dempsey," still makes the turnstiles click in championship fashion. It was again proved at the Music Hall in Cincinnati when the former heavyweight champion refereed a trio of matches on the tourney one-night card which the House of Katz staged for the particular reason of finding a local territorial representative in Jack's final card in the East this fall.

Not a lot can be written about the Dempsey card in so far as fighting "names" were concerned. The twelve heavyweights which outlined the card fought like Trojans and four of the six bouts ended in knockouts. Joe Mueller, Cinci's heavyweight, won a decision over Scotty Fuller in six; Tony Koenig knocked out Pete Bloier in two; Jack McCoy won on a technical kayo in five over George Reed; Johnny Scoff kayoed Red Allen in four; Kid Neuell kayoed K. O. Peels in one, and Smokey Maggard defeated Seton Van Meter in five. Art Bauer lost to Tiny McClure, the "Truckin' Kid," in a three-round after-final chapter.

Jimmy Vaughan, the Cleveland speedster, halted Tiger Kid Walker on a technical kayo in the sixth round of their slated ten-round mill on the Katz program at Music Hall. In the prelims to the Clevelander's scoring, Seton Van Mater defeated Stanley Petit in six rounds, and Tony Koenig won from Long John in six heats.

Archie Hindman, popular Hagerstown, Ind., fight promoter, returned to active action when he staged his first fight card at Richmond, Ind., and played to fourteen hundred fans, with Jess Calhoun, Cincinnati, and Mutt Schwartz, Columbus, heading the bill, which Calhoun won. Jimmy Shannon, Indianapolis, and Frankie Lockwood, Cincinnati, drew in the six-round semi-final, while in the prelims, George Scheyer drew with Mickey Godwin and Paul Conrad won from Tuffy Stafford.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Joe Basco, manager of Lloyd Pine, is contemplating a trip to Manila, P. I., with his champ, if he can get the right money . . . . I received a beautiful layout of the Sportatorium in Dallas, Texas, which will be devoted to amateur and professional boxing during the Texas Centennial Exposition in the Southern city . . . . thanks to Mr. W. T. Cox, president . . . . the Arena is located within ten blocks of downtown Dallas and will be available for fights around June 1 . . . .A letter from Joe Knight advised me that the Georgia Gentleman is ready to show his stuff in Cincinnati . . . . Pete Gardner of Brooklyn is anxious to connect with some Cincinnati and Ohio boys who would like to fight in the East . . . . Pete can be reached at 220 Avenue I, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . incidentally, Gardner handled the affairs of Jimmy and Joe Finklea when the Cinci boys were over East.

Kenny Manes and Frankie Lockwood were slated to fight for the Indiana lightweight championship on one of Archie Hindman's shows at Richmond . . . . when Archie bills it as a title go, it's original . . . . Hindman knows his boxing, make no mistake of that . . . . Jack Moran, old-time fighter and manager of Indian Tiger West some years ago, is seriously thinking of re-entering the game as a promoter . . . . Jack can be reached at 817 Locust Street in Cincinnati . . . . as the writer intends to change addresses, just drop him a line at 1904 Young Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and mail will be forwarded to him. Heavyweight fighters without any strings attached, get in touch with me at once as I have plenty of work for you.

Here's a boost for my National Boxing Ratings, National Wrestling Ratings, and National Boxing Promoters' Directory, all of which sell for 50 cents in cash each, with enclosed stamp. Mr. W. T. Hall, president of the Sportatorium in Dallas, Texas, which will operate professional and amateur boxing at the Dallas bowl, was one of many latest customers. The Boxing Ratings have the leading fighters, averaging over 1,000 in all divisions from heavyweights to flyweight, the Wrestling Ratings in which 200 of the leading heavyweights, light-heavies, middles and welters are listed, while the Promoters' Directory includes over 350 of the leading fight promoters the world over. Remember, 50 cents each with an enclosed stamp to Jimmie Amann at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O., will get you any of the three listings.

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On one of Archie Hindman's Richmond, Ind., programs, Kenny Bulldog Manes earned his right to a crack at the state 135-pound title when he whipped Jimmy Shannon of Indianapolis in a torrid ten-rounder. K. O. Billy Locks of South Bend chalked up another kayo victory when he slapped Eddie Meredith to sleep, while in another ten-rounder Ohio Lightweight Champion Al George defeated Mickey Goodwin of Columbus. George Scheyer beat Jackie Collins.

Less Huffman's Alabama Kid won a clean-cut verdict over Chocolate Kid at Fairmont, Va., while Bantamweight Champion Lloyd Pine defeated Mickey Brown of Cincinnati.

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

MAYBE Eddie Cool isn't the greatest fighter in the world, but the fans who saw him in his bout last month at Tampa agree that there isn't a gamer or tougher member of the fight clan than this same lanky Cool. Chino Alvarez, the lambasting lightweight from Savannah and Tampa, pummelled him all over the ring for ten rounds and had Cool on the floor on two occasions. Chino, who of late has been flattening all his adversaries, shot plenty of punishment and bombardment at Cool.

As the tenth stanza came about, Eddie, with lips badly bruised and swollen, with eyes cut and his body showing red patches, sailed into Alvarez in the hope that he might land one lucky punch to sustain his impressive record, but though his heart, his mind was willing—his muscles would not correspond, and the mighty Chino did as he pleased.

I MAY BE WRONG, BUT—Eddie Mader, thumping heavyweight via New York, is a great favorite in the nation's capital . . . . The month's nomination for the best prospect below the line which Mason and Dixon made so famous, is Larraping Tommy Keene, 125-pounder from Savannah, Ga. . . . . Joe Louis, the Alabamie boy who made good in the big city, added nearly $500,000 to his coffers last year . . . . Not bad, we'll say, eh, chap! . . . . An owner of one of the most beautiful physiques in the South is Billy Hood, who campaigns in the middleweight division, and coupled with that Adonis figure are two hands which dish out punishment galore to those who wish to encounter him for glory or for gold . . . . Joe Dinerman, welterweight kingpin of the amateurs in and about Savannah, bears watching. Packing dynamite in one hand and a French 75 in the other, Joe is attracting much attention and is sure to reach his ambitions if properly cared for . . . . Tony Canzoneri has averaged eleven bouts a year in fifteen years of throwing the leather for a living . . . . Joe Netro of Syracuse is praising to the skies one Ralph DeJohn, a light-heavyweight who hails from the Simon-pures . . . . Jack Denning is gunning for a shot with either Joe Lipps or Bob Godwin at Richmond, Va. . . . . Geo. Cazana is promoting boxing at Tampa . . . . Greenville, S. C., has a great battler in Jimmy Burke, who is seeking a manager at the moment. Write him at R.F.D. No. 4.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES—At Washington, Eddie Mader outpointed Billy Nichy . . . . In a non-title bout at Louisville, Barney Ross, whose sole distinction to the racket is that the welterweight crown rests on his brow, easily and masterfully flattened Chuck Woods, who went all the way from Detroit to the scene of the Kentucky Derby to receive that fatal "ten" . . . . The old adage that youth must be served was tossed into a cocked hat when the veteran, Cecil Payne, trounced the youthful Dominic Mancini in the semi-windup . . . . Harry Jeffra, 122-pounder of Baltimore, put the skids on Dewey Cannon in three rounds in the former's own backyard . . . . At Dallas, way down yonder in Texas, Tom Beaupre, slashing heavyweight, shaded the rangy Babe Hunt in ten rounds . . . . At Richmond, Joe Lipps, Jack Dempsey's punching 175-pounder, scored over Benny O'Dell of Ireland. In the semi-final, Ben Brown, Atlanta's own middleweight, T.K.O.'ed Steve Kadish in the fourth. On the remainder of the card, Ed McNee, heavyweight, disposed of Ben Johnson of Baltimore in the first stanza, while Bunker Hill of Fort Benning decisioned Charlie Rondo . . . . Louis Kid Cocoa, dusky New Haven, Conn., welter, took Holman Williams into camp at New Orleans . . . . At Dayton, Ohio, Red Burman, Jack Dempsey's protege, sent Eddie Slake to the cleaners in two sessions . . . . Carl Guggino pasted Johnny Huggins at St. Petersburg. They are featherweights . . . . At West Palm Beach, Melio Bettina outpointed Charley Weise in ten. They are light-heavyweights . . . . Joe Knight, despite his defeat at the hands of Bob Godwin, came back the following week to score over Max Marex.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

RESUMPTION of professional boxing in New Orleans, La., after several months of calm, brought out the old and new rabid fans in good-sized crowds, indicating a favorable turn for the better. Two clubs, Jai Alai under Marty Burke, and the Coliseum Arena, are showing every other week, while the Harlem A. C., Negro club, is still going but getting smaller "gates" now than usual. Over in Mobile, Ala., a few miles from New Orleans, two clubs are also running regularly.

Willard Brown, erstwhile Indianapolis, Ind., welterweight, but now a resident student at L.S.U. in Baton Rouge, La., proved definite superiority over his former townsman, Tracy Cox, by pounding out a ten-round decision victory. It was their fourth meeting, this time in New Orleans.

If Lou Massey returns to Philadelphia, Pa., with a story of a hometown decision going against him at New Orleans, he will have ample news clippings and the consensus of opinion to back him up. Dropping Ervin Berlier, New Orleans' speedy southpaw lightweight, four times and beating a steady tomtom on his stomach for ten rounds, Massey disgustedly left the ring when the judges' verdict went to Berlier.

Several novice heavyweight shows were staged at Jai Alai, but nothing developed to make Joe Louis quake in his boots.

The winning streak of Frankie Schottgen, Mobile, Ala., welterweight, came to an abrupt pause at his home town when Battling Burroughs, Pascougla, Miss., toughy, stopped him in a couple of heats. Schottgen had previously knocked out Dick Hernandez of Florida a week before.

Other bouts of interest resulted as follows: Boomer Brooker outpointed Jumbo Rovera; Kid Glover decisioned Al "Dutch" Kearney, all welterweights. Benny Nastaci, a good prospect, beat George Holmes and kayoed Adam Cook; Sidney Duncan stopped Joe O'Neil and drew with Douglas Berlier; Berlier beat Dave Casebone; Joe Muscarello defeated Tiger Roussell, all lightweights.

Holman Williams, Milwaukee, Wis., Negro welterweight, learned for the second time that Louis "Kid" Cocoa, New Haven, Conn., is his nemesis when Cocoa decisively trounced him in a return go over ten rounds at New Orleans. A good crowd witnessed the melee.

OUTCROPPINGS—Local sports writers have dubbed Marty Burke's novice heavyweights the "White Joke" tournament . . . . Most of the "heavyweights" range anywhere from welterweights on up . . . . Emile Bruneau had a few anxious moments and some hard work when his star, Berlier, visited the canvas against Massey . . . . The writer is tickled to know that Jimmy Guest is intending to promote again in Houston, Tex. . . . . Willard Dean of Shreveport, La., took down the heavyweight honors at Cleveland, Ohio, in the big amateur boxing tourney held there recently . . . . The writer's new address is 1028 No. Salcedo, New Orleans, La.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

THE Montana State Boxing Commission is to be congratulated on its stand in barring non-title boxing bouts. Now, if the other forty-seven states will only fall in line and taboo champions in all bouts except where they put their title on the auction block. Boxing has already suffered too much at the hands of "safety first" champions. Again we take off our hat to the Montana commission.

At Estancia, N. M.—Tommy Richardson, Mountainair welterweight, scored a four-round kayo over Mike Dundee, Los Angeles battler. Dundee made a fair showing in the opening round but was completely outclassed thereafter. By the way, this Richardson kid seems to have something on the ball. He has never been defeated, and has scored knockouts over his last seven starts.

At Santa Fe, N. M.—Joe M. Roybal, genial New Mexico promoter, has moved over to this second oldest city in the United States. His first fistic attraction pitted Johnny Johnson of Las Vegas against Tiny Garcia, fighting Santa Fe Mexican. The battle was a savage one with honors evenly divided. The pair are lightweights, and met over the ten-round route. The semi-final saw Young Mike Baca, Santa Fe featherweight, hand Benny Dupree, California battler, an unmerciful drubbing over the six-round route. It was the first show in Santa Fe in several years, and incidentally, one of the best to be held in the old capital.

At Willard, N. M.—Jim Perry, light-heavyweight champion of New Mexico, handed Mike Montoya a terrific ten-round lacing. A couple of weeks later, Perry showed again in Willard, winning an easy ten-round go from Don Anderson of Albuquerque, a heavyweight.

This Perry boy is one of the best prospects in the mountain region. A terrific hitter, he might be the coming heavyweight sensation of this neck of the woods. He is putting on more poundage and seems to be impoving with every start. Incidentally, he has moved from Fort Sumner, N. M., to Pueblo, Colo., and is now fighting out of the steel town metropolis.

At Cheyenne, Wyo.—"Jolting Joe" Jaramillo, Denver welterweight, scored a ten-round win over Jack Gillespie, Wyoming battler.

At Cody, Wyo.—Dick Demeray, South Dakota mitt wielder, scored a surprising upset when he laced Joe Jaramillo, Denver southpaw socker, over the ten-round route. The pair are welters.

One of the best amateur meets ever staged in Colorado was held at Pueblo. The winners were: Heavyweight, John Petry, Florence; light-heavyweight, Prince Knaflec, Pueblo; middleweight, Ray Alway, Salida; welterweight, Bobby Ketchell; lightweight, Ralph Lindsey; featherweight, Duck Stevens, Colorado Springs; bantamweight, Frankie Schere, Sterling; flyweight, Benny Frousta, Walsenburg.

One of the most promising sport events scheduled for this neck of the woods in a great many annums, the proposed Shikat-Marshall wrestling match, received a rude setback when the German was flattened by the grimacing Kurd, Ali Baba. Somehow or other, the fans out this way don't seem to be half as het up over a Baba-Marshall match as they were over the Shikat-Marshall affair. Oh, well, we'll try to worry along without either of them.

By the way, what has happened to those big, rough, tough boys who used to put the mountain region on the fistic map? Maybe our cowpunchers, railroaders and miners are softening up. It's been ages since Colorado has blossomed out with a 200-pounder that really rated "tops." Back down the years we had Pete Everett, Morgan Williams, Jack Geyer, Jim Flynn, Bill Watkins and Ed Smith, in addition, of course, to the peerless Dempsey. Maybe a crackerjack heavyweight wouldn't pep up the game out this way!

P. P., Denver, Colo.—Yes, Reddy Gallagher fought Jack "Nonpariel" Dempsey. They fought a six-round draw back in 1887, I think. Why not drop into the sports department of the Denver *Post* and let Reddy tell you about it himself?

Remember, fellows, I have a complete list of active promoters out this way that you can have for a dime. If you are contemplating a trip out this way this summer, the list might help you out. I'll also be glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt game in this region, but don't forget to inclose postage if you expect a reply. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

Roy Bateman, Kansas City, Kansas—For years I labored under the impression that Jim Flynn was an Italian, Andrew Chariglione, but Damon Runyon swears by all that is holy that his correct monicker was Andrew Haynes, and that he was Irish. And who am I to dispute Runyon's word. I do know, however, that his tombstone in Los Angeles, Calif., is inscribed with the name, "Andrew Chariglione." I saw the stone myself, as it was made by a Pueblo concern. Further, I can't say.

The writer was deeply grieved to learn of Ed W. Smith's death. I'll never forget my first sight of him—the day he refereed the Flynn-Johnson brawl at Las Vegas, N. M. He was as good a referee as he was a writer. Nuf sed.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ARCHIE PIROLLO

TOMMY LOUGHRAN, South Philly Adonis, is back here with his pilot, Joe Smith, after a tour of Europe. The writer was surprised to note that Tommy hadn't changed the least bit; in fact, he looks better at the present time than he did a few years back.

Loughran reurned to these shores after an unhappy experience as far as decisions are concerned in England. Both decisions given against him in the Tommy Farr and Ben Foord bouts were out of order, according to the sport writers in England.

There are several good matches that can be arranged for him here this summer. We look forward to Tommy being matched with Joe Louis here before the open-air season comes to a close. Regardless of the outcome of his campaign, Tommy expects to take another trip, this time around the world, visiting England, France, Italy, Germany and South Africa. Lots of luck, Tommy.

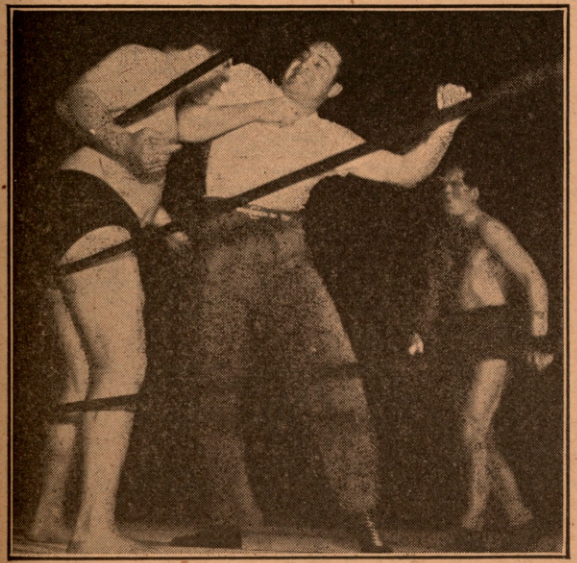
Jack Laken, the Philly boy, is matchmaking for the Lancaster A. C., with Eddie Satin as promoter. Both these boys are former Philadelphians. In their first show, Red Burman defeated Billy Ketchell; Norman Rahn and Earl Fredericks drew; Freddie Lewis won over Eddie Faris and Paul Hoft stopped Ed Pinowsky. Laken expects to run shows every two weeks.

Lew McFarland, now getting ready for open air in Camden, staged one show last month in which Jersey Joe Walcott stopped Joe Colucci, and Freddy Lewis fouled Jack Kelly in the third.

In Atlantic City, Gene Buffalo won over Fritzie Zivic; Wickey Harkins defeated Baby Kid Chocolate; Johnny Duca outpointed Jetty Royal; Joe Duca won over Roosevelt Rowe, and Mickey Duca drew with Ted King.

In Harrisburg—Charley Gomer defeated Jackie Willis; Harry Rubin and Sol Burdo drew; Billy Mariner lost to Pete Corona; Jack Hiller stopped Sam McCraig; Frankie Spina and Jesse Bongart drew, and Frankie Caldren won over Lew Fortuna. In another show, the three Duca brothers batted one hundred per cent, each winning as follows: Johnny Duca stopped Jimmy Belmont, Joe Duca defeated Jimmy Baker, and Mickey Duca won over Frankie Paul.

Frankie Thomas is handling two of the best colored chaps in this section in Bobby Green, featherweight, and Johnny Freeman, welterweight. Green and Freeman should go far.



Do you recognize him? Yes, you're right. It is Max Baer, taking a sock out of a Western wrestler. Max is picking up a little extra coin as a referee while deciding whether or not he should make a boxing comeback.

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES

By HERB McHUGH

AT the time of writing, Charlie Lucas is on his way to Chicago to "sign up" Barney Ross for a world's title bout against Jack Carroll in November. To date, the venue is undecided, as Melbourne, where Carroll resides, is strongly clamoring for the match. However, provided one or two matters can be fixed, such as the "charity" clause that is included with the boxing permit granted to open-air fight promotions at the Sydney Sports Ground, it is certain that Lucas will plump for Sydney, as he is well established there following his two Carroll-Van Klaveren fights.

It is not expected that Lucas will be longer than three weeks in America. After fixing things in Chicago, he will entrain for New York. A few "hellos" and then back home.

Ambrose Palmer and Leo Kelly are all set for another glove meeting. It is a fixture that in ordinary circumstances would pack the Sydney Stadium to the rafters, but unfortunately the prices of admission have raised a storm of protest. Some seven months ago the pair fought at Leichhardt to a $2 down to 75 cents tariff, but the N.B.C. intends charging $1 (early doors) up to $6. Fans are interested in the fixture, but whether they will pay what is asked remains to be seen.

Kelly's only hope of a win is to crash his devastating right on Palmer's chin. It'll be a tough job, as Palmer is fighting better now than he ever did. Still, the colored lad has done remarkably well out here, his string of K.O.'s placing him well inside the money. He is to get five thousand dollars for his meeting with Palmer, so is it any wonder that Manager Billy Newman can smile and honestly mean it in saying that Australia's a great country?

The stage is set to welcome Maxie Rosenbloom. Some people like the idea of his coming along, whilst others are not too sure. There can be no doubt that the ex-world champ will be able to give a line on what really are the hopes of Palmer and the world's light-heavyweight title.

Leonard Bennett took the points away from Jimmy Day in his first fight here. It was a rattling set-to, with the American being too strong over the final lap. A week later, however, Leonard went under on points to Jimmy Purcell. It was rather close, however, many not seeing eye to eye with the referee's finding. Manager Tod Morgan is hot on Purcell's trail again and has requested three-minute rounds. It is more than likely that the match will be arranged.

George Barnes, who has filled the role of match-maker at Leichhardt Stadium for nearly two years, has resigned. His future plans are indefinite.

A perfect piece of acting cost Reg Hickey the fight against Jimmy Day. In the seventh round, Day connected on the chin and Hickey reeled from one side of the ring to the other, giving the idea that he was all set for the sweeper. Strictly, this was a part of his act, but the referee didn't think so, as he immediately stepped between the fighters and declared Day winner on a T.K.O. In a return tussle a week later, Day took the honors by a points decision.

Australia's leading lightweight, Alf Blatch, who manages his own affairs, is taking as many fights as he can. In a return at Sydney Stadium, he defeated the Italian, Saverio Turiello, in the tenth round, the latter "skying the wipe" with a busted right hand. The other week at Newcastle, Blatch had no trouble in taking the winning end at the expense of Joe Johnson.

Johnny Miler suffered a reverse in his fight against Ambrose Palmer. Everything was going along nicely when, in the fourth round, Johnny parked a beauty on Palmer's chin. After that—dear, dear. The home champion hit Miler with everything and at the end of the eighth round the American wisely capitulated. His eye was badly cut in the sixth round, but he gamely carried on for two more rounds. He is matched against the colored New York fighter, Mark Hough, at Sydney Stadium.

Tommy Jones, the colored lad from Boston, is still keeping up his winning sequence. "Babe" Marino thought he could do something to check it, but by the time the ninth round had come along, he realized that it would be the correct thing to call it a day. Jones dominated the situation throughout, sending Marino to the canvas in the first and fifth sessions. The way in which Jones is getting by gives the impression that the N.B.C. will shortly look upon him as a likely opponent for Fred Henneberry. Jack Laurence continues to manage his affairs—and also smoke cigars.

The sudden death of Australia's flyweight champion, Bobby Clements, immediately following a bout against "Tiger" Donnelly in Brisbane, has caused deep regret in sporting circles. A most popular fellow, quietly spoken and unassuming, he made friends wherever he went. According to reports, the punch that sent him to the canvas was not a particularly hard one. His head, however, was said to have struck the canvas rather heavily. Further reports also made reference that he complained of pains in the head following a return with Mickey Miller, two weeks previously, when the latter won convincingly.

Mickey Miller, bantam champion, is getting heavy these days. Weighing 126 pounds, he outpointed feather champion, Merv Blandon, in a fifteen-round event at Brisbane. However, the rounds were of two minutes, so Merv lives to fight another day. Naturally, Miller is now all hot for another smack at Blandon, but it looks pretty certain that the title fight will not be fought anywhere than in Sydney.

George Pencheff, who has been a prominent wrestling "card" at Leichhardt Stadium, is now in America. He plans to stay six months. He knows his job and none of the promoters need feel scared about putting him on.

Australia's only lady promoter, Mrs. Art Mawson, was in a car smash last month. She was admitted to hospital suffering from concussion and shock.

Hot news . . . . Ambrose Palmer beaten by Leo Kelly on a T.K.O., in twelve rounds. There wasn't a semblance of a fluke about the performance handed in by the American colored light-heavyweight, but undoubtedly the result ranks as one of the biggest turn-ups Australian boxing has had in years.

It will be remembered that Palmer was Kelly's first opponent when the latter first arrived in Australia some months ago, accompanied by his manager, Billy Newman. The fight took place at Leichhardt Stadium, over two-minute rounds, Palmer succeeding on points. However, the Australian champion collected a couple of broken ribs and a busted nose and many people held the view that if the pair fought again over three-minute rounds, Kelly would triumph. Still, this wasn't the opinion of seasoned judges, who contended that the Australian would always be too fast and skillful for the American, and, despite Kelly's sequence of knockout wins during his other Australian engagements, local followers thought that much of Palmer's chances that they made him a 5 to 1 favorite.

Healthy odds, to be sure, to those who had a liking for Kelly, and there were many who snapped them up, but considering that Palmer, in his two previous fights, had stopped Fred Henneberry and Johnny Miler, perhaps the layers had every reason for their confidence.

For the first five rounds it certainly looked that way, as Palmer's work was of a decided character, taking the major points with crisp hitting and general all-round ring technique. However, from then on, Kelly commenced to stalk his man, and one particularly smart left hook nearly had Palmer's pants making contact with the ring floor. The effect of the punch was certainly startling and made Palmer's backers grab their chairs in consternation. No matter what may be weak about Kelly's make-up as a fighter, it is not his punching.

The eighth round saw Palmer come out of a clinch with a new cut over his left eye. The Australian's eyes have always been a severe handicap to him, Tony Gora, some years ago, starting the trouble. During the minute's spell, Palmer's seconds made a good job of the wound and he came out full of fight for the ninth. For some reason or other, Palmer saw fit to stand in and slug with Kelly. One solid uppercut didn't do him any good and to show that he was rattled, he took chances entirely foreign to the Palmer we know.

And then the tenth round and a peach of a wallop that spilled Palmer for the count of eight. Fans were amazed, as the only other time the Australian was forced to take a portion of the count was in his match with the late Young Stribling, and on that occasion he was conceding nearly two stone in weight. Towards the end of the stanza, Ambrose's legs just wouldn't behave, but, gritting his teeth, he refused to be bustled out of it. But, oh that bell—music, sweet music.

He tried hard to bluff Kelly in the next round, but the colored man refused to swallow the bait and mercilessly pounded Palmer, who was now in a bad way, both eyes being badly cut and spitting gore. It was as much as he could do to struggle to his corner at the gong. At this juncture, Referee Joe Wallis asked Palmer to call it a night, but the home fighter waved him aside.

However, only a few seconds had elapsed in the twelfth round when Palmer's chief second, Jack Warner, threw in the towel, thus saving a brave boxer from further unnecessary punishment.

Kelly's showing was a revelation. Despite all the good things that I have written about his ability in the American RING, I did not think that he was capable of handling Palmer in the manner in which he did. However, he did it, and Australians applaud his achievement.

The takings were, I understand, below expectations. I wrote previously that there was a certain amount of animosity being shown to the increased prices of admission, but as Palmer was on a guarantee of $6,250 and Kelly on $5,000, the promoters were faced with plenty of financial difficulty.

Maxie Rosenbloom is next on the list. He is scheduled to meet Palmer in his first glove-up, but if the latter's eyes do not respond in time to treatment, it is expected that Leo Kelly will be called upon.

Mark Hough was all set for a fight against Johnny Miler, but an attack of 'flu made him call the fixture off.

Charley Lucas has succeeded in convincing Barney Ross' handlers to accept the Jack Carroll match to take place some time in December. Ross is guaranteed $45,000, all taxes free, and an additional $5,000 for training expenses. This will be the biggest fistic event that Australia will have had since the bright days of Les Darcy.

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KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—Winners of championships in the gigantic Southwest A.A.U. boxing tournament. Class "A": Heavyweight, Martin Meyers; light-heavyweight, Harold Lowe; middleweight, Fletcher Chaffee; lightweight, Lewis Laverty; welterweight, J. Waldron; featherweight, Chester Ellis; bantamweight, Henry Smith; flyweight, Joey Hernandez. Class "B": Heavyweight, Marvin Barnes; light-heavyweight, Woodrow Davis; middleweight, Lew Smith; welterweight, L. Williams; lightweight, Jim Tourtelotte; featherweight, Verdun Thomas; bantamweight, Earl Anderson; flyweight, Ned Labrado.

The three-day battle ended in a blaze of fistic glory, and the two final bouts, light-heavy and heavy fights, were two of the most vicious battles ever staged in a Wichita ring. Jack Slattery is to be complimented for the masterly fashion in which he handled the big affair. Everything went smoothly without a hitch, and no delays were encountered either night to bore the fans. Coaches and team managers were praising Slattery for his clever methods in managing the big event. Harry Ortmeyer, who engaged Slats for the big task, said Slats did the job to his liking.

Crowds were fair with the final night almost a capacity house, and the fans went away jubilant and satisfied. John Levi, coach for the Haskell Indians, had an exceptionally fine team of redskins and they won their share of the trophies. Ira Krueger had a fine team and one winner. Billy McLean of Dighton, Kans., had three sons entered in the tourney and they made fine showings. Billy is one of the old-timers of bare knuckle days and trains his fighting sons, and really likes to see them go.

It is probable another tournament will be staged here again this fall as boxing is making a real comeback in this city. Wilbur Cooper is staging professional shows bi-monthly and staging some excellent talent. He is assisted by Tommy Murphy and they intend showing the up and coming young fighters from now on. Some of the winners in the amateur tourney are turning pro and will show on his cards.

Manhattan, Kans.—Winners in one-night amateur show: Jack Running knocked out Russell Madison in two; Floyd "Red" Hall knocked out Johnny Hemphill in twenty seconds of the first round; Tuffy Breese knocked out Lawrence Potello in two; Cocky Johns knocked out Kayo Bawker in two; Glenn Anderson knocked out Bus Riley in two; Kid Carlson beat Walt Massey; Royal Cavens beat Roscoe Pitts.

Newton, Kans.—Mutt Sherman of this city has a fine amateur boxing team and they were entered in the big A.A.U. tourney at Wichita and carried away an award. John Bedinger of Alva entered a hard fighting team that made a wonderful showing. His heavy, Red Gibson, is a flashy, hard-hitting southpaw who gave Meyers a terrific battle for the championship.

Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Boxing Commission, attended all three days of the Wichita tournament and commented that this was one of the finest and best conducted tourneys he had witnessed for some time. He praised all of those connected with staging the show. The writer, who attended, is of the same opinion.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joe Ghnouly of St. Louis, recognized as state lightweight champion of Missouri, relinquished his crown to Joey Alcanter in a fast, hard-fought, ten-round battle. Alcanter won all the way. Sonny Boy Akers shaded Tommy Corbett. Cap Harding knocked out Dave Roberts in two. Pettit Farrar beat Sonny Johnson in six. Gene Driscoll beat Kid Smoky in four rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Winners in one-night amateur show: Charley Neaves knocked out Quincy Troupe in two; Louis Jackson beat Al Stewart; Richie Moore beat Richard Pullman; Sam Glenn beat William Humphrey; Houston beat James Coleman; Hugh Epperson beat Jack Simmons; Jordan Davis beat Phillip Brown; Alfred Garrett beat Grover Robinson.

Tulsa, Okla.—Junior Munsell knocked out Joe Doctor in the second of a ten-round main event. Watch this Indian Munsell. He is one fighting warrior and heading for bigger game. Jack Thompson outpointed Gordon Smythe in eight rounds. Glen Nute knocked out Benny McIntoch in two heats. Carlos Brown beat Wildcat Lacey in six. Nig Kyle and Louis Hosey fought a four-round draw.

Tulsa, Okla.—Jack Thompson beat Benny Gosney in a ten-round main event; Amos Tiger knocked out Guy McKinney in two; Everett Simmington stopped Billy Markham in two; Frankie Farrell and Jimmy Reed were stopped by the referee in the sixth, the bout declared a false alarm; Paul Osborne stopped Clarence Street in two rounds.

Bill Duvall is promoting at Tulsa and, although crowds are not up to expectations for the type shows he is staging, he is sticking to his guns and making an effort to build up the fight game in this city. He is to be complimented for his persistence.

Salina, Kans.—The scheduled ten-round main event between Bruce Brown and Tommy Smith was stopped in the sixth round by Referee Paul Shanahan and declared "no contest." Bobby Hull beat Karl Lautenschlager in eight. Henry Nenniger knocked out Jack Bales in six. Tuffey Barnett beat Garnett Bales in six. Clay Somers beat Eddie Anderson in four rounds.

Les Showers, premier amateur boxing director of the Middle West, just completed a three-day fistic tourney at Pueblo, Colo., and will be heading back into Kansas soon, if all plans materialize. Showers has so many spots to work in he hardly knows where to show next. He is one promoter who is in big demand the year round.

Kansas City, Mo.—Bud Schildknecht, who recently turned pro, won his first start in four rounds over John Slavin in Chicago. Bud is a good light-heavyweight and should go far in the pro game.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

ANACONDA—Clem Lonbright, Portland, and "Kid" Rippatoe, Billings, fought a draw in eight. The score sheet of newspapermen showed Rippatoe won four rounds, Lonbright, two, and two even. Jimmy Best, Billings, won by T.K.O. over Chas. Roper, Butte, in two minutes and forty-five seconds of the first round. Tiger Schmauch, Bozeman, stopped Marty Connelly, Anaconda, in three. Jimmy Shea, Butte, and Kid Fisher, Anaconda, fought a draw in four.

Butte—"Chalky" Wright, Tacoma, punched out a ten-round decision over "Buzz" Brown, Portland, In another ten-rounder, Mike Payan, Santa Fe Indian, fought a draw with Jimmy Best, Billings. Billy Hyde, Red Lodge, decisioned Beecher Holford, Seattle, in four. Tiger Schmauch, Bozeman, scored a T.K.O. over Billy Angeledes, Whitehall.

Cody, Wyo.—Dick Demeray, Bismarck, N. D., won a ten-rounder over Joe Jarmello, Denver. Santos Romeriez, Powell, challenged the winner. Solly Strecker, Billings, took an eight-round decision over Rusty Gramling, Bismarck, N. D. Howard Snoddy, Lovell, won over Danny Morgan, Powell, in four. Ralph Green, Meeteetse, kayoed Clyde Erickson, Cody, in four.

Billings—Dick Demeray, Bismarck, N. D., took a ten-round decision over "Wild Willie" Walker, Seattle. Demeray took eight of the ten rounds. In the second ten-rounder, Mike Payan stopped Jerome Lewis, Seattle Negro, in five. Lewis hit the canvas nine times in the five rounds. In the semi-final, Kid Rippatoe, Billings, colored flash, stopped Eddie Ivory, Seattle, in one. Herbie Adams, Moorehead, Minn., drew with Gill Woods, Vancouver, B. C., in six. "Wild Bill" Hasselstrom, Bismarck, N. D., slugged out a decision over Bob Frazer, Seattle, in four rounds.

Bozeman—Hubert Dennis, "The Bozeman Wild Cat," stopped Tiny Garsha, Mexican flash of Santa Fe, N. M., in four rounds of a ten-round main event. Dennis is rated in the first ten and looks better than ever. Spider McCullum, Missoula, stopped "Tiger" Schmauch, Bozeman, in five. Jerome Lewis, Seattle, stopped Buz Jarrett, Springdale, in one. Joe Garcia, Santa Fe, N. M., stopped Rip Winkler, Great Falls, in two. Ray Brown, Dillon, stopped Tuffy Martin, Bozeman, in one. Brady Watts, Billings, stopped Eddy Ivory, Seattle, in three. Speed Larson, Missoula, stopped Frankie Kundert, Bozeman, in one.

Word comes from Bozeman that Edw. R. Buck is taking Hubert Dennis to New York for a shot at the big money in June. The smart boys had better take this boy Dennis plenty serious.

Haver—Fred Lenhart, who claims Haver as his home town, seems to have the Indian sign on Jack Gibbons, St. Paul light-heavyweight. He has already beaten him twice.

Roundup—The fight game has been dead for several years. In the past few months, attempts have been made to revive the sport by way of wrestling, but for some reason the wrestling game doesn't seem to click. Next month will see Roundup back in the boxing game bigger and better than ever. Roundup is the home town of Frankie Wine. Get your fight dope in not later than the 27th of each month.

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IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

THE C.Y.O. fighters from Chicago defeated the Hawaiian fighters by twelve to four matches in the first intersectional tournament. First night results:

Willys Sylva (H) beat Pat Berns (CYO); Walter Chang (H) decisioned John Bittner (CYO); L. Strohlin (H) won from Bob Chan (CYO); Eddie Garvey (CYO) decisioned Manuel Garcia (H); Albert Oddo (CYO) beat Jacob Lui (H); Tony Carlucci (CYO) decisioned Takeo Sato (H); Jack Lampkins (CYO) kayoed A. Cortes (H) in one round; and J. Hawthorne (CYO) won from Melim Medeiros (H).

Second night results before four thousand fans: Eddie Yasui (H) decisioned Harold Shelton (CYO); Eddie Garvey (CYO) won from M. Garcia (H); Albert Oddo (CYO) beat George Souza (H); Al Ulrich (CYO) decisioned Tony Medeiros (H); Tony Motisi (CYO) decisioned Roy Strohlin (H); Tony Carlucci (CYO) beat Nich Ortiz (H); Jake Lampkins (CYO) won from Ben Ahakuelo (H); and Mike Adler (CYO) T.K.O.'ed George Medeiros (H) in the fourth round.

Tony Carlucci and Jake Lampkins were the outstanding stars.

Matchmaker Moose Taussig's ten four-round bouts drew a mere handful of fans, a very discouraging sign for four-round fights. The preliminary boys got the breaks but the fans were wise enough to stay away.

In the main event, Freddie Buck knocked out Young Goldie in the third round. Battling Lapinid beat Kid Jolo in a comedy bout. Izzy Nono scored a forty-second kayo over Joseph Chir in the first round. Little Hufana beat Kid Gonzaga. Chris Crispin and Benny Dawson, a draw. Kid Waianae won from Kid Martinez. Henry Gloring beat Young Benny Leonard. Jack Nishi T.K.O.'ed Emil Henahan in the third round. Battling Pering and Kid Mamaclay were thrown out of the ring by Referee Dawson. Ray Dolim knocked out Kid Dulay in the third round.

Honolulu—Johnny Pena, with world of publicity, failed to impress the gallery in his debut at the Auditorium against the veteran Huerta Evans in a ten-rounder. The whole fight was confined to infighting. The judges voted the bout a draw, robbing Evans of a well earned victory.

Augie Curtis retained his bantam crown by a six-round technical kayo over Kid Javellana. Freddy Buck T.K.O.'ed Young Goldie in three rounds. Young Sadaba won from Raymond Dolim. Cris Crispin beat Battling Pering. Herman Kaakua technical knockout over Joseph Chir in two.

Maxey Rosenbloom, ex-light-heavyweight champion, was offered several fights by Marcus Monsarrat on percentage basis on his return from Down Under in Australia. Maxey stopped for a few hours, continuing his journey to Australia with his trainer, Frankie Doyle.

Honolulu lost a prominent figure in fistic circles when Eddie Hoch, former boxing commissioner, passed away at his home from heart ailment. Up till his death, he was chairman of the A.A.U. boxing committee and was to accompany the local amateur fighters to Cleveland as manager and trainer when he was stricken. Hoch first came to the island as manager of the Los Angeles Blues basketball team in 1920 and remained on the island up until his death.

Here's the list of champions recently crowned for the Hawaiian Department at Schofield:

Bantamweight—Welch, 27th Inf.
Featherweight—Joseph, Ft. Kam.
Junior Lightweight—Rogers, Shafter.
Lightweight—Maguire, 21st Inf.
Junior Welterweight—Rogacki, 8th Field.
Welterweight—Angelucci, 27th Inf.
Middleweight—Shaw, 21st Inf.
Light-Heavyweight—Farmer, Harbor Defense.
Heavyweight—McDonald, Honolulu.

Hilo—Tony Roccaforte fell victim for the third time to Kid Moro when he lost the eight-round battle before a fair-sized crowd. There was not much fighting on the part of Tony, who only showed in spurts, while Kid Moro piled up points by landing far more often and cleaner blows.

Joe Velasco was too good for veteran Charlie Miller, whom he defeated in eight rounds. The fight was very interesting because of Miller's boring-in tactics. Kid Salvador and Yoshito Yamagata fought a great scrap which Salvador won. Charley Higa finished Kid Peggy in one heat. Manuel Richardson, Jr., slapped Pedro Mortel silly in one round. Fighting China knocked out John Vasco.

Maui—A crowd of 3,500 witnessed Young Gildo and Piston Horiguchi battle to an eight-round draw at the Wailuku Stadium.

Kid Felipe was given a "gift" decision over Hitoshi Tanaka. Many thought Tanaka won. Satoru Umetsu and Kid Waialua, a draw. Satogi Hotta kayoed Fighting Richard in two rounds. Mariano Lucas finished Kid Matsumoto in the second heat. Emilio Sales decisioned M. Yamanishi.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

TWO fighters invaded the Northwest this month and both failed to live up to advance notices. It seems a tough break for Gordon Wallace and Freddie Steele. Both these boys are in their prime and the promoter can't seem to match them with fighters of their own quality.

Young Peter Jackson came to Vancouver to fight our Gordon Wallace. Unfortunately for Mr. Jackson, the Canadian welterweight champion was at his best that night and he won nine out of the ten rounds.

Tony Fisher invaded Seattle to fight the Tacoma Terror, Freddie Steele. Fisher was no match for Steele and Freddie won the fight by a wide margin.

Wrestling is still dominating the major sports in Vancouver, with attendance records being shattered every week. The wrestling trust is playing chase with Jack Allen, but our boxing promoter will give them all the competition they want this summer.

This writer, with the support of many Canadians connected with boxing, is valiantly trying to bring to the government's attention the need of organizing a Dominion-wide body to control boxing in Canada. Boxing is beginning to come back as a major sport, and if its position is to be maintained, we must have a commission governing from Ottawa with all the smaller commissions affiliated with it. Any letters from my readers will help this movement greatly.

Sonny Buxton won an unpopular but very deserving decision from Bob Frazier in a ten-round bout. Another scheduled ten-round fight ended in the fifth round when Al Spina knocked out Frankie Castillo. Sammy Brown won two ten-round fights. He beat Frenchie Beaudin and Jimmy McLeod.

Ted Moore, old-time middleweight, is now managing and training a good crop of young fighters. He has Eddie Ryan, Eddie Hossack, Dick Gerrard and Jimmy Capadoucas.

Jack Allen, genial boxing promoter, has clinched the piece-de-resistance as far as Canadian boxing is concerned. Jack has signed Barney Ross to defend his title on July 4 against Gordon Wallace. This will be Allen's contribution to Vancouver's Golden Jubilee celebration and Ross will receive thirty thousand dollars. Wallace will, according to all reports, be an even money favorite to win that coveted crown.

All questions sent to yours truly will be answered cheerfully, but may I remind my thoughtful American readers that United States stamps are prohibited in Canadian mails. Kindly send three pennies in the letter and I will use a Canadian stamp. Address all questions to 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

JAMAICA—Bingo Joe Banovic, Binghamton's pride, gained an unpopular decision over Billy Jones, colored heavyweight from Philadelphia. The bout was a treatise on infighting and one of the best bouts ever witnessed here. Jones tackled Young Herrera in his next bout and was stopped in eight rounds.

In the second series of elimination contests to find the best contender for the middleweight champ—Bill Tate, Syd Brown defeated Buzz Barton. Kid Vassell's decision over Syd White was not welcomed by the fans and neither was Young Tate's over Jack Gibbons. Breezy Kid defeated Red Cap Wilson.

George Dixon, local lightweight prospect, twice defeated Pancho Valdez of Santo Domingo in ten-round bouts. Syd White lost to Kid Williams. Bill Shorty K.O.'ed Kid Dan. Kid Axle earned the decision over Kid McCoy.

George O'Brien defeated Bob Winkler and Young Firpo, but dropped a decision to Steve Livermore, who also beat Bob Winkler. Jamaica Kid shared honors with Red Devil and Kid Hartley, but lost to Red Devil in a return bout. Frisco Roy, flyweight champion, beat Red Devil in ten rounds. Baby Baer won from Quinty Grey and Quintana Shadow and drew with Kid Gans. Kid Carlton beat Kid Equator. Jimmy Kid drew with Swansea Kid. Baby Pantera earned decision over Kid Sparrow.

Much dissatisfaction has arisen over the Editor's article under caption, "Central America Boxing Minded," due to the fact that gross inaccuracies were supplied by one who is not conversant with the facts as they are. It is hoped that full publication on the genuine history of boxing in Jamaica will be printed shortly.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

NEL TARLETON, featherweight champion of Great Britain, gave a poor display against Raymond Reynard, Belgium's lightweight champion, although he deserved the full honors that he received at the end of the twelve rounds at the Stadium, Liverpool.

Jim Wilde gained a comfortable points win at the end of twelve rounds against Eddie Houghton, U. S. A., after a good bout at Swansea.

Jack Hyams reversed the decision in an overweight match against Frank Hough after fifteen rounds of hard fighting at the Stadium Club.

"Kid" Tunero outpointed the Italian, Clemonte Meroni, after ten rounds in Paris.

Paul Rebel defended his French welterweight title against Deckmyn, winning on points at the Salle Wagram, Paris, after a hard bout.

Dave McCleave had an easy task when he met Harry Ainsworth at the Ring, London. Three rounds of the scheduled ten were sufficient, for the crowd shouted to the referee to stop the one-sided contest. Pat Palmer scored a three-round K.O. over Percy Dexter and Arthur Crane easily outpointed Joe Gans in the concluding ten rounds.

Charlie McDonald made a successful comeback when he scored a K.O. in the second of a twelve-rounder over Joe Duggan at North Shields.

Jackie Quinn, Irish bantamweight champion, should have someone advise him that fighting on successive nights is not very healthy. After being stopped by George Marsden at Scunthorpe, and after taking a beating and a couple of counts he was K.O.'ed in the fifth. The next day he was K.O.'ed by Bobby Hinds in the first round at Barnsley. Whoever was responsible for his engagements should be brought before the B.B.B. of C. and asked to explain.

Teddy Rollins decisively outpointed Johnny Burkin after ten rounds at Sunderland.

Harry Mizler successfully defended his title when he won every one of the fifteen rounds against Alby Day before the biggest crowd ever seen at the Devonshire Sports Club. Day proved he was game, and was dangerous to the end with his heavy swings.

Hal Cartwright turned in the best performance of his career when he K.O.'ed Sonny Lee in the eighth of a scheduled twelve-round contest at Wolverhampton.

"Ginger" Sadd knew too much for Roy Mills and scored a convincing points win after twelve rounds at Cambridge.

Max Hodgetts outclassed the Egyptian heavyweight, Saleh El Din, and K.O.'ed him with a left to the jaw in the third at Leicester.

Jack Linehan scored a clever victory over Freddie Carr when he forced the latter to retire in the eighth of a ten-round bout at the Ring, London.

Gustave Humery and Henri Ferrett of Paris met in Marseilles for the vacant French lightweight title. The referee stopped the bout in the eleventh round, declaring Humery the winner.

Popescu defeated Louis Augier over ten rounds at the Salle Wagram, Paris.

Other bouts in Paris took place when Hrabak, the Czechoslovakian welter champion, defeated Henri Baumas, Paris, and Carl Blaho, Austria, outpointed the Frenchman, Momont, after ten rounds.

Roy Lazer gave a glimpse of his best form at Plymouth when he stopped Eddie Steele in five rounds.

Billy Nash defeated Phil Milligan in the tenth of a twelve-round bout at Manchester when the latter was disqualified for an alleged low blow.

John Cusick, who has been showing championship form again, gave a clever display when outpointing Bobby Magee over twelve rounds at Manchester.

Frank Hough and Tom Curran put up a hectic bout for twelve rounds at West Ham before the former was declared the winner.

Frank Barton made short work of Hal Cartwright at Liverpool when he caused the referee to intervene in the second round of a twelve-rounder to save Cartwright further punishment.

Jeff Dickson staged a double-header at the Royal Albert Hall, London, and drew a good crowd. Bob Olin, former cruiserweight champion of the world, had himself to blame for not winning against the fast improving Tommy Farr. On two occasions he had the Welshman on the canvas, but seemed to take things for granted and found that at the end the referee had made him behind on points and awarded Farr the decision.

Eric Seelig, the German Jewish middleweight, gave one of his non-stop performances against Eddie Pierce, cruiserweight champion of South Africa, and found one after his own heart for the whole of the ten rounds. It was called a draw after a thrilling encounter.

"Gameness Personified" is the only way to describe the way that Al Diamond fought against Archie Sexton at the Ring, London. For ten rounds, Diamond took all the hardest punches that Sexton handed out and it looked like curtains for him in the fourth round. A left hook put the game American down for a count of nine, and on rising the bell came to his rescue. The decision in Sexton's favor was never in doubt.

Jim Anderson scored a K.O. victory over Jim Cameron in the second of a scheduled twelve-round bout at the Stadium Club, London.

Harry Staal, Holland, had an easy task in defeating Jack Pettifer on points after a good bout at Capt. Prince Cox's show at Colston Hall, Bristol. In the supporters, Eddie Steele brought off a sensational win when he K.O.'ed Seaman Tim Foley in the first round. Jack Lord outpointed Jack Powell after a hard bout of ten rounds and George Rose stopped Seaman Fraggott in the fifth.

Boyo Rees proved too strong for Bert Taylor in their twelve-round bout at Smethwick and the referee stopped the bout in the last round when Taylor was in a bad way.

Benny Sharkey confirmed his previous victory over Simon Chavez, Venezuelian featherweight champion, by outpointing him again over twelve rounds at Newcastle.

Paul Schaefer, Canada, seems to have regained his form. Following his K.O. over Seaman Kennedy in two rounds at Plymouth, he repeated the K.O. with Tim Ryan as the victim in two rounds at the same venue.

Jimmy Warnock took four and a half minutes of fighting to dispose of Billy Nash in their bout scheduled for ten rounds at the show run by Frank Goldstein and Harry Hanley at Ulster Hall, Belfast, which drew a capacity house.

George Daly reversed the decision when he was declared the winner of his bout at Wolverhampton at the end of the twelve rounds against Fred Lowbridge.

It took Alec Bell thirty seconds of the first round to score a K.O. over ex-P. C. O'Grady at the Ring, London. The other bouts were: George Bissett K.O.'ed Jack Linahan in the second; Paddy Peters K.O.'ed George Rose in the third; and George Odwell outpointed Harry Ainsworth over ten rounds.

Stoker Joe Burt gave Stan Jehu a close call in their ten-round bout at Penzance. After a good bout, Jehu was returned the winner.

Tommy Martin turned in a points win over "Punching" Paul Schaefer after twelve interesting rounds at Plymouth.

Roy Lazer was forced to retire in the eleventh of a twelve-round bout owing to a badly cut eye, after having the better of the bout with Emanuel "Kid" Abrew, the colored Scottish heavyweight, at Glasgow.

Johnny McMillan made a comeback when he outpointed Cuthbert Taylor after a good bout that packed the Adelphi Club, Glasgow.

Ronnie James gave a delightful display in his home town when he outpointed Bon Lamb after ten speedy rounds.

A welcome relief to promoters and public would be if the B.B.B. of C. would adopt the "no foul" rule. A further proof of this was shown when a big crowd gathered at the Adelphi Club, Glasgow, to witness a scheduled twelve-round bout between Jake Kilrain, welter champ of Scotland, and Jim Lawlor, the southpaw welterweight from Lowestoft. Only two minutes fourteen seconds of the first round had gone, when Kilrain was floored by a terrific body blow. The referee waved Lawlor to his corner, disqualified, and Kilrain declared the winner. Result: The crowd went away dissatisfied and disappointed at the brief display and did not get a run for their money.

Roy Mills scored a thrilling victory over Cock Moffit in the eighth at Liverpool, when Referee Gus Platts stopped the bout owing to Moffit's cut eye.

Boyo Rees successfully defended his Welsh lightweight title against Ivor Drew after fifteen rounds at Trelaw.

It was brains versus brawn that brought the Southern Area middleweight championship to Jack Hyams, who boxed cleverly to outpoint the holder, Frank Hough, over fifteen rounds at the Stadium Club, London.

Pat Warburton defeated Willie Smith after twelve hectic rounds at Westover Ice Rink, Bournemouth.

Jimmy Lester was compelled to fight hard all the way to earn a draw with Jackie Kirk in twelve rounds at the Devonshire Club Hackney.

Tommy Rose achieved his ambition by outpointing Bert Kirby after twelve rounds of hard fighting at Smethwick.

Norman Baines, with all physical advantages over Peter Van Goole, could only win on points after a dour struggle of ten rounds at the Ring, London.

Jack McLeod had many anxious moments before he was returned the winner over Colin McCulloch in the ninth of a twelve-round bout at Edinburgh. McCulloch retired with a badly cut eye.

Bobby Magee received an unexpected setback at the hands of Johnny Jones after a terrific twelve rounds at South Shields.

Andy Byrne and Freddie Morris put up a great scrap over twelve rounds at Manchester before the former was declared the winner by a narrow margin.

Johnny Rust gained a points victory over Tommy Barrett after ten hard rounds at Penzance before a big crowd.

Jack Mussen, Ireland's most promising bantam, scored a knockout over Bob Fitzsimmons in the fifth of a ten-round bout in Belfast.

Stanley Longstaff is to be congratulated on the successful reopening of boxing at Great Britain's best indoor boxing arena, Empress Hall, Earls Court. The last contest to take place at this arena was when I witnessed the historic bout between Georges Carpentier and Sid Burns twenty-five years ago.

A crowd of ten thousand people paid £17,000 to witness the British and Empire heavyweight title bout between Jack Petersen, Cardiff, and Jock McAvoy, Manchester. The bout was a poor one, from the public's view, due to the fact that Petersen did not know how to cope with the bobbing and weaving tactics of Jock McAvoy, and Petersen was at times made to look like a novice.

The fighters received the record sum of £4,600 and £4,000, respectively, and candidly, if you were a stranger, and did not know any names on the card, you would vote that Dave McCleave and Chuck Parker, who contested fifteen rounds for the welterweight championship of Great Britain, which was won by McCleave on points, should have had the big purse. A close second was the bout between Maurice Holtzer and Benny Sharkey, who battled every minute of the eight rounds and kept the big crowd on their toes, was declared a draw.

After four postponements, the lightweight championship of Great Britain was decided before a packed house at Johnny Best's Liverpool Stadium. Jimmy Walsh and Jack Kid Berg supplied the fireworks and with a true parlance of the baseball world, "Walsh pitching and Berg catching." In the very first minute of the first round, a right put Berg on the canvas for nine, and only a split second saved him from being K.O.'ed. Another left hook to the stomach put Berg down for the count of six.

Again in the third Berg was put down for six, and the bell again came to his assistance when he was on one knee. The bout was thrilling although one-sided, and Berg was determined that if he was to lose, he would go down fighting.

Again in the sixth, Berg was put down with a body punch, and on rising, went down again without receiving a blow. The rest of the fight was a procession, and Berg tottered to his corner, bleeding from the nose and mouth, and looking like a Red Indian.

He complained to his manager that his ankle had gone—but he was determined to come up for the ninth. He was a chopping block until Referee Moss Deyong stopped the bout, and declared Walsh the winner and new British lightweight champion.

Al Diamond gave a bad beating to Johnny Summers at Plymouth after ten rounds.

Harry Edwards was unfortunate to lose to Boyo Burns, Bolton, at Salford, on a disqualification in the tenth round after having the better of matters.

Joe Connolly made a welcome reappearance to the ring at Glasgow after a knee operation, and scored a T.K.O. over Jules Steygart in the eleventh of a twelve-round contest.

Eddie Pierce stopped Harry Lister in the sixth of a ten-round bout at Falmouth. Johnny Rust battled ten rounds to a draw with Butcher Gasgoine.

Again I wish to remind readers in any part of Europe, if they cannot get THE RING Magazine at any time, all they have to do is send a postal order for one shilling and fourpence to the writer, 3 Edward Street, London, E. 1, England, and this wonderful magazine will be sent by return mail.

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CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

THE scheduled ten-round feature bout at the New Haven Arena ended in the first heat when John Anderson halted Tiger Jack Renault with a terrific right-hand wallop to the jaw. On the same card in the other ten-round feature, Louis "Kid" Cocoa, holder of the New England welterweight title, proved too clever for Werther Arcelli, to score a points win. Wesley Ferrell, colored welterweight, gained a verdict over Sammy Atlas in a six-round bout. Al Carr, New Haven lightweight, turned in a technical knockout over Lou Massey in the first canto. Johnny Campo, New Haven, won a four-round decision over Charlie Aldino.

Joe Vignali, two-fisted Waterbury lightweight, banged his way to a six-round points triumph over Al Dunbar, Brooklyn battler, at the Broadway Arena. Vignali scored a nine-count knockdown in the final round.

FISTICUFF TOWER TOPICS—Lucien Larrivee drives a truck for the Darcey transportation . . . . Bob Capocy, Chicago, Ill.: May be able to help you when the outdoor season gets under way. When writing send names and full particulars about the boys . . . . Yonkers, New York: One who signed himself, "An Admirer." Many thanks for your letter . . . . Billy Jenkfosky, formerly of Connecticut, has made Yonkers, N. Y., his home town and is managing a fine middleweight amateur in Bobby Bugshy . . . . Former world's featherweight champion Louis Kid Kaplan sells insurance for a living . . . . Bat Battalino suffered his first setback since he started on the comeback trail when Al Roth scored in a ten-round bout.

The mat sport is drawing capacity crowds—4,300 wrestling fans witnessed Danno O'Mahoney toss Abe Coleman at the New Haven Arena . . . . Steve Carr, Meriden light-heavyweight, who is rapidly rising in the light-heavyweight class, has returned home from Florida, where he did great work . . . . Jack Moore, well known trainer and manager of fighters in New York City, has been selected as the trainer of Mike Belloise, featherweight contender . . . . The genial Moore has trained many fine fighters . . . . Mickey Genaro, who seems to be on a losing streak, dropped a ten-round decision to Armanda Sicilia . . . . Joe Danno Dunn, bantamweight, socked his way to a decisive victory over Joe Barrios, Mexican fighter from New Orleans, in six. Dunn is piloted by Dave Karess and Jack Moore . . . . Denny McMahon, the deputy boxing commissioner of Connecticut, who used to handle Louis Kid Kaplan, was engaged as Jimmy McLarnin's trainer for his meeting with Tony Canzoneri . . . . Al Nelson Gainer, New Haven's fistic pride, blasted away to triumph on a technical knockout over George Nichols in the ninth round after Gainer dealt him a sound drubbing . . . . The writer's address is 50 Crown St., Waterbury, Conn.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
BY MICKEY McINTIRE

CHUCK WOODS, leading welterweight of Detroit, tried bravely, but just couldn't deliver. In his Derby eve match with Champion Barney Ross at Louisville, Ky., Chuck was stopped in the fifth by Ross, but not before he had given a creditable account of himself. Detroit fight followers expected him to beat Chuck, but few figured he would kayo Woods.

Frankie Vieth, who is one of the leading middleweights around Michigan, is going good after an extended layoff. In recent starts Vieth flattened K. O. Hauck of Columbus, Ohio, and later turned the same trick on "Howdy" Mason of Lansing. Frankie has a lot of followers, and if he keeps going at his present rate, he will become the best drawing card in town.

Frankie Wolfram, Jimmy Brady's crack featherweight, has been keeping busy of late. Frankie is always boxing somewhere, and doing right well.

Lew Ambers, lightweight crack from Herkimer, N. Y., dropped in on Detroit to whip Orville Drouillard, Windsor's pride, in a ten-rounder at the Naval Armory. Joe Sutka met defeat for the first time since turning pro, when he was outscored by Sammy Chivas.

Jackie Young, star welterweight, drew with Johnny Gallo and lost to Joe Sutka in recent starts.

Lefty Gwynne is in training again and much is expected from the fast punching little bantam who won the Olympic title in 1932, and has beaten many of the leading fighters since turning "pro."

Red Casson trimmed Gib Black, but the official decision was a draw. K. O. Morgan outscored Henry Gowatch in Flint.

Jimmy Harper, hard-hitting colored welterweight, has been trimming all the boys lately, and looks about ready for the main event class.

Joey Miehielove, sensational lightweight puncher, scored a decisive win over Foster Young of Lansing in a ten-rounder at the Deutsches Haus. Miehielove is improving rapidly.

Milton Shivers, colored amateur from Mt. Olive A. C., is Detroit's main hope for the Olympic title, and by the time this is in print, Detroiters expect that he will be the United States representative. He is scheduled to box in the Olympic tryouts at Chicago as are Jimmy Urso, Patsy Urso, Tommy Morris, Edgar Waling, Rene Denne, Al Kilpatrick, Howell King, Joe Zanichelli, and Willis Johnson.

The writer's new address is 6427 Ellsworth, Detroit. Promoters' lists may be had at two bits apiece.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

ARMAND VINCENT has some pretentious plans in store for Montreal's fistic faithful that should benefit Canuck cloutdom considerably. The matchmaking maestro is the guiding genius of Vincent Enterprises, Inc., his Uncle Albert is the president, and with powerful backing it seems assured that Armand's inspired ideas and plans will be permitted the wide scope essential to successful operation. The site for his programs will be at the Baseball Stadium twice monthly, his headquarters at the Mount Royal Hotel, as usual, and his policy—"nothing but the best."

Jack Dempsey will be directly and actively connected with the initial Vincent presentation—a heavyweight tourney on June 10. The winner will qualify for Dempsey's sectional finals of his "White Hope" tourney. The magical Vincent promotorial touch is shown in the fact that Armand has arranged for Dempsey to be on hand to referee the bouts and Nat Fleischer, THE RING's editor and boxing's booster-de-luxe, to be in the ring when Mayor Houde presents THE RING Belt to the newspapermen's choice of the outstanding entrant.

Vincent also staged a tourney at Quebec City. Keen interest was noted in the Quebec tourney at this writing, as no less than thirty-seven entries from lumberjacks, backwoodsmen, miners, truck drivers and etc. were received. The outstanding performers were to qualify for participation in the finals at Montreal.

Al McCoy, light-heavy idol of Montreal fandom last year, will box in Montreal under the Vincent banner this summer. He will stack up against ranking heavyweight stars, his initial test likely to be on June 24, a big French-Canadian holiday, namely, Saint John Baptiste day. Vincent also expects to show Andre Lenglet, French heavyweight star, who has been doing well in his American campaign, on one of his cards.

Sixto Escobar, American nominee for the world's bantam title, is reported ill at his home in Puerto Rico and unlikely to be able to defend his laurels before August. Vincent had planned to match him with Sangchili, the European who dethroned Panama Al Brown, but now plans to put Sangchili on with Juan Zurita, Mexican feather, who once beat Escobar, in an overweight bout in July, with the winner meeting Escobar in August. An ambitious program that no other Canadian promoter would attempt, and here's hoping Armand gets the breaks to put his plans over.

Sonny Jones is going strong. He clicked in his New York debut after a campaign in New England which netted him wins over Johnny Jadick and Frankie Hughes and a draw with the highly touted George Salvadore. His uncle-manager, Jimmy Jones, is ready to match Sonny with any welter available and there is no doubting that the colored flash would be a tough handful for anybody and just about too much for Canadian welters. Katsumi Morioka, overgrown Jap flyweight, is finding it hard to give away weight to good bantams and after whipping Joey Pearl in New York he dropped verdicts to Abie Schone and Ruby Bradley.

Jack Tebo, the "Alberta Assassin," is completely recovered from injuries suffered in Seattle a year and a half ago, and his manager, C. B. "Jack" Carignan of Fairview, Alberta, is pressing his claims for the vacant Canadian heavyweight title. Tebo is ready to take on Kieswetter, Sigalet, Trojack, Warrington, Buxton or any other title aspirant, though his mentor says that perhaps James J. Walsh, latest addition to Chas. MacDonald's stable in New York, should get first preference as he was kayoed in both bouts he had with Tebo while Trojack was kayoed only once.

STRAY SHOTS—Jack Corcoran, Playfair Brown and Tommy Gorman ran a white hope heavyweight show at the Forum . . . . also planning show in Winnipeg . . . . Vincent's show on June 10 should draw well with Dempsey refereeing all the bouts . . . . THE RING Belt to be awarded to the outstanding performer according to votes of newspapermen at ringside is a handsome three-panelled affair . . . . John Schlesinger, former mat star and wrestling coach, is now practising law here . . . . he does his wrestling with legal problems now and throws the opposition for falls regularly . . . . his friends are advised herewith that he has his office at 4125 Esplanade . . . . Eddie Carroll, Ottawa welter, and Myer Alper, Montreal lightweight, campaigning in and around New York on minor cards . . . . amateurs ready for busy campaigns here with Provincial Championships and Olympic trials approaching . . . . Tommy Sullivan, former amateur welter champ and coach, is a daddy . . . . a girlie . . . . Irving Phillips, Y.M.H.A. boxing coach, took matrimonial plunge on May 10 . . . . don't forget, my new address is Apt. 10, 1035 St. Viateur Street West, Outremont, Quebec.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

HOW we miss the silver-thatched dome of "Pick and Shovel"—Lou E. Marsh, former Toronto *Star* sports editor—at the boxing matches these days. Boxing was his favorite sport, and he loved all sports, but his memory lingers on wherever the leather and resin mix. A requiem for a gallant gentleman, please—Lou E. Marsh.

Bud Taylor, Napan Bay, N. B., makes his appeal to this column, asking for a manager. If interested, write him at that address. He is a welterweight.

Cliff McWhirter, London, Ont., wants to claim the Canadian feather title or fight Ray Cook for same. If a promoter wants this match, write me at 126 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Canada. Ray Cook has been inactive for a long spell.

Ben Stockley, veteran trainer and boxing coach, is training the boys for the next heavy "Jack Dempsey" tournament here this month, at his splendid gym in Toronto.

"Spider" Jack Armstrong has returned from England with Mike Kaplansky of Edmonton, Alta., who has been doing his business for him this while back. He had fair success in "Blighty" and should be able to return. More fights there than here for him.

Amateur boxing is still very popular in Toronto, and Frank Tenute's shows have been well patronized last winter.

The promoters of the Dempsey tournaments can afford to pay the boys more than they received for the last show if a crowd gathers as it did in the first tournament. Promoters cashed in on the Dempsey name last show and the boys who do the battling should get their share.

The Callura brothers of Hamilton, Ont., are now in the professional ranks and should do well although they stayed overlong as amateurs. But Jackie should certainly show to advantage. Len Wadsworth, Hamilton middle pro, is also doing well.

Frank Kamicki, Winnipeg, Man.—Hope to have you placed at once to your advantage. Will advise you by mail as soon as possible.

J. J. Walsh, Scoty, Alta.—Dave Cavadas, Northwestern scribe for this magazine, is arranging to show you in Vancouver before you come East. Thought this was your real name, but you're not known there as J. J. Walsh.

We are very glad to see that "Irish" Jimmie Boyne—now O'Boyne to the Bostonians who are Irish—is making steady progress, and hope he continues, as he had what it takes when we were together for his first sixteen straight victories.

Please send all news for this column not later than first of the month to the writer at 126 Walmer Rd., Toronto., with stamped addressed envelope if a reply is expected.

Sonny Buxton, protege of Dave Cavadas, is to be matched with Eddie Wenstob for the Canadian light-heavyweight title in Vancouver, B. C.

Eddie Carroll, Ottawa, decisioned Eddie McGeever, New York, in New York in six cantos.

Phil "Red" Munroe, winner of the first heavy tournament in Toronto, has run foul of the immigration officers and his trip to the United States is off in the meantime.

Toronto's second "heavy tournament" was witnessed by 6,200 fans, not by a long way even half the crowd that saw the first show. The magic name of the "Manassa Mauler," Jack Dempsey, was not used to advantage; the promoters' names, Playfair Brown and Jack Corcoran, were used; Corcoran, forsaking wrestling—which is drawing smaller crowds—for boxing, did not share by any means as much as the promoters in the first show. To have brought Jack Dempsey would have been the wise move in this case. The boys also did not get any too much remuneration in the first show and the fans like to think that the boys get their just deserts. The game, then, does not savor too much of a promoters' racket.

A good night of fisticuffs was seen by all who attended, with plenty of K.O.'s, but no outstanding boy was seen during the night. However, honest endeavor was always in evidence. There were ten first-round K.O.'s in the first twelve fights and three K.O.'s in the next six matches, with C. Berhardt, Caledonian Indian, disqualified. Eric Cryderman won the prize of $250 after being declared winner over Joe Celani in the final after a hard scrap. Cryderman, who is not big enough for a heavyweight, is no Joe Louis. Celani shows signs of being a fair future prospect. All in all, they are a long way from obtaining outstanding timber in any of these shows to date. The fans were still watching the milling in the wee hours of Thursday morning. The promoters will, if they continue these shows, do well to get Dempsey to appear here on their bill as an official. He's a swell drawing card and a grand fellow.

Eddie Carroll, Ottawa, decisioned Irish Fred Bustard, New York, in Binghamton. Eddie is keeping busy and going places.

Eddie Wenstob beat Charlie Belanger in Winnipeg over ten rounds, Belanger only escaping a K.O. by his edge in experience. Wenstob is destined to go to the top of the light-heavies in Canada.

Sonny Jones of Vancouver is keeping busy in the New England States and has a number of good wins to his credit there. He showed whilst here in Toronto to be a good, smart, cagy fighter. Canadian fighters are busy these days.

Irving Pease, Toronto's sterling amateur middleweight, is busy these days and is the only boy with two victories over Jimmy Clark, A.A. champion. Amateur shows have been successful here this season and Pease usually finds "tops" on the card.

Playfair Brown plans to promote the next Dempsey show in Montreal, P. Q. He has the right to use this name in Canada and is cashing in on the idea, although the crowd was small last time.

Eddie Nugent, Nutley, N. J., has a great heavy prospect in Joe Judge. He looks like real timber, Eddie. Best of luck!

The Maritime welter champ, Bobby Orr, is a miner in Nova Scotia coalfields and, with muscles hardened by heaving and mining coal, is a tough, rugged puncher. These Nova Scotia miners will always be remembered for their thrilling rescue of Dr. Robertson and A. Scadding last month, who were entombed for ten days in a Nova Scotia gold mine. Orr is one of that noble corps of Draeger men—mine rescue squads. He will be in New York fighting ere this magazine is in circulation. Good luck, Bobby. Draeger-man's courage will see you through to the top.

The Lion's Club, with their matchmaking maestro, Charlie Ring, put on their usual yearly amateur boxing show, which was well attended by the fans and is the best amateur show of the year in Toronto. Montreal, Ontario and Western amateur boxers compete with American talent. The Lion's Club are to be congratulated for the good work done for poor boys everywhere.

Jack Stockley, Maurice Canyree, Fred Keating and Mel Glionna were among the high-class talent on the Lions Club's star card last month and it truly was a great night for the resin and leather brigade.

Sonny Jones of Vancouver, B. C., showed to good advantage in his debut in New York. He trounced Andre Jesserun, New York, in eight fast cantos. Jones showed Toronto fans he knew the game when he met Eddie Carroll on the Loughran-Simms card here.

Send news for this column by the first of the month, and so long until next month.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

JOE LEGON, kingpin of the Cuban welterweight, successfully defended his title against Rene Sanchez, his worthy opponent, in twelve rounds at Cristal Arena.

Havana Kid, who answers to the name of Pablo Cardenas, scored a two-round knockout over Young Carpenter, Oriental bantam. Havana Kid, under Pincho Gutierrez's management, looks like a new Kid Chocolate.

Kid Chocolate, after his victory over Andy Martin, will face Tommy Paul very soon. The Keed looks great in his workouts and certainly has taken his comeback attempt seriously.

Fillo Echeverria, the Spanish featherweight, scored a four-round knockout over John George Dixon at the Cristal Arena.

Young Carvajal, new heavyweight sensation, knocked out Sarria in four rounds. Antonio Avia outpointed Kid Ariosa in six rounds.

Sixto Morales, ex-lightweight champ of Cuba, bested Mario Hernandes in ten rounds of hard fighting. Morales is a good scrapper and can hit plenty hard.

Joe Coego, lightweight champion, meets Sixto Morales in a ten-round contest, where the title will not be at stake.

Luis Parga, de luxe promoter, is trying to sign up Joe Conde, the Mexican featherweight champion, to meet Conrado Conde of Cuba. Conde is a good mixer, and will draw good if the fight is arranged.

Aramis Del Pino is promoting amateur fights at the Cristal Arena.

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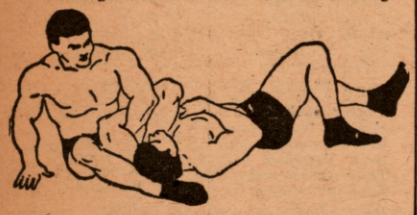

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

ANNOUNCEMENT of the leasing of Riverview Park and the boxing arena to Tommy O'Loughlin, formerly of Minneapolis, was made by Mrs. Bess Jones, owner of the premises,

Sioux City's big fistic upset this month took place in Chicago, when Everette Rightmire, our local featherweight ace, was knocked out by Mike Belloise of New York. Receiving a badly cut eye, Rightmire was forced out in the fourteenth round. On the deck for two counts, the local product was nearly knocked out in the ninth and eleventh rounds. It was a rough bout, with both boys shooting low punches, and Rightmire being warned ten times. The Sioux Cityan was given a thirty-day suspension for his tactics by the Illinois State Athletic Commission. The writer is at a loss to understand such a style of battling, as the local youngster has always been a clean fighter.

Lonnie St. Onge, former amateur boxer, who turned professional under the management of Homer Sheridan, former Sioux City middleweight, is going good out on the Coast. Scaling 175 pounds, the local product has a great future, according to Coast critics.

Marcus, Ia.—In a boxing card staged here, the following results were dished out: Eugene Dorr beat Ken Tentinger; Gerry Rae won over Roy Nielson; Edgar Hagey beat Murray Torrence; Chuck Rae beat Hugh Treinen; Swede Anderson and Lloyd Addy drew; Jimmy Knox beat Junior Birch; Glenn Metcalfe beat Jimmy Radcliffe; Russ Baumgardener defeated Earl Jenkins; Wimpy Eckblac beat Chuck Bass; Byrl Gross beat Ollie Ohlendorf; Howard Holmes knocked out Lloyd Quirln.

Knoxville, Ia.—Johnny Neuman, local heavyweight, kayoed Eddie Taylor of Osceola, Ia., in the first round. Jackie Jones, welterweight, won by a T.K.O. over Jimmy Worrell in the sixth round.

Rochester, Minn.—Jack Gibbons, 164, St. Paul, knocked out Kid Miller, 163, St. Cloud, Minn., in two rounds. Joe Goeders, 167, Albert Lea, Minn., stopped Frenchy Claude, 167, of Rochester, in five rounds. Al Trudeau, Rochester welterweight, outpointed Buck Jackson of Mason City, Ia., in four rounds.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Georgie Feist, Grand Forks featherweight, won over Sammy Levine of Chicago in a fast ten-round bout.

Rochester, Minn.—Eddie Spencer, Rochester welterweight, outpointed Young Frankie Doty of Minneapolis in six rounds.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Angelo Puglisi of St. Paul stopped Ernie Hetherington, Bismarck, No. Dak., middleweight, in three rounds.

THE MAIL BAG—Buck Mathias of Fort Wayne, Ind., one of our old pals, is booking a number of good boys . . . . Stan Wazala of Utica, New York—Mail will reach any of the Sioux City fighters c/o Hawkins' Gym, Eighth and Douglas . . . . Jay W. Matthews, Flandreau, So. Dak.—Appreciated your note . . . . Paul Gray, New Orleans, La.—You have not been forgotten . . . . G. H. C., Denver—The information regarding Tommy O'Loughlin is at the head of this column . . . . S. H. J., St. Louis, Mo.—I have no promoters list made up at present, but will mail you one soon. No charge . . . . C. H., Omaha, Nebr.—My records show that Earl Puryear and Frankie Schmalzer boxed ten rounds to a draw at Omaha, January 9, 1922.

The best looking prospect around Iowa for the month rests on the shoulders of Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines, Ia., lightweight, who increased his average by winning a clean-cut decision over Young Mickey Walker at Omaha, Nebr., recently. He can punch with either mitt, and appears to be going places.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—At this writing the first outdoor boxing card is completed and ready to take off at the Uptown Arena under the direction of Ty Dillon. Thereafter weekly cards will be staged every Monday night . . . . Pocahontas, Ia., has entered the boxing field this month with plans for a number of cards . . . . Everette Rightmire won a decisive decision over Jimmy Buckler of Louisville at St. Louis . . . . Earl McArthur, idol of Sioux City fight fans a number of years back, is now manager of Albert Manrequez, Atlantic, Ia., featherweight . . . . Since the announcement that two arenas will be in operation here, many boxers are in training at Hawkins' Gym . . . . A number of out-of-town boxers are making their headquarters here . . . . Mail for the writer should be addressed either to Hawkins' Gym, Eighth and Douglas, or 2206 N. Lafayette Place . . . . Perry, Ia., is still holding some dandy cards . . . . Mail will reach the promoters c/o Perry A. C. . . . . At Onawa, Ia., which has just opened the season, Terry Griffiths, Sioux City lightweight, and Cappy Wooten of Council Bluffs fought a fast six-round draw before a large crowd.

Roy Gillman, Fort Dodge, Ia., promoter, is operating outdoor cards, and seeking talent . . . . Mail will reach him c/o The Ring Arena . . . . Bob Capocy, Chicago manager, has signed a number of boys for bouts at the Uptown Arena.

Joe Goeders, Albert Lea, Minn., who hangs between the middle and light-heavy classes, is being kept busy by his manager, Miss Stella Marie . . . . Goeders is a great prospect.

Don't forget, and always remember that this column is for the readers, and not for any certain promoters, managers, or boxers . . . . This has always been my policy in the past, and will be the same in the future . . . . If you have news of interest, mail it to me by the first of every month . . . . Our address is 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa . . . . We hear that plans to place a boxing commission in Iowa are again in the making . . . . Such efforts have been going on for years . . . . Your writer's name has been mentioned as one of three boxing men who would draw up the rules . . . . Thanks for the consideration, and such is news by the grapevine route.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

ORDINARILY, when a fighter goes into a strange city, he is prepared to get the worst end of any deal that develops. Hugh Benbow, popular Houston promoter, proved that he is the kind of promoter who really "stands up" when he brought Roy Calimari in from New Orleans to substitute for an injured boxer. When Calimari reached Houston, the ailing boy had recuperated to the extent that he was able to fight. The New Orleans mittster was promptly paid all money promised him, and given a ticket home without ever having pulled on a glove! Such square treatment of everyone, plus good matches, has built this city into the best fight town in the entire South, with capacity houses being drawn each week.

The writer was privileged to watch one of the best scraps ever held in this state when Lou Beard and Brescia Garcia met in Houston. These two wildcats battled every second of the way for ten torrid rounds, as though their very life depended on the outcome. The hard punching Beard dropped his foe three times in the early rounds, only to have the game little Mexican come back to set a pace that wore Lou down. A last-round rally won the duke for Garcia.

Bob Davey looked great in punching out a decisive win over George Brown in ten rounds. Brown, as tough and as game as they come, made what was probably the best fight of his career, but just couldn't cope with the terrific bombardment dished out by "little Robert." Davey seems to be improving with each start and on his present form should be a real obstacle to any "white hope" in the game.

"Dynamite" Pat McDuff, this scribe's nomination as the hardest puncher in the business, added a couple more knockouts to his steadily growing list, when he flattened Luther Smith in two rounds and Babe Childers in the same number.

Jack Thurmond, probably the state's leading manager of fisticuffers, has bobbed up with one of the finest looking young heavyweights we have ever seen in Weldon Waycott. Waycott is a marvel for his experience, being that rare combination of a shifty, crafty ringster, who also carries a deadly sock. He continued his upward rush with a win over Jack Sanders and held the cagy veteran, Manuel Luna, to a draw.

Pat Wright, the big Irishman of Fistiana, is back after a winter in Florida and reports a very successful season there. His pride and joy, Wishy Jones, Louisville lightweight, made a great showing here in winning a disputed decision over Brescia Garcia.

Tom Beaupre, Dallas heavyweight star, who has been going great guns in that city, turned in two nice wins, scoring over Babe Hunt and Jack Van Voy.

Young fighters desirous of showing in Texas would do well to write Jack Thurmond, 511 N. Jenkins St., Houston, Texas. The writer heartily recommends Thurmond as the right sort of manager to hook up with.

Your correspondent is happy at all times to help anyone desiring information concerning the fight game in this section. Address your letters to the writer at the Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas. All correspondence will be answered promptly or turned over to promoters.

Other results over the state: Lou Beard blasted Jackie Sutherland out in two heats; Sutherland was also beaten in ten rounds by Brescia Garcia; Mike Pereira, hard-punching feather, turned in two kayo victories, flattening Tommy Veach and Chick Sanchez; Ad Meave and Louis Curry drew; Midget Aztec beat Lou Hasso; Tony Arfele stopped Guy McKinney; Charles Rieves won over Jack Ratliff; Juan Garcia beat Ad Meave.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

JOHN HENRY LEWIS, world's light-heavyweight champion, was deprived of a rightfully won victory over George Nichols, southpaw mauler, in a sizzling ten-round bout at the Broadway Auditorium. Newspapermen were unanimous in voicing their disapproval of the official verdict, which was a draw. To the everlasting credit of George (Pop) Needham, veteran judge, it must be recorded that Needham voted for Lewis. Referee Luke Carr called the scrap a draw and Bill Meyers, another judge, rendered a home town decision and gave Nichols his vote.

Lewis is a past-master of ring craft. He had Nichols down in the second and almost out in the eighth and won six of the ten rounds.

Don't think for one moment that Nichols didn't put up a fight. George walked right into the champion and was never awed for all of the Negro's reputation as a fighting man. The bout was far from one-sided. Nichols should get plenty of credit for the battle he staged and George succeeded in getting home some socks that shook Lewis from stem to stern. But what I'm getting at is this: Lewis won and won beyond question and was deprived of a decision that he rightfully earned. Giving home town boys the better of it only makes fighters with international reputations avoid the town. And in the end it doesn't do the game nor anyone else any good.

The day following the Lewis bout, Nichols divulged the news of his marriage to Miss Bertie Kirk, burlesque chorus girl at the Palace Theater here. This is Nichols' second trip to the altar. His first was in 1933 with Kit Klein, world's speed-skating champion and Olympic winner. Nichols and Miss Klein were divorced last year.

The following bouts were preliminaries to the Lewis-Nichols imbroglio:

Big Boy Brackey, 210, knocked out Johnny Lomski, 182½; first round. Time, 2:29.

Max Zona, 200, stopped Harry Stone, 186; first round. Time, 2:18.

Ralph DeJohn, 171½, defeated Ray Steen, 177; six rounds; official decision.

Paul Mahoney, 157½, defeated Joe Lyons, 159; six rounds; official decision.

Evans Smith, 163, defeated Ted Morgan, 163; four rounds; official decision.

Officials, all Buffalo men: Referee, Luke Carr; judges, George Needham and Billy Meyers; timer, Frank E. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

Buffalo is on the verge of a tremendous boxing boom and if a couple of real star bout performers can be developed here the fans will turn out in droves. About thirty-five hundred paid to see Lewis box Nichols, and the night was anything but pleasant. A near-blizzard kept the attendance down somewhat.

New faces! That's what we need! Some young fighters who are coming along and have class. Big fellows, of course, have the preference.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Frank E. (Ike) Klipfel, veteran official, has been appointed timer to succeed the late Marve Smith . . . . Ike knows boxing from A to Z and will fill the job most capably . . . . Willie (K. O.) Brennan may be a referee soon, according to rumor . . . . And Willie will make a good one . . . . Jimmy Slattery is being boomed for the post of boxing instructor at Cornell University . . . . "Slats" would be O.K. for this job . . . . Let's hope he gets it . . . . Lou Scozza is still taking things easy . . . . Joe Doctor has left town and is now boxing in Dallas, Texas . . . . He writes that Texas looks good to him and that he may remain there for some time . . . . Jimmy Dunn's many friends in Buffalo are pleased that the veteran manager is getting a good break with his heavyweight, Frankie Simms . . . . Dunn is, in the writer's opinion, the best boxing instructor in the country . . . . Jackie Callura and Len Wadsworth, Hamilton, Ont., boxers, look great . . . . Evans Smith, aggressive young Negro middleweight, continues to box almost weekly . . . . Evans believes in keeping busy.

Joe Netro has a likely looking young light-heavyweight in Ralph De John of Syracuse . . . . Paul Mahoney is improving but needs careful nursing . . . . Big Boy Brackey, after many tilts with the law, suddenly appeared on the Nichols-Lewis card and won by a knockout over Johnny Lomski (whoever he is) . . . . Jackie Clark, Jamestown's Negro speedball, is headed for the Olympics if he wins the Cleveland National tournament . . . . Clark will fight as a middleweight . . . . Tommy Moore is working hard to develop local talent for his pro club at Jamestown . . . . Sooner or later Moore will pack them in again . . . . He's a smart boxing man . . . . Something is certain to develop re a new sports club here soon . . . . Talk is rife that the proposed club will be backed by a multi-millionaire.

Young heavyweight, light-heavies and middleweight boxers who are free from contracts and managerial entanglements will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. This is a great fight town and boxers of ability can do very well financially. Jimmy Slattery, Jimmy Duffy, Rocky Kansas and others made piles of real money here.

"Goose" McGaslin, star Pennsylvania light-heavyweight, may make this city his headquarters in the near future. "Goose" is touted as a find.

Jack O'Brien, aggressive St. Marys, Pa., promoter, will get busy again with some of his attractive boxing shows. A very severe winter in the mountains of the Keystone State kept the promoters frightened ever since December.

Charlie Douglas, Meadville, Pa., Negro heavyweight, may turn pro after the National tournament.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

WITH the amateur clubs closed for the summer, Rochester will be without fights for the summer season. The promoter who opens a club is sure to make money, because the city is "hot" for pro fights.

Big Bill Fogarty, weighing two hundred pounds and standing six feet three inches, is going great guns in Binghamton, where he has won his last three fights by K.O.'s.

Al Traino, Rochester's lightweight star, is packing them in at Binghamton. Traino headlined the last three cards in that city and won in great style —drawing good houses. Promoter Al Stern is trying to get one of the leading 135-pounders to fight Traino at his first outdoor show.

The following shows took place during the month in Rochester: Art Fletcher, Lackawanna, defeated Carl Sorenson, Syracuse, five rounds; Attellio Belluci, Rochester, defeated Tiger Valentino, Syracuse, five rounds; Johnny Rossi, Syracuse, defeated Nello Nucelli, five rounds; Joey Stephano defeated Kid Snookie, five rounds; Ray Smith defeated John VanHanegan; Joe Buca defeated Ernie Schaefer, and Jack Garlin defeated Peter Fiore, all three rounds.

Pro wrestling: Everett Marshall threw Maxie Martin, two out of three falls. George McLeod and Al Getz went to a one-hour draw, and Walter Podolak threw Nick Condes, one fall.

Amateur boxing: Chris Mordenga, Rochester, defeated Johnny Leonard, Schenectady, five rounds; Eddie Thomas, Rochester, K.O.'ed Gene Nicolelli, Schenectady, one round; Hank Smith K.O.'ed Peter Pone, Schenectady, two rounds; Willie Neelin defeated Ralph Ravella, Schenectady, five rounds; Jack Polvino defeated Steve Balonek, five rounds; Hans Gross defeated Joe Mack; Dick Fox defeated Andy Wright and Mickey Cardarella defeated Jimmy Reina, all three-round bouts.

Wrestling: Jack Sherry defeated Joe DeVito in thirty-seven minutes, one-fall match. Walter Podolak threw Ivan Rasputin in two out of three falls. Al Getz and Walter Sirois went to a half-hour draw in the curtain-raiser.

Hughie Smith, city lightweight champion, is going great in the amateurs over in Watertown. Hughie fought four main-go bouts in a row and each man went two rounds with hard-hitting Smith. Hughie is a great fighter and in demand all over the state.

AROUND THE STATE—Steve Haliako is running amateur fights at Elmira, N. Y., and drawing packed houses . . . . Al Stern is drawing good houses at Bingo and giving the fans great fights . . . . Joe Brennan, matchmaker at Watertown, is turning them away at his weekly amateur shows . . . . Tom Currey's matchmaking at Endicott and Mickey Cook is matchmaker at Johnson City . . . . Irv. Robbins is doing a good job at his Syracuse weekly amateur bouts . . . . Don Willetts is planning on running outdoor shows this summer . . . . Joe Banovic is expected back from Jamaica . . . . Marty Cordone is fighting often in Binghamton, and winning . . . . Batavia gave Joe Church a banquet for winning the national 126-pound championship . . . . Jack Polvino is downhearted because his black eye won't go away.

Late Binghamton news: Al Traino, Rochester, defeated Charley Gordon, Newark, eight rounds; Eddie Carroll, Ottawa, defeated Irish Freddie Bustard, Paterson, six rounds; Midget Doyle, New York, defeated Al Lewis, Scranton, six rounds; Bill Fogarty, Rochester, K.O.'ed Jose Del Rico of Porto Rico, four rounds; Steve Whitney K.O.'ed Bob Noble in two rounds.

THE RING is on sale at Clinton and Main Streets on the first of each month. The writer will answer all mail. My address is 238 Lyndhurst St., Rochester, N. Y.

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OPPOSITE

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

COWBOY HOWARD SCOTT of Texas knocked out Bucky Taylor of Baltimore in eight rounds at Carlin's Park in Baltimore. Scott had Taylor down five times, the last of which Referee Charley Short refused to count, raising the Cowboy's hand. Jimmy Tramberia and Pete Galiano, local lightweights, fought a furious eight-round draw in the semi-final. Jim Bowden knocked out Jake Friedman in three rounds, and Terry Sharpe handed the same dose to Benny Kessler in five rounds.

Ken Overlin of Richmond had an easy time with Jack Ennis of Newark in a ten-rounder at Richmond. Freddie Wallmeyer of Richmond defeated Johnny Ferreiol of Newark in the six-round semi-final. Ben Brown decisioned Red Lewis, and Ed McNew knocked out George Davis in the prelims.

Phil Furr retained the Washington welterweight championship by defeating Carey Wright over the fifteen-round route at Joe Turner's Arena in Washington. Wright gave Furr a terrific battle and finished the stronger of the two, but Furr clipped Wright on two occasions, putting Carey down for no counts.

Tommy Mollis and Jimmy Wilson, Baltimore welterweights, fought a fast ten-rounder at the Albert Hall, colored club in Baltimore, with Mollis winning a close shade. Kid Norfolk defeated Billy Dockins in an eight-round semi-final.

Al Delaney of Buffalo won over Charley Massare of Pittsburgh in a feature eight-rounder at Washington. It was Massare's first start in many months and he was plenty rusty, with Delaney piling up an early lead. As the bout progressed, the Pittsburgher seemed to get his bearings and at the final bell was holding his own, and if the distance had been longer, Massare may have done better. Bob Lowrey had the better of Carey Wright in a six-rounder. Johnny Dean knocked out Mike Cusiano in three rounds and Johnny Cabello won over Mooch Murphy in six. Walter Kirkwood and George Cox opened the show with a slambang four-round draw.

Harry Jeffra surprised his most ardent followers in Baltimore when he flattened the experienced Dewey Cannon in three rounds. Cannon had made some favorable showings in the Monumental City and was a rank favorite to win over his younger opponent.

Ken Overlin won a ten-round duke over Ralph Chong in Washington. The fight was a good one, with Overlin doing most of the pitching. The Chinese fighter was dangerous at all times through his powerful right hand that put Ken down for a no-count during the encounter. Carey Wright and Ritchie Mack fought on even terms in the semi-final of eight rounds.

Eddie Mader of New York and Billy Nichy of Pittsburgh hooked up in a return eight-rounder at Joe Turner's Arena in Washington. Mader took the duke after being on the verge of a knockout in rounds three and four. Nichy had Mader on Queer Street in these two rounds, but seemed to tire after Mader refused to go down. The boys got a great hand for their rousing battle that had the pair of them well spent at the final bell. Young Raspi and Johnny Dean boxed even in a six-rounder that was crammed with action, and Frankie Litt was held to a draw by Bobby Deckter in a six-rounder. Joe Doty and Angelo Meolia opened the show with a fast four-rounder with Doty a winner.

Bob Lowrey of Washington suffered a technical knockout at the hands of Jimmie Jones in Baltimore when the Washingtonian was forced to quit with a fractured jaw. Lowrey gamely continued to box with the damaged jaw until the Maryland commission doctor halted him after an examination during the rest period after round six. This was Jones' first appearance since having his jaw fractured some six months ago at the hands of Ralph Chong. Ray Kid Ingram of Washington trounced Ray Boree in the eight-round semi-final, having the Florida fighter down for a nine-count at one stage of the battle.

Cowboy Howard Scott scored a technical knockout over Davey Fine of England in five rounds at Washington. Fine gave a good account of himself before receiving the damaged optic that caused the bout to be terminated, although the Cowboy had demonstrated by far the most punching power and was ahead at the untimely end. Harry Jeffra of Baltimore scored over Joe Teems in six rounds. Johnny Dean and Young Raspi boxed even for six heats.

PICK-UPS—Washington is all agog awaiting their first world's championship bout when Pete Sarron and Freddie Miller square off over the fifteen-round route at the Griffith Stadium . . . . The show was sponsored by the Washington Police Department for the benefit of the Police Boys' Clubs of Washington . . . . Negotiations are getting under way for the open-air season in Washington and Baltimore . . . . Two clubs will operate in both cities . . . . In Washington, Joe Turner and Goldie Ahearn will promote at the Griff Stadium, with Howard Livingston running weekly shows at the American Legion Arena . . . . Baltimore will also have Eddie Ross operating on Monday nights, with Johnny Martin promoting at the same spot on Friday nights . . . . Norment Quarles and Cowboy Howard Scott opened the outdoor season at Richmond . . . . George Shephard, New York manager, has Charlie Gomer, Baltimore lightweight, fighting like a champion these days . . . . During the month, Gomer licked Jackie Willard at Harrisburg, Pa., and knocked out Davey Fine in New York . . . . Billy Nichy, Pittsburgh light-heavyweight, is very popular in Washington, although he recently lost a close one to Eddie Mader . . . . Jack Portney, the Baltimore welterweight, who operates in the welterweight class through lack of opposition among the lighter boys, is one of the few men to draw with Jack Carroll, the Australian champion, and he is considering offers to return to the Antipodes for another bout with Carroll.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

TOMMY RAWSON, JR., of Boston, lost a close decision to Roger Bernard of Flint, Mich., in the main bout at Holyoke Valley Arena. Jerry Maloni of Springfield lost a decision to Hunter Welch of Lowell in a six-round semi-final.

Red Woods, formerly of Flint but now making his home in Springfield, made a successful debut before the Valley Arena crowd by winning a six-rounder over Angelo Manna of Worcester. Plenty of heavy punching was tossed in another six-spot, which saw Wesley Ferrell of New Haven the winner in a split decision over Steve Salek of Lawrence. In the opening four-rounder, Ace Clark of Springfield won a unanimous decision over Art McAlpine of Springfield. Clark did not have much trouble with McAlpine, dropping him in the first and second rounds.

Andre Jessurun of New York won a close decision over George Salvadore of Oak Bluffs in a ten-round bout. Both boys punched away at each other throughout every round, but Jessurun scored with hooks to the head in the last few rounds to nose out the crafty Salvadore.

Johnny Dube of Haverhill received the decision over Jimmy Richie of Hartford in the semi of six rounds. Billy Rose of Boston won over Harry Gentile of Hartford. Bobby Red Woods of Springfield scored a victory over Joe Marciente of Boston in the other six-rounder. Eddie Mikels of Westfield and Art McAlpine staged a thriller in the opening four. McAlpine had Mikels on the floor three times in the third round for counts of nine, but Mikels floored McAlpine before the finish of the round, and then knocked him out in the fourth round.

Sal Canata of Holyoke and Roland Lecuyer of the same city staged a ten-round bout full of action. Canata got a split decision. Lecuyer was not disgraced by the loss of that fight as he put up a gallant stand.

Ace Clark of Springfield won over Richie Thurer of Jersey City in a six-rounder. Johnny Prout of Northampton scored a knockout over Chief Red Hawk, the Indian, who is now attending Springfield College, in the first round. Prout looks like a prospect as he punches very hard. Ruby Bradley of Holyoke won another bout when he received a decision over Eddie Bubie.

Bennington, Vt.—Jackie Flowers of Clinton, N. Y., won a decision over Billy Muncia of Auburn, N. Y., in the main bout at the Armory, staged by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Frankie Stevens of Syracuse lost a decision to Sherman Rosen of Utica in another six-round bout. Freddie Wright of Bennington lost to George Kid LaMour of Adams, in which each lad was swinging with rights and lefts. Boys were on the canvas, three times for Wright and two for LaMour. Mickey Walker of Bennington won over Pearl Gates of the same place. Gates refused to continue after the third round and the bout was awarded to Walker on a technical K.O.

Tommy Grady of Springfield received a double fracture of the jaw in his bout with Johnny Prout of Northampton in the Holyoke Arena.

Howard Cooper of Brooklyn will join the stable of boxers at Chicopee Falls, along with Terry Rogers, a light-heavyweight of Becket, Mass. Rogers has had twenty-five fights, losing one.

Leo Grady, formerly of Pownal, Vt., and a fighter of twenty years back, is now doing the matchmaking at Pittsfield for the amateur club which holds sway at the Eagles' Hall, North Street, Pittsfield.

Baron Cohen, who is serving as matchmaker at the Valley Arena, is surely putting on some fine cards. Sal Canata vs. Roland Lecuyer bout was a sellout, and a great fight, too.

Meadowbrook A. C. at North Adams, Mass., opens up the first part of June. Bill Craven and Bill Gairon will do the promoting.

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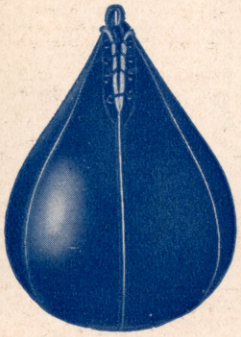

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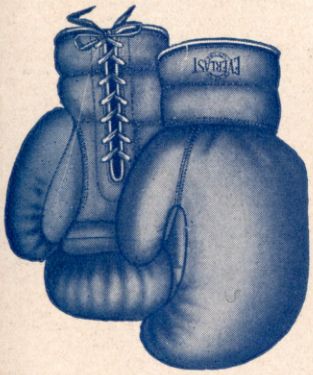

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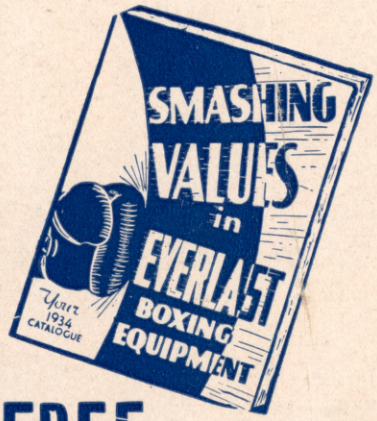

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